

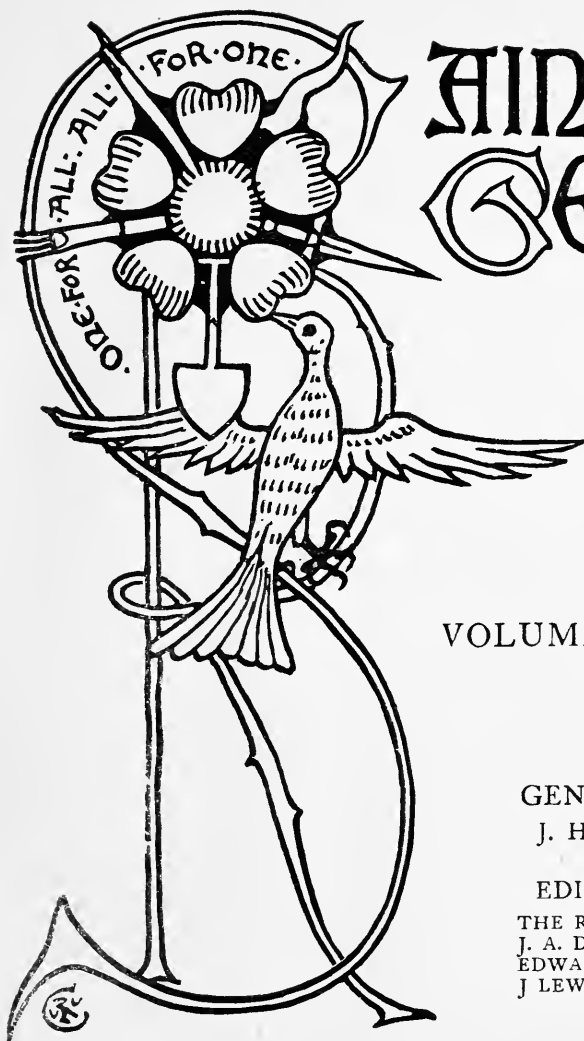
SAINT GEORGE



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AINT GEORGE

VOLUME VIII. 1905.

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THE SAINT GEORGE PRESS LD., BOURNVILLE, BIRMINGHAM.
LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD.



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Contents.

	Page		Page
Art and Life. By Sir W. B. Richmond - - -	66	Notes of the Quarter :	
Bibliography of Childhood and Adolescence, A Selected	187, 275, 350	Arbitration with Russia, The	96
Cotton, J. S. In Memoriam :		Crisis in Russia, The - -	182
Franklin T. Richards - -	206	Efficacy of Free Shelters, The - - - -	94
Cust, Lionel. Portraits as Historical Documents - -	20	English Church and the Fiscal Question, The -	97
Early French View of Ruskin, An. By E. McGegan -	144	Entente Cordiale, The -	347
Feelings as a Factor in School Training, The. By J. L. Paton - - - -	1	Examples and an Example -	340
Geddes, Prof. P. A Pioneer School : an Education Report	40	Heart of the Empire, The -	270
Homes and Lodging Houses for Working Boys. By Charles E. B. Russell -	213	Higher Education of Working Men, The - - -	268
Impressionist Movement in Painting, The. By E. McGegan - - - -	220	International Chamber of Agriculture, An - - -	184
In Memoriam : Franklin T. Richards. By J. S. Cotton -	206	Juvenile Smoking - - -	185
Internationalism and the Tourist. By E. McGegan - - -	320	Lesson in Statemanship, A -	344
Landowning in Three Islands. By the Hon. Rollo Russell -	202	Light under a Bushel - -	342
Lodge, Sir O. Ruskin's Attitude to Science - - -	279	Moving Resolutions and Governments - - - -	344
Lutoslawski, K. The System of National Education in Poland - - - -	191	National League of Workers with Boys, A - - - -	348
Masterman, Prof. Wordsworth as a Social Teacher - -	99	Problem of the Unemployed, The - - - - -	91
McGegan, E. An Early French View of Ruskin - - -	144	Sociological Society, The -	346
McGegan, E. Internationalism and the Tourist - - -	320	Vandalism on the Firth of Forth - - - - -	90
McGegan, E. The Impressionist Movement in Painting	220	Watts, G. F. - - - - -	274
		Wrong-headed Criticism of Shakspeare - - - -	272
		Paton, J. L. 'The Feelings as a Factor in School Training	1
		Pioneer School, A : an Education Report. By Prof. P. Geddes - - - - -	40
		Portraits as Historical Documents. By Lionel Cust -	20
		Reviews :	
		Albert Durer - - - -	260
		Art in Photography - -	333
		Boy's Control and Self-Expression, A - - -	155

CONTENTS.—Continued.

	Page		Page
Reviews.— <i>continued.</i>		Rural Housing Question, The.	
Browning, Robert - -	335	By J. H. Whitehouse - -	128
Child and Religion, The -	334	Ruskin as a Letter Writer. By	
City Development - -	166	W. Sinclair - - -	234
Daumier and Gavarni -	178	Ruskin's Attitude to Science.	
History of the English Corn		By Sir Oliver Lodge - -	279
Laws - - -	181	Russell, C. E. B. Homes and	
House in the Woods, The -	265	Lodging Houses for Work-	
Library Edition of Ruskin's		ing Boys - - -	213
Works - - -	159, 252	Russell, The Hon. Rollo.	
Model Factories and Villages	255	Landowning in Three Islands	202
Old Houses in Edinburgh -	180	Schoolmaster, The. By A.	
Poor and the Land, The -	337	Smith - - -	313
Problems of a Scottish Pro-		Sinclair, W. Ruskin as a Let-	
vincial Town - -	174	ter Writer - - -	234
Racial Supremacy - -	263	Smith, Arnold. The School-	
Shakespearean Tragedy -	157	master - - -	313
Shakespeare : His Family		Suggestions of Sociology. By	
and Friends - - -	266	Prof. J. A. Thomson - -	116
Shorthouse, J. H. - -	258	System of National Education	
Six Great Schoolmasters -	85	in Poland. By K. Lutoslaw-	
Slave in History, The -	83	ski - - -	191
Spirals - - -	339	Thomson, Prof. J. A. Sugges-	
Studies of Boy Life in our		tions of Sociology - -	116
Cities - - -	87	Whitehouse, J. H. The Rural	
Upton Letters, The - -	328	Housing Question - -	128
Vers et Prose - - -	264	Williams, A. M. A Group of	
Wisdom of the Desert, The	82	Revolutionaries - - -	296
Revolutionaries, A Group of.		Wordsworth as a Social Teacher.	
By A. M. Williams - -	296	By The Rev. Professor Mas-	
Richmond, Sir W. B. Art		terman - - -	99
and Life - - -	66		


SAINT GEORGE.

No. 29. Vol. VIII.

January, 1905.

THE FEELINGS AS A FACTOR IN SCHOOL TRAINING.*

By J. LEWIS PATON, M.A.

HE word *sensibility* is a word which has of late lost caste. It is used by the novelist to describe the young lady who is morbidly impressionable and romantic; it is used by a Cabinet Minister to describe the tender-heartedness of the peace-lover, the Quaker, and the pro-Boer. It carries with it nowadays a connotation of oversensitiveness and sentimentalism. It is used with a tone of disparagement.

The adjective *sensible*, on the other hand, though it has not lost caste, is used in a sense quite foreign to its original meaning, to denote rather intellect than feeling, a person whose judgment is cool, impartial, and dispassionate.

It was not in this way that Edmund Burke used these words. To him the word "sensibility" denoted one of those attributes which distinguish the higher types of men. One of the qualities which has passed with the age of chivalry is "that sensibility of principle which felt a stain like a wound"; and one of the qualities of the true lawgiver is that he must be "full of sensibility."

I would like, for the purposes of this paper at any rate, to reinstate the word in the high place among human qualities which

* A lecture delivered before the College of Preceptors.

SAINT GEORGE.

was accorded to it by Edmund Burke. To my mind, every well bred and well trained man and woman ought to be, in his phrase, "full of sensibility"; they must have that delicate feeling of personal honour, that quick response of sympathy, that fine tact in dealing with others which the word "sensibility," and, so far as I know, no other word in the language, implies. The great difference to me between man and man, the difference according to which men are ranked as higher or lower, is just this, that one *feels* more than another, feels more promptly, more deeply, and more truly, and acts according to such right feelings. "The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers" and "first to be touched by the thorns"—the heart that, being so awake and so touched, is ready to work at the extraction of thorns and the cultivation of flowers—that is, after all, the highest type of educated man.

It is for that reason that I venture to take the subject of the feelings as the subject of this evening's lecture.

"The true lawgiver should be full of sensibility." So should every teacher. He is alive to the slightest indication, because, just as a slight indication in the body may be to the physician a symptom of grave disorder, so in our much more delicately adjusted moral nature the slightest outward sign—a tone of the voice, a glance of the eye, a curl of the lip, a titter in the tone—may be symptomatic of inward disorder.

May I take a homely illustration? The captain had retired about an hour ago, and but for the man at the wheel and the look-out there was no one on deck. Suddenly the captain's door opened, and the captain stepped out in his pyjamas and bedroom slippers. "Holloah, Captain, I thought you were in your bunk and sound asleep." "So I was right enough, but I thought I heard a noise. I think it's somewhere in the engine-room." There was indeed plenty of noise: there was the noise of the waves, and the swish of the water, and the regular thud of the engines. "Lots of noise, Captain, for that matter." But it

THE FEELINGS IN SCHOOL TRAINING.

wasn't any of these noises that got him out of bed. It was a rope at the far end of the ship which had not been properly made fast, and it was flapping irregularly against the side of the vessel. "Bless you, sir," said the captain, "when you have a ship on your mind, you've got to be thinking all the while when you're asleep; you've got to have an eye in the back of your head and listen with your toes."

The true schoolmaster must be full of sensibility. If he can't listen with his toes, let him seek some other profession. Over the doors of Plato's Academy was the inscription *Μηδεὶς ἀγέωμετρος εἰσὶτω*. If Plato had run a normal school for the training of teachers, the inscription would have been *Μηδεὶς ἀναισθητὸς εἰσὶτω*. There is no entrance here for the insensate man, the pachyderm who cannot feel.

Not only must the true teacher have feeling himself—he must understand, sympathise with, and utilize the feeling of his pupils. How fatal is the mistake of ignoring the feelings in education, and how tragic are the consequences of so doing is shown in fiction by "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" and in real life by the autobiography of John Stuart Mill. George Meredith's novel is highly prized by all interested in education. The resultant impression of that book, to my mind, is that no amount of cleverness in the teacher and no amount of excellence in system or curriculum is of any avail if one leaves out of account the natural propensities, feelings, and desires of the child whom we educate. Training is like a game of dominoes—it is no good having the best of pieces in one's hand, however high they may be; unless one can fit them in with the pieces played by one's adversary, one loses the game. I commend "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" to any one who does not know it as a most helpful piece of educational thinking. As to John S. Mill, every one knows the story of his early training—how splendidly it answered as a training in intellectual gymnastic and the accumulation of knowledge, how utterly it ignored both his hands and his feelings,

SAINT GEORGE.

and how prolonged and turbid and painful was the reaction of outraged Nature.

But I will not dwell on this. The old system is no more. All I wish to point out is that practically the whole of the advance which has been made in educational science has been made precisely by taking into account the natural feelings of children, studying them, and adapting to them both ourselves and our teaching. The old philosophy of education kept its eye on knowledge—such and such knowledge was to be inculcated, such and such instruments of knowledge were to be mastered. The matter of the teaching, the system of the teaching was the same for all. It was simple—delightfully simple—but it was wrong. One kind of feelings this school did take into its cognizance—the bodily feelings. “Blessed are the pure in heart,” said Dr. Keate. “Be pure in heart, boys. If you aren’t pure in heart, I’ll flog you.” Such was the old school. And there was no advance in educational science until another school arose, who said: “We are beginning at the wrong end. We have been planning out education for children in the same way as the French Government makes clothes for its soldiers. First they make the suit; then they fit the man to the suit. We have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Before we make the suit of clothes, we must take the measure of the child that is to wear them. The first thing to study is the growing organism that we have to develop—we must find out its latent powers, the laws of its growth, and its instinctive tendencies; observe the lines along which these tendencies develop, and take them as our rule in the planning out of methods.” This is what Pestalozzi (following Fichte) called “*Der Prozessgang der Natur in der Entwicklung des Menschengeschlechts.*” This was the secret of what has been called his “gift of divination, his luminous guesswork.” The discovery was the outcome of his experience. His experience was not, of course, unique; but the reason why Pestalozzi saw the lesson of his experience, while others who had the same experience

THE FEELINGS IN SCHOOL TRAINING.

did not see, was due precisely to the intense sympathy of his nature; he was "full of sensibility," and therefore he had eyes to see.

Now I think, if Pestalozzi could see to-day the results in European and American education of the new truth which he discovered, he would have no reason to be discouraged. Those results are most apparent perhaps in primary education. Consider the difference between the modern kindergarten and the old elementary school. Contrast the freedom, sociableness, and spontaneous joyousness of the present infant class with what Edward Thring tells us of his own preparatory school, where all talking at meals was forbidden; and young Edward Thring himself was flogged for "a very little laugh at dinner." "All my life long," he says, "the evil of that place has been on me. It is even now one of my strongest impressions, with its misery, the misery of a clipped hedge, with every clip through flesh and blood and fresh young feelings; its snatches of joy, its painful but honest work—grim, but grimly in earnest—and its prison morality of discipline. The most lasting lesson of my life was the failure of suspicion and severity *to get inside* the boy world, however much it troubled our outsides."

Let that stand for evidence which might be multiplied indefinitely. Such things as this are dealt with nowadays by a special society, and the policeman, the family butcher, the family milkman, the family washerwoman, and the grocer's boy all combine to bring such occurrences to the notice of the society and protect child life from such inhumanity.

The results of the new theory of education are, as I have said, most easily seen in primary education. The results in secondary education have been slower in maturing; they are not nearly so universal, they are less easily discerned, but I believe they are every bit as real. Within my own time there has been a wonderful change in the relations between masters and boys. I don't think the credit can be ascribed to any one personality or any one

SAINT GEORGE.

school—it has been in the air, it has been everywhere silently operative, but it seems to me so real and so important that the word “change” is too weak, and perhaps the proper word for me to use would be “revolution.” In what does this silent revolution consist, and how has it come? It consists in the closeness and freedom of the personal intercourse between master and pupil. Thirty or forty years ago the masters lived apart from the boys. The master was what a master still is in Continental schools—an officer—and the boys were the rank and file. The idea of a master corresponding with a boy was unheard of. If a command was given, he no more dreamed of saying “please” than the officer on parade thinks of saying, “Right turn, gentlemen, if you please,” or “Kindly turn to the front.” The relationship is very different now. I remember when I went to Rugby as a master being surprised at the quite informal way in which boys and masters foregathered out of school hours, how after evening preparation one would drop in to a study to give back a composition, or even without any such pretext, just for a bit of a chat, and not infrequently also a bit of a cake, without there being the slightest suspicion on the part of the boys that you were an intruder, or the slightest feeling on the part of the master that he was unwelcome or *de trop*—and all this without there being any laxness of discipline or any other advantage taken by the boys. As it has been wittily phrased, “the masters are still boys, and the boys are still mastered.” Now this is the old Greek idea of education being a *ξυρυσία* or companionship (*Miterziehung*, as the Germans call it)—it is the quiet, unnoticed, and unobtrusive influence of one who is with the boys in games and in hobbies as well as work, who shares in all their life and to whom deference is paid, not because of any official position he holds, but because of what he is in himself.

What this change has accomplished it is not for me to estimate. I will just notice on the negative side that it has abolished in our English public schools, first of all, bullying, and, secondly, those

THE FEELINGS IN SCHOOL TRAINING.

coarse vices of self-indulgence and drinking which figure so largely in Dr. Arnold's sermons.

How has it come about? It has come about mainly through *games*. "Sympathy," as Mr. Herbert Spencer says, "is best cultivated by participation in the pleasures of people." The pleasures of boys—English boys at any rate—are chiefly cricket, football, rowing, and outdoor games. It has become the custom of masters to share in these, and, so sharing, they have learned a sympathy which they would never have learned in the mere class-room routine; and this sympathy has given them *insight* and *influence*, and has enabled them to put their finger on the central *sensorium* of the genus boy, and, if one may be pardoned the expression, open his oyster, without his knowing it, in a way which was never possible before. And herein I should like in justice to say how much is due to junior masters, especially in our boarding schools. Boys take their ideals and their tone much more readily from a younger man. I have been often surprised at the influence on senior boys of one who is perhaps only three years or so their elder. With a grey beard or a bald head they are apt to say unconsciously to themselves: "Yes, that's all very well for him; but then he's old and I'm young, and that's what makes the difference." They cannot say this of a man who is just fresh from his schools. Honour to whom honour is due. I think it is only right to make some public acknowledgment of the way the junior masters on the staffs of our different schools, too often wretchedly underpaid, have thrown themselves, without stint of leisure or of interest, into the life of the school to which they have been attached.

There are some, I know, who think that such men lower the profession by such conduct. "What becomes of your dignity?" they say. "Does not such familiarity inevitably breed contempt? ["Commend me to a proverb for a thumping falsehood," as somebody has said.] When you call a boy by his Christian name, or—still more shocking—accost him as 'old man,' don't you find

SAINT GEORGE.

that he loses all respect for you?" To which I answer: "Not at all. One must stoop if one would raise. As long as it is natural, there is no danger in it. The one intolerable thing in dealing with the young is affectation, and the worst affectation is the affectation of superiority. Go read your Shakespeare and see if Caliban did not learn more in one hour from two drunken rascally butlers than he learned in twelve years from the dignified and unbending Prospero. And why? Simply because they came down to his level; they found what the sage Prospero with all his sagacity never found, the right point of departure." A dignity that cannot look after itself is not worth looking after.

That education will be the best which finds the *point of departure*. In intellectual work it will secure, in the first place, interest, and through interest will prompt the mind to self-activity in acquiring ideas and knowledge. In all other matters, physical, social, æsthetic, and spiritual, it will watch for the unfolding of the several feelings, appetites, desires, and as each feeling, or appetite, or tendency unfolds it will provide the right opportunity and the right way for its exercise and its expression, so that each instinctive tendency of the organism may, as it develops, contribute its part to the building up of the whole "through that which every joint supplieth," and so conduce to the full-grown perfect manhood or womanhood. In fact this seems to me to be precisely the difference between the Hooligan, we will say, on the one hand, and the best type of the English public-school boy on the other. Initially there was no difference: but in the one case, as each instinct awoke, it found a right sphere and a favourable atmosphere for its exercise; in the other case each natural instinct and feeling was warped and soured by wrong environment into a monstrous, an unnatural, and an unsightly perversion of Nature.

Let us then take stock of some of these feelings as they arise in the case of boys, for I would prefer to speak of what I know. But I shall be told at the outset that boys have no feelings; it's

THE FEELINGS IN SCHOOL TRAINING.

absurd to say that they have. We have all of us felt this at times when we have had a splitting headache and our classes have chosen just that day on which to be specially tiresome. Robert Louis Stevenson describes somewhere the callous way in which a child came up to him as he lay ill, and, airily disregarding the patient's complex and acute sufferings, requested his attention for some more pressing business of its own. It is true that children are delightfully incapable of entering into the feelings of their elders. It is a wrong deduction to say that therefore they have no feelings at all.

He jests at scars who never felt a wound.

And a boy who never had a headache in his life does not sympathize with your headache, simply because he doesn't understand what it means. If you had sore gums from teething, or what a little fellow of my acquaintance once called "a pain under your pinafore," through eating too much plum-pudding, then he would understand and you would have, for a time at any rate, his sympathy. The cruelty of boys (which is so well known that I need not illustrate it) is due largely to this anæsthesia. A boy, who habitually pelted toads, one day saw a toad, in its expiring agony, fold its forefeet together like hands. This touched him, it got home, it made him feel the pain he had inflicted, and afterwards he not only did not pelt toads himself with stones, but stopped other fellows from so doing. The boy had feelings, as all boys have, but they were dormant, inhibited by lack of perception.

Nor must we be surprised if we find their feelings absolutely irrational. I knew of a midshipmite who never could get to sleep ashore until the gardener came and played the garden-hose upon his window. And Prof. James tells the story of a child who, in the midst of a raging fire, in presence of devouring flames, showed neither astonishment nor fear, but the noise of the firemen's trumpet and the wheels of the engine made him start

SAINT GEORGE.

and cry. We must simply not expect them to be rational—we must take them as they are, however unreasonable—and work upon that basis. That must be our point of departure—at any rate, we shall never get any other.

We must not be annoyed to find these feelings changeable, not to say capricious. “The young,” says Aristotle in his *Rhetoric*, “desire passionately, but quickly cease from their desire.” The young mind is not stable or tenacious, nor can it hold much at a time, and a new interest quickly expels an old one. But, even so, by long suffering and judicious selection, certain moods may be encouraged, become habitual, and, gathering strength, gradually come to constitute temperament.

From this very changeableness of feeling the true teacher will learn to avoid, above all, monotony. There must be perpetual novelty and change; we must never get into a rut. Here, as much as anywhere, the skill of the true craftsman is seen. He has to go over the same ground again and again, but he must always have fresh illustrations and fresh aspects, and work backwards and forwards over the same subject. “Small changes benefit the organism,” says Darwin. This is specially true of the young. Dulness and monotony are the devil to them. If a thing has always been done one way, that is precisely the reason why it should be done the reverse way now and again. Beware of what Oliver Wendell Holmes calls “the ginger-bread rabbit expression” on the faces of your class. It is a sure sign that you have lost touch with interest. Rather do anything than suffer it to continue; stand on your head, if you like, or else do as a colleague of mine used to do, seat yourself in the class—take a humble place at the bottom—tell off one of the boys to take the lesson, and let them see how many places you can get by fair answering of questions. The first and the great commandment for a teacher is: “Thou shalt be alive.” Let your teaching fairly tingle with life. Make your class feel they are under a man, not under a machine.

THE FEELINGS IN SCHOOL TRAINING.

In enumerating some of the more marked instincts or natural feelings, it is impossible to speak in universals. The sequence according to which they develop is exceedingly diverse, and their expression is, if possible, more diverse still. Darwin wrote a treatise on the expression of the emotions. This gives us what we may call the normal and physiological mode of expression. But consider how different in different persons will be the expression of the same emotion. A party was climbing in the Rocky Mountains. It was a heterogeneous sort of party; there were ministers, business men, and professional men. Suddenly they breasted a ridge and the Pacific Ocean burst upon their view. It was a great moment. "Hallelujah!" said the Methodist minister; "Glory to God." "Well, I'll be condemned!" said the stock-broker. It was the same feeling—the same spirit; there was difference of expression, of ritual—that is all.

With these premisses and provisoes we may pass in review briefly some of the instinctive feelings as they arise, and see what guidance we may get from the consideration.

The first instinct is for activity and motion. Every nurse knows how much more easily a child's attention is attracted by a moving object than by still life. The same instinct persists all through childhood. If it is an object lesson, keep, if possible, active objects before the class. Better than a diagram to show the breathing of the lungs is a double bladder with a tube to it by which you can inflate and deflate; better than a stuffed bird is a live cat; better than a dried botanical specimen or a whole herbarium is a growing haricot-bean. Don't let your class-room be a mausoleum. Even in physics let the expanding power of heat be demonstrated by a toy steam engine. Whatever the subject, give them plenty to do themselves. If it is science, let it be heuristic; if it is language, let there be quick, sharp question and answer in the language taught.

It is boys of the sprightliest temper who are commonly fullest of mischief. Their mischievousness is really their attempt to

SAINT GEORGE.

enliven their surroundings. They are bursting and itching with life at every pore themselves, and they cannot abide the sight of everything torpid about them. They can raise more life by vexing folk than by doing serviceable acts. *Ergo* they do vexatious things; *ergo* they throw stones, because that flutters old stagers badly. If they cannot see the vexation and flutter they cause, still, they can enjoy it in the mind's eye. They will break a window on the sly, or steal a workman's tool, or fasten up his door, just to enjoy the thought of how he will fret and fume. Last week, in Edinburgh, I could see them at work in the streets. They were picking up the High Street, and after six the workmen went away, leaving some poor old fellow with a fire in a brazier in charge. What high old times those were for the street arabs, when they trundled off his wheelbarrow, upset the heaps of stone, sneaked his lanterns, or threw squibs into his sentry-box just to see him start! This is an instinct. We have to reckon with it. It is as strong in the Edinburgh student as in the Edinburgh street boy. Repress it or coerce it we cannot in any considerable measure. Turn it out with a pitchfork: it will still recur. But divert it we can into more useful channels; and gymnastics, wood carving, carpentry, and such manual classes are some of the ways in which schoolmasters have endeavoured to exploit it.

But more important than all the manual exercises in the whole pedagogic cyclopædia is that the teacher should himself be sprightly. Who tends fat cattle should himself be fat. Who teaches boys himself should be a boy. And one of the wisest things Dr. Arnold ever said was when, speaking of the corkscrew staircase which led to his sixth-form room at Rugby, he remarked: "When I can't run up that staircase I shall not attempt to teach boys any more."

Another instinctive feeling which comes to the front very early is *acquisitiveness*. Whatever the increasing altruism of the day may have done for us elder folk, your boy is no altruist. He has a veritable John Bull appetite for annexation. He likes to have

THE FEELINGS IN SCHOOL TRAINING.

things for his very own, and as many of them as possible. He is a born collector. He collects anything, from soap coupons and cigarette pictures to postage-stamps, play-bills, birds' eggs, butterflies, or door-knobs. The Kaffirs in South Africa, Mr. Nevinson tells us, collect boots. They have no special use for them; they just hang them round their necks as ornaments, and the man who goes about with the greatest number of boots round his neck is a proud man. Boys are like this: they collect for the sake of collecting; but the sagacious educator can pretty readily exploit this instinct to serviceable ends. Whatever he learns about the special objects he collects, the collector will, at any rate, learn some amount of patience and perseverance; he will get some idea of classification with all that this involves of nice discrimination, neatness, and order. All this over and above what he will learn about the actual articles he collects. And this will be considerable. A boy, who is still at school, began as a coin collector at a very early age. His father had an aversion to threepenny-bits; the boy rather liked them. That was how it started. It chanced that one day in Bond Street, with his nurse, he happened to pick up an old English coin; the chance directed his attention to this particular branch of coin-collecting, and by the age of sixteen he was an authority of the first rank on ancient British hammered coins and a Fellow of the Numismatic Society.

Another instinctive feeling which develops at an early age with boys is the combative and emulative tendency. This finds its legitimate scope in football and field sports, which not only give scope to the instinct, but regulate and discipline it, and exercise with it other higher qualities of self-control, concentration, courage, and unselfishness.

May I be allowed to cite here what seems to me a typical instance of the way in which games at a good school enlist and educe all that is best in a boy's feeling, and produce that indefinable something which we call "good form"? At the cricket

SAINT GEORGE.

match between Rugby and Marlborough, three years ago, when Marlborough had finished their second innings, only one hour remained, and Rugby had a hundred runs to make. Marlborough could easily have spun out the time, instead of which they were out in the field in a minute, and every time the field had to change, either at change of over or when a left-handed batsman faced the bowler, the Marlborough boys one and all ran to their places. Rugby made the runs, but Marlborough, though she missed the victory, gained the undying respect of her rivals, and won the honour of having upheld the best traditions of English games.

The school games, and all the organizing work that they involve, serve also as a field for another instinctive feeling which is found, at any rate, in all vigorous specimens of boyhood. They want to manage things for themselves. With quite young children how frequent it is to hear them say: "Now let me do it." "Let me try it by myself"! It is so all the way up. And school games, a cadet corps, athletic sports, and all the other branches of school activity, a debating society, a musical society, a chess club, a camera club, a scientific society, a school magazine, all afford splendid scope for this instinctive desire to manage. In fact it is here that you find that training in citizenship and affairs which you do find in English schools and will scarcely find in any others. Let it have scope; there may be hitches, there may be mismanagement; but in this as in everything else, boys learn by making mistakes. As Mr. Chesterton says: "What is worth doing at all is worth doing badly." The feeling for leadership is the counterpart of the feeling for comradeship. The one implies the other, and it is the boast of our English schools that in their sports and in their system of prefect government they have recognized both these natural instincts and utilized them for the purposes of the corporate life.

It is in the comradeship of games and school societies that the *sociable* instinct finds its satisfaction and its growth. That is

THE FEELINGS IN SCHOOL TRAINING.

another of the most strongly marked feelings in boys. It is not always positive in character; about the difficult years of thirteen to sixteen the sociable instinct is chiefly shown by a shyness which seems to shrink from society, but which really is a sign of how strong the social sense is growing. Masters may work on this for purposes of punishment. For instance, one of my Rugby colleagues, instead of setting lines in the summer term, used to require a boy to bring him so many dockweeds dug up from the cricket pitch. It wasn't the digging up the boy minded; it was the publicity of the proceeding, and I have known boys get up at unearthly hours of the morning to fulfil the stern mandate. Key used to punish a boy in this way. He would have him up before the whole school, and make him first take off his coat and then wear it inside out. Thring used to make the boys who were late for morning assembly come up before the whole school and sign their names solemnly in the register beneath his very eyes—a much worse ordeal for a boy than to be beaten with many stripes.

But this method of punishment must be used with great caution. It is quite easy by means of it, without meaning it and without knowing it, to injure a boy's self-respect; and self-respect like a human tooth, has a sensitive enamel coating—the slightest scratch on the surface opens the door to a process of corruption and decay which it is no easy matter to arrest.

This raises the whole question of punishment in schools, a question on which I do not propose to enter. I will only say that there is no duty which needs so much sensibility on the part of a master, so much appreciation of a boy's own feeling. So many boys are good fellows and gentlemen in feeling and fools on impulse. Our danger as masters is twofold—on the one hand over-severity. It is a great mistake to treat a boy as though he were a bad lot altogether. Few boys—very few—are that. To treat a boy as such is the best way to make him into a bad lot. On the other hand, over-strictness is far better than slackness. I am

SAINT GEORGE.

no friend to coercion; but coercion is better than idleness, and punishment is better than evil or vicious habit. When a boy does wrong, the better part of that boy knows that he deserves punishment. If you let him down too lightly, the better part of him is disappointed in you, the worse part of him rejoices in its impunity. Let love here reinforce with all its power the better side, even though it takes the form of extreme severity. More than anything else this tests the right balance and discrimination of a master's "sensibility," and greater perhaps than any other reward in our profession is the love and respect in after life of a boy whom you have expelled from school. Prior, in one of his ballads, prescribes the way in which a man should treat his wife.

Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind.

This may, or may not be the proper way in which to treat a wife. That does not concern me now. I am certain that as regards schoolboys the first part of the maxim is quite wrong. Never be blind to his faults. But the second clause is admirable. Be very kind to his virtues. We lose our power over a boy when we degenerate into mere fault-finders. I am afraid our marking system rather encourages this, and when boys read their terminal reports I think they must often feel that our eye has been keener to detect failure than merit, that they have had

All their faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote
To cast into their teeth.

Boys have an instinctive love of praise. Don't stint praise where praise is deserved. Some boys, and many of the better sort, are easily discouraged—they come to something stiff, they make a failure, and they are only too apt to say: "It's no use trying." Take any chance such a boy gives you of praising him. Fortunately he is as easily encouraged as discouraged.

THE FEELINGS IN SCHOOL TRAINING.

What thou wilt
Thou sooner shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to it with thy sword.

This is, I think, specially true of higher work. In teaching higher composition I found it had immense effect on some boys to tell them what were the best points in their compositions as well as the worst, and whenever a boy flashed out into something really good to adopt it as my own fair copy, or, at any rate commend it as a good variant, when dictating the fair copy to the set. Don't put the blind eye to the telescope when there is any sign of excellence. Greet it as the heroes of faith greeted the promises "from afar." Give it its due meed openly before the class or before the school—

One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.

There was one other point which I intended to treat. It was the question of humour and the value of a pervasive humour in putting a master *en rapport* with a boy; also the limitations of its use. But, being a Scotchman, perhaps it would be less painful for you if I left this untouched.

I do wish, in conclusion, to say one word on the discipline of the feelings. In this more than any other question wise discrimination, right balance, due regulation are required. Indiscriminate indulgence is fatal.

I have laid stress on the importance of finding for each interest as it awakes in the growing boy an appropriate scope, appropriate objects, and the danger of either stunting the whole manhood, if no such scope is afforded, or of perverting manhood if the interest finds a vicious or unnatural channel of expression. It is also necessary, first of all, to keep the due balance between feeling and actions, and, secondly, to have all feelings and instincts in due subordination to that great arbiter, *the will*, which stands behind all our ideas and impulses and acts. First, the balance between

SAINT GEORGE.

feeling and action. Nothing is further from my intentions than to produce an "emotional" creature, the sort of effusive namby-pamby, common in London, who goes to concerts and sermons, sits in comfortable ease and enjoys the titillation of the senses, emotional and spiritual, but allows the whole of the emotional impulse to melt into thin air without ever allowing it to translate itself into honest effort. It is for this reason that I profoundly distrust a musical education or an artistic education of any kind. I believe that it does not tend to produce stable and virile character.

Nor do I want to produce a creature incapable of doing anything that is disagreeable. In saying that we should take all advantage of a boy's *likes*, I do not mean that he should be taught to do nothing except what he likes. On the contrary, I believe that to endure hardness is an essential part of every training, and every child should have to do every day, as part of its training, something which it heartily detests. A cold morning-tub will do for a start. And for this there must be *compulsion*, there must be fear; only I would not have fear the main element.

Nor do I hold that one like is as good as another. The mind that admires a display of fireworks, a grandiose procession, or a street of showy shop-windows, is of a far lower calibre than one which admires the budding of a flower, the sunset, the plunge of a diving bird, or the graceful bound of a deerhound.

It seems to me that feelings become wrong through being put in their wrong place, when they are not related to a higher principle and subordinated to the supreme law. The mother who loves her son so much that she cannot bear to let him endure punishment or suffer hardship is no mother, but a curse to her child. The mother who for ambition's sake prompts her son to deceit and aids him in it is also criminally foolish. But the error in both is not that they love their boy too much, but that they love him too little; that they do not love the best in him and desire the best for him. Such love in a mother is selfishness,

THE FEELINGS IN SCHOOL TRAINING.

even though she say with Rebekah: "Upon me, upon me be the curse." It is a species of idolatry, because it puts the lower in the place of the highest, and the highest is that which is writ large on the base of Wellington's statue in the Guildhall, and writ large in the story of our island race—it is the law of duty.

"The test of being educated," says Herbert Spencer, "is, Can you do what you ought; when you ought; whether you want to do it or not?"

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.*

By LIONEL CUST.

HAVE often felt myself that one thing, which we greatly lack in our modern education, is some knowledge, or some desire for knowledge, about the more familiar objects by which we are surrounded either in nature or in our homes, some awakening of interest in the actual surroundings of our daily life.

Among these every-day incidents, these objects which our eyes meet continually, and which the mind perhaps too seldom pauses to consider, are portraits.

Now what is a portrait? What does the word mean? Probably no person has hesitated for one moment, or would hesitate, to give an explanation. Let us refer to a useful work of reference—Professor Skeat's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. Here we find the word *Portrait* explained as the PICTURE OF A PERSON, a definition which has always seemed to me very inadequate and unsatisfactory.

Investigating, however, further the earlier etymology of the word, we find it derived from the Latin word *protrahere*, explained as to *drag forth, expose, reveal*. Hence we get a meaning attached to the word *portrait* of *expound* or *reveal*, which is something beyond the mere *picture*, as given before. But if we inquire further, we shall find that the same word *protrahere* has bequeathed another word to the English language in *protract*, otherwise defined as to *prolong*. Thus from one word meaning to *draw* or *drag forth* or *forward*, we have two meanings born, brethren as if they were, namely, to *expose* or *expound*, and to *protract* or *prolong*. It follows, therefore, that in the word *portrait*, even if we accept the vulgar definition of "a picture of a person," there are still underlying the ideas both of *exposition* and *prolongation*. May it not be

* A Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham and the Royal Institution.

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

said that these two ideas are equally essential accompaniments to the mere narrative of an historian. A mere narrative, like a mere picture, may be amusing or interesting for the moment, but in neither case can it be of any value permanently, unless there is something to expound or explain, and something the memory of which is worth preserving.

This same definition of a portrait as "*a picture of a person*" may be criticised on other grounds. Dr. Skeat himself defines PICTURE as a *painting* or *drawing*.

Now portraiture can hardly be limited to the graphic arts, for the plastic arts of modelling and sculpture have obvious claims to a share, and even the first as a matter of actual date, in the domain of portraiture. May not a writer also lay claim to a share in the art of portraiture? Listen to what Jonathan Richardson, himself a portrait painter of the first rank, says:—"Let a man read a character in my Lord Clarendon (and, certainly, never was there a better *painter* in that kind), he will find it improved by seeing a picture of the same person by Vandyck."

Again, why should portraiture be merely the picture of a *person*? Cannot other things be portrayed besides persons? Every artist, who sits down to copy or counterfeit exactly the object before him, whether it be a person, a building, a landscape, or still-life, is a portrait-painter, provided that he does not omit the necessary ingredients of expounding or revealing the latent qualities of the object, the recollection of which he is anxious to prolong. This may be said of the whole Dutch School of Painting, and, in our country, of Hogarth, of Reynolds and Gainsborough, even of Landseer, and still more recently of the late-lamented Sir John Millais, whose art in every case is essentially that of the portrait painter.

It is just this insistence on the subject, the desire for narrative in art, which has made portrait-painting the backbone of British art, even if it must be admitted that it has been somewhat deleterious to its advance in the more attractive and visionary fields of

SAINT GEORGE.

imagination. Taking a bird's-eye view of the whole history of art in these islands, the most conspicuous artists to be discerned throughout are those who have devoted their skill either entirely or chiefly to the practice of portrait-painting. Holbein, Vandyck, Lely, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Hoppner, Millais, Herkomer, Sargent, are names sufficient to show the continuity of portrait-painting as the staple of British art. Now and then the surveying eye may rest upon a surprising and startling eminence in art, a protuberance—I believe that Dr. Johnson would have called it—such as a Turner, a Constable, a Leighton, a Rossetti, a Burne-Jones, but they are, as it were, intrusions upon a panorama, where the hills and dales are cradled in the rich pasture lands of portraiture.

If we take the trouble to inquire into the chief causes of portraiture, we can discern among others of minor import the following reasons, which, singly or combined, may bring about the creation of a portrait :—

1. The desire to practise and perfect technical skill by the careful study of a model.
2. The indulgence of mere personal vanity.
3. The desire to conserve and prolong the existence of some beautiful or curious object.
4. The desire to record and commemorate some object which has been consecrated by love and duty.
5. The desire to record something important in the history and progress of a nation.

(1) The first reason, *the study of a model*, seems to be the prime cause of the tendency of British Art to expend itself in this particular branch of painting. The insistence on the accurate rendering of a model, so necessary an ingredient in an artist's education, must, if continued for any great length of time, tend to cultivate in an artist the peculiar instincts of a portrait-painter at the expense of his originality and powers of imagination. Every pose, every shadow, every muscle may become a convention, capable,

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

perhaps, of being rendered by algebraic symbols. The young student, who has mastered these, may possibly be fired with splendid gleams of inspiration or imagination; but when he finds before him the difficulty of the paths and cliffs, by which genius must try and mount to recognition, too often does he fall back upon his ready-made and easily-practised formulas, and sink into the less arduous but far less distinguished levels of portrait painting, the rich, flat, alluvial deltas of art. A few artists achieve fame, a few make money, a great many achieve mediocrity. *In no branch of art is mediocrity so easily attained as in portraiture.* On the other hand, the student, painting a portrait as a study of a model, may, and not unfrequently does, produce a portrait of the greatest interest and value. The eye is fresh and keen, alert to read and learn for itself the innumerable and indefinable qualities inherent in a living object. The artist is probably no longer under the eye or rule of a teacher, and has not yet lapsed by constant repetition into mere tedious conventions of motives and technique. In such portraits an artist's genius may be revealed, a genius which not unfrequently perishes in some cases from insufficient nourishment, in others from premature forcing or from mere fatty degeneration. It is among this class of portraits that we find so many renderings by artists of their own features, which give, as it were, a keynote to their art. Let any visitor to the National Portrait Gallery stop to study the portraits by themselves of Hogarth, Walker, Reynolds, Romney, Wright, of Derby, Opie, Sir Martin Shee. These portraits are in themselves original works; nothing is borrowed or transferred. They may fairly be called *documents*, in that they convey a kind of instruction to the spectator who is patient enough to peruse them.

(2) Let us come now to our second reason for the creation of a portrait, the *indulgence of mere personal vanity*. This cause is very productive to the portrait-painter, both of *repute* and of that which is the sinews of art as of war, *money*. It must be confessed that the largest, although by no means the only contributor

SAINT GEORGE.

to this cause, is the fair sex—of course vicariously, for it is the privilege of that sex to have its wishes carried out by somebody else. What would have been the fate in England of Vandyck and Lely, what of Gainsborough and Romney, what of Lawrence, what, in fact, of the whole army of portrait-painters, great and small, if this cause had never existed? The natural instinct of imitation, refined into a pseudo-Science under the name of fashion, has filled the coffers of many artists, and kept many others from the workhouse. It is a dangerous field for the artist, who may be considered fortunate if he reaches the further side of his life uninjured by the caprices of Fashion, the "*Belle Dame Sans Merci*" of art. But with this branch of portraiture we need not linger long to-night. It is one which most frequently brings satisfaction to the object portrayed, not seldom affords pleasure to the spectator, is lucrative to the artist, but is rarely of much importance from an historical point of view.

(3) The next cause we mentioned for the creation of a portrait was *the desire to conserve and prolong the existence of some beautiful or curious object*. This cause may be imagined to be that most dear to the mind of an artist. To see a beautiful object before you, a man of noble mind or appearance, a woman of grace and loveliness, a child in the tender beauty of flower-like innocence, to feel the power of transferring this impression of beauty by one's own skill, so as to preserve and hand it down to others, who cannot possibly hope to behold the beautiful object itself, this is, or should be, the truest, purest pleasure and aim of an artist, whether indeed his subject be portraits, landscape, religion, or romance. The definition of beauty is a *Fata Morgana* to the human mind. Many a mind has fancied that it has seized it and clasped it in an embrace, only to find that it has again eluded capture, and that the path of pursuit is even thicker with thorns than it ever was before. We all have our own idea of beauty, artists and lay-brethren alike. To the artist alone is it given to preserve for the eye a permanent record of a beautiful object. Whatever the idea of beauty may be,

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

whether it be the god-like form of a Hellenic statue, the jewelled panel of Van Eyck, the religious purity of Fra Angelico, or the sympathetic perfection of Raphael, the joyous lustiness of Rubens, the courtly elegance of Vandyck, the melancholy shadows of Rembrandt, the astounding veracity of Velazquez, the rich warm magnificence of Titian and Giorgione; whether it be the solemn grandeur of ancient Egypt or the dainty fancy of modern Japan, every work of art, into which the true spirit of beauty has been conveyed by an artist's skill, must be regarded as an important contribution to the general history of the human race.

A portrait, however, in which the idea of beauty has been the main factor in its creation is thereby to some extent relieved from its connection with the mere individual person whom it represents. It is, as it were, a soul released from its bodily prison. A portrait placed in the National Gallery is there, or should be there, solely for its merits as a painting. The name of the person or persons represented should only be of incidental value. The *Tailor* of Moroni is present for the same and equal reason as the *Charles I.* of Vandyck, the *Parish Clerk* of Gainsborough for the same purpose as the *Samuel Johnson* of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is evident that portraits of this class, treated solely as works of art, should not be regarded in the first place as of special historical value.

(4) Coming then to our next class, *the desire to record and commemorate some object, which has been consecrated by love and duty*, we approach a class of portrait, which is perhaps the most familiar to many of us, and yet one which we are accustomed to treat with the least respect. I mean the class of *family portraits*.

In our country, we might even go further and say in all homes of the Teutonic race, the dominant note of Society is that of *home*. We are citizens of a State, but we are members of a family first. Most of those who are fortunate enough to have been born, or to have raised themselves above the dull featureless existence of mere mechanical labour, begin to take a pride in their family, to honour

SAINT GEORGE.

their parents for the position in which they have been placed, or to look forward to their children maintaining or advancing their position in the social scale. In ancient Rome each house contained a shrine, in which the images of ancestors were cherished and worshipped as tutelary deities of the family. In this country we still often cherish the images of our ancestors, even if we have ceased to venerate them, except in some cases when they have turned out to be unsuspected sources of income.

Family portraits really play a large part in the history of our country. So long as a land is governed by a territorial and hereditary aristocracy the need and desire for family portraits will be maintained.

Each owner of a property will desire to hand himself down to posterity, and affection and duty will in many cases add portraits of his wife and other members of his family. The only drawback is that the new portraits are naturally anxious to fill the best places upon the walls, and each generation gets pushed further and further backwards or upwards. The changes in taste and fashion are so numerous that the portraits—most admired in their day—are frequently objects of mere scorn and derision a century later. Each generation thinks itself better than that which preceded it, and with regard to differences of taste assumes that there can be no question.

Horace Walpole has said on this subject, and very truly, when speaking of the painter, Charles Jervas, and the immoderate praise lavished upon him by Pope and other of his contemporaries, that

“Portraits that cost twenty, thirty, sixty guineas, and that proudly take possession of the drawing-room, give way in the next generation to those of the new-married couple, descending into the parlour, where they are slightly mentioned as *my father's and mother's pictures*.

“*When they become my grandfather and grandmother, they mount to the two pair of stairs; and then, unless despatched to the mansion house in the country, or crowded into the housekeeper's room, they perish among the lumber of garrets, or flutter into rags before a 'broker's shop at the Seven Dials.'*”

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was once asked by his sister, "Brother, how happens it that we never meet with any picture by Jervas, the painter?" Sir Joshua replied very briskly, "Because they are all up in the garret."

If this was the fate of a man of whom Pope wrote—

Whether thy hand strike out some fresh design,
When life awakes and dawns at every line,
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face;

and again—

Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years,

what can we anticipate will be the lot of the fashionable painters in our day?

It has, however, been stated that mere fashion in portrait-painting is of little or no historical import.

It is pleasanter to turn to the remarks of another great literary genius upon portrait-painting—the great Samuel Johnson, perhaps the least graceful and artistic of our national heroes, but all the same one whose profound wisdom was based on the most exquisite sense of human sympathy. Johnson, among other remarks on portraits, said—

"Genius is chiefly exerted in historical pictures, and the art of the painter of portraits is often lost in the obscurity of his subject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greatest is not always best. I should grieve to see Reynolds transfer to heroes and to goddesses, to empty splendour and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in renewing tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead."

Could any words express more fully the value of family portraits? Johnson could only have said it out of pure human sympathy, for he was a man with no family connections himself.

In another place Johnson says:—

"Every man is always present to himself, and has, therefore, little need of his own resemblance; nor can desire it but for the sake of

SAINT GEORGE.

those whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the Art is a natural and reasonable consequence of affection ; and though like other human actions it is often complicated with pride, yet even such pride is more laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, that, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue, nor excite it."

These words of our great-hearted literary giant will suffice to explain the class of portraits, in my fourth category. The words comprise all that could be said about the love of a parent, a wedded couple, of a child, or a beloved friend, and all that need be said about the pride of place and the record of ownership and authority.

In some of our old family residences in these islands an unbroken series of family portraits has been preserved. Such a series is a history in itself, a history of the family, of the house, of the locality in which it is situated, and to some extent of the country at large. Such collections have, however, a tendency to diminish. The extinction or removal of families, the burdens of debt or taxation, the everlasting and all-embracing meshes of the law, all tend to disperse such collections, and to scatter ancestors *homeless*, and as often as not *nameless*, into the wilderness. Who cares about other people's ancestors, whether in the house or the auction room? And yet to an old Manor-house or Grange the portraits of its former owners are as much a parcel and part of the house's history as the gables of its roof or the lintels of its doorways.

Let every owner of family portraits, no matter *of* whom or *by* whom painted, look to them, and, if the names are not hopelessly lost for ever, let them remember the words of the philosopher John Locke :—

"Pray get Sir Godfrey to write on the back of Lady Masham's picture *Lady Masham*, and on the back of mine *John Locke*, 1704. This he did to Mr. Molyneaux's, it is necessary to be done, or else the pictures of private persons are lost in two or three generations, and so the picture loses its value, it not being known whom it was made to represent."

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

From the class of family portraits it is easy to pass to the last category mentioned by me, *the desire to record something important in the history and progress of a nation.*

Readers of Plato's "Republic" will remember his aphorism that the State is but the individual *writ large*. For our purpose it will be necessary to describe the family as the individual writ large, and the State as the family *writ larger still*.

If portraits are valuable as illustrating the history of a family, how much more valuable therefore must they be as illustrating the history of a nation.

If we like to see on the walls of an ancient family home the various figures which have adorned its history or otherwise, if we are interested in the succession of squires or peers with their ladies, in the portraits of the blooming brides, the aged and perhaps still beautiful grandmothers, the children in their play, whom we recognise in the staid squire or dame on the next wall, the son who became the parson, this son who was killed in the wars and broke his mother's heart, that son who went to the bad and was struck out of his father's will, the daughter who refused ten suitors and went unmarried to her death—if all these trifling incidents in the history of a family have any interest, how much greater should be the interest in the statesmen and law-givers, the great commanders by sea and by land, the poets, painters, historians, philosophers, scientific explorers and discoverers, the women whose minds or faces have changed a nation's destiny, and all the heroes and heroines of a nation's history.

Sir Walter Scott has said :

"It is impossible for me to conceive a work which ought to be more interesting to the present age than that which exhibits before our eyes our *fathers as they lived*, accompanied with such memorials of their lives and characters as enable us to compare their persons and countenances with their sentiments and actions."

In these words that great writer fairly establishes the claim of portraits to be regarded as *historical documents*.

SAINT GEORGE.

But I can fancy that I hear some person say, How can *portraits be documents*? Documents surely are mere letters or deeds inscribed in writing on paper or parchment. How can a portrait or statue be a document?

Well! Let us inquire into the history of the word *document*. It is true that Professor Skeat in his Etymological Dictionary defines a document as *a paper adduced to prove a thing*. This is a definition to which few (I am sure) of my audience will assent. Why should a document be a *paper* only? Are not the Egyptian hieroglyphic inscriptions, the Chaldean and Assyrian cylinders, the whole range of Greek and Roman inscriptions, as much *documents* as the Harleian manuscripts, the State papers in the Record Office, or the title deeds of an estate? No! Let us not be content with this definition but turn to that monumental work, Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.

Here we find *document* explained as, firstly, *Teaching, instruction, warning*; secondly, as *An instruction, a piece of instruction, a lesson, an admonition, a warning*; thirdly, as *That which serves to show, point out, or prove something; evidence, proof*; and, fourthly, as *Something written, inscribed, etc.*, which furnishes evidence or information upon any subject as a *manuscript, title deed, tombstone, coin, PICTURE, etc.*

Here we have just what we were looking for, a *document* actually defined in an English Dictionary as a *tombstone, coin, picture, etc.* Indeed, so far as manuscripts or pictures are concerned, they are in reality cousins-german to each other, since both writing or painting are descendants from one original parent, *the art of drawing*.

After this, who can gainsay the right of portraits to be described as documents? Can they not be said to teach, instruct, or warn; to shew, point out or prove something, to furnish evidence or information upon a subject?

In one of his Discourses Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "*Even bad pictures themselves supply him with useful documents.*" Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "History of the World," says, "*This may serve as a*

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

document of Fortune's instabilitie." Where are both these sayings better illustrated than in the National Portrait Gallery?

Since, therefore, it is clear that portraits may be regarded as documents, one would expect to find that nations had treasured up portraits as carefully as they have the records of their laws, and the plans and narratives of their various military and naval achievements. Let us see what England has done in this matter.

Portrait painting was the first branch of the pictorial arts which fairly took root and flourished in England. It grew and waxed great in the sunshine of Court patronage. Henry VIII, Mary, and Elizabeth all employed and honoured portrait-painters. In an age of personal monarchy the Royal Family and the Court were the chief patrons of art, although the idea of history probably entered but little into their calculations or motives.

Holbein himself may be regarded as one of the historians of Henry VIII's reign, for although he had contemporaries who vied with him in his art, it is to him that we are chiefly indebted for our knowledge of the personal appearance of the Court of Henry VIII. The series of drawings by Holbein in the Library at Windsor Castle are indispensable to the historian of those days, although their importance has been frequently overlooked. So far, however, were they from being regarded as important historical documents that they were put away in a drawer and forgotten from the days of Charles I to those of Caroline, Queen of George II.

Holbein himself affords a good illustration of the use of portraits as documents. Was not Holbein sent by Henry VIII, first to draw the portrait of Christina, the widowed Duchess of Milan, for the King's inspection, and again on a similar errand to draw the portrait of Anne of Cleves, a portrait which was so far over-successful as a document, in that it induced the King to marry the lady, and eventually cost Thomas Cromwell his head?

Again, when a marriage was on the *tapis* between Mary, Queen of England, and Philip II of Spain, what did Philip do? He

SAINT GEORGE.

sent his Court painter, Antonio Moro, over to England to paint Mary's portrait, in order that Philip might see what his destined bride was like. This portrait now hangs in the Prado Gallery at Madrid, and may be regarded as one of the most important historical documents in existence.

The long galleries of the Elizabethan and Jacobean mansions were well suited, if not actually designed, for the receipt of portraits, and it is very probable that many of the full-length portraits of the last years of Elizabeth and the earlier years of James I were designed as special decorative panels for the great houses, of which so many were erected about this period. The reign of James I was essentially one in which portrait painting was most widely practised and patronised.

The arrival of Vandyck in England, however, was the beginning of a new epoch in the history of portrait painting. Vandyck raised the art of portrait painting, both in its historical and pictorial aspects, to a level hitherto unknown in England, and one which his successors, however varying in their merit, Lely and Kneller, Reynolds and Gainsborough, did their best to maintain. It would not be going too far to say that a whole chapter of English history was written by Vandyck, although but a short portion of his too short life was spent in this country.

It is all very well for Carlyle to write a monumental work of historical biography to prove the undoubted claims of Oliver Cromwell to rank as a national hero, or for Professor Gardiner to lay bare and expound the inexorable edicts of destiny which led Charles I to the scaffold and Cromwell to the throne of power. The magic brush of Vandyck has immortalised on canvas the faces of Charles I and Henrietta Maria; of their children in their innocent splendour, unaware of the curious and varied destinies before them; of the nobles and ladies of the Court, the statesmen and philosophers, the diplomatists and warriors, who clustered round the reeling standard of the royal cause. So long as these portraits exist will the royal cause ever command a romantic

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

sympathy, perhaps far in excess of what it may have deserved. Think for a moment what a difference it would have made to history had the Court painter of the day been a Kneller instead of a Vandyck!

It was probably the great advance of portrait painting which led the great Lord Chancellor, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, to form as the great adornment of his magnificent palace in Piccadilly a collection of portraits of the famous men and women of his country. In his earlier days he had witnessed the arrival of Vandyck in England, and been acquainted with his works in their original freshness and beauty. As an exile at the Hague, in Holland, he had spent years in a country where every painter was to a greater or less extent a portrait painter, and every house a treasure chamber of portraiture.

During his exile also Clarendon commenced his famous History of the Rebellion, a work famous not so much for its worth as an accurate and impartial chronicle of contemporary events as for its marvellous characteristic portraits of the eminent and remarkable persons of his age. This Clarendon held to be one of the ends which the historian should have in view.

John Evelyn, the diarist, writing to his friend, Samuel Pepys, so famous in the same line of authorship, speaks with unrestrained enthusiasm of Lord Clarendon's collection. He says:

"I was not displeased with the fancy of the late Lord Chancellor Hyde, when to adorn his stately palace (since demolished) he collected the pictures of as many of our famous countrymen as he could purchase or procure, instead of the heads and busts of forreigners."

And again:

"There were at full length, and as I doubt not but you well remember to have seene the Greate Duke of Buckingham, the brave Sir Horace and Francis Vere, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Phil: Sidney, the greate Earle of Leicester, Treasurer Buckhurst, Burleigh, Walsingham, Cecil, Lord Chancellor Bacon, Elsmere, and I think all the late Chancellors and grave Judges in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth, and her successors James and Charles the First. For there was Treasurer

SAINT GEORGE.

Weston, Cottington, Duke Hamilton, the magnificent Earle of Carlisle, Earles of Carnarvon, Bristol, Holland, Lindsey, Northumberland, Kingston and Southampton, Lord Falkland and Digby (I name them promiscuously as they come into my memorie); and of Charles the Second, besides the Royal Family, the Dukes of Albermarle and Newcastle, Earles of Derby, Shrewsbury, St. Albans, the brave Montrosse, Sandwich, Manchester, etc., and, of the Coife, Sir Ed. Coke, Judge Berkeley, Bramston, Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Jeffry Palmer, Selden, Vaughan; Sir Rob. Cotton, Dugdale, Mr. Camden, Mr. Hales of Eaton; The Archbishops Abbot, Laud, Bishops Juxon, Sheldon, Morley, and Duppa; Dr. Sanderson, Browning, Dr. Donne, Chillingworth, and several of the Cleargy and others of the former and present age. For there were the Pictures of Fisher, Fox, Sir Tho. More, Tho. Lord Cromwell, Dr. Nowel, etc. And what was most agreeable to his Lordship's general humor, Old Chaucer, Shakespere, Beaumont and Fletcher, who were both in one piece; Spencer, Mr. Waller, Cowley, Hudibras, which last he plac'd in the roome where he us'd to eate and dine in publiq."

Evelyn writes further a long list of personages, whose names he himself had suggested to Clarendon as additions to his collection, some of which the Chancellor procured.

The mere enumeration of these names is sufficient to denote the importance of the portraits as illustrations of contemporary history.

For more than a century and a half the idea of forming a collection of portraits for purely historical purposes lay dormant and inert. This was not due to the want of material to inspire and goad the intelligence of a nation. Throughout the golden age of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, it never seems to have occurred to the public conscience how great might be the contribution to the history of the time by a proper employment of the skill of these incomparable artists.

As in other matters the making of the nation's history has always been left to private enterprise. The public bodies, such as the colleges at the Universities, especially at Oxford, who were forming collections of portraits, were actuated by feelings of a domestic and private nature rather than by national and historical aspirations. The value, however, of these semi-public collections

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

of portraits must not be under-rated. A collection like that of the Bodleian Library at Oxford is of the greatest importance for historical purposes. The only danger incurred in making these collections has been that of over-confidence or lack of critical examination in accepting the authenticity of a portrait. Pious veneration sometimes led college authorities astray, as when towards the close of the 17th century the University of Oxford employed a Dutch painter to paint the portraits of the founders of their colleges, heedless of the authorities from which they were taken, the tradition being that the likeness of some, such as John of Balliol, and Devorguilla, his wife, were taken from an athletic blacksmith and the handsome daughter of an apothecary. Such portraits have no more historical value than the portraits of the hundred *reputed* Kings of Scotland in the great chamber at Holyrood Palace, all painted by a Flemish painter about the same date as the portraits of the founders at Oxford.

Although the collection of original historical portraits was neglected or reserved as the privilege of the Court or nobility, there was a great increase in the desire to collect engraved portraits, dating from the days of Evelyn, Pepys, and Thoresby, and fostered by the remarkable activity of the engraver's art in line and mezzotint during the century from about 1680 to 1780. Collecting *heads*, as they were called, became a fashionable craze among antiquaries, the James Wests and Horace Walpoles of the day, whose *forte* as amateurs lay chiefly, if not entirely, in their enthusiasm as collectors.

The first man to try and arrange the immense mass of material in these engraved portraits and to apply them to the illustration of history was the Rev. James Granger, the Vicar of Shiplake, who published the first two volumes of his epoch-making work, the "Biographical History of England," in 1769. In his preface Granger says that—

"A methodical collection of engraved heads will serve as a visible representation of past events, become a kind of *speaking chronicle*, and

SAINT GEORGE.

carry that sort of intelligence into civil story that in Popish times was almost the sole support of religion, with this difference, that instead of those lying legends and fabulous relations, which spread error and superstition through the minds of men; these, by short and accurate inscriptions, may happily convey, and that in a manner almost insensible, real and useful instruction. For such a collection will delight the eye, recreate the mind, impress the imagination, fix the memory, and thereby yield no small assistance to the judgment."

And further on in the same preface Granger says:—

"It will establish in the mind of the attentive peruser that *synchronism* which is so essential a part of the British history, and in which, however, some, otherwise no contemptible writers, have egregiously failed."

The ball, started by Granger, was kept rolling by many contemporaries and followers. The next important step, however, was the publication of Lodge's "Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain," engraved from authentic pictures, commenced in 1814, and completed in 1834. This publication drew attention for the first time to the wealth of portraits treasured up in the palaces, mansions, colleges, and other institutions in the United Kingdom.

Sir Walter Scott acknowledged his great indebtedness to this work, and much of the brilliant historical setting of the Waverley Novels may be traced to his appreciation of Lodge's book.

As it was an historian who formed the first great collection of national portraits, so it was an historian in whose brain was nurtured the idea of a great gallery of historical portraits belonging to the nation.

In February, 1856, Philip Henry, 5th Earl Stanhope, author of the *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht*, the *Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt*, the *Reign of Queen Anne*, and other standard historical works, brought forward in the House of Lords a motion:

"That a Humble Address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to take into her Royal

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

consideration the expediency of forming a gallery of the Portraits of the most eminent Persons in British History."

From this motion rose the British Historical Gallery, shortly afterwards to be known by the more famous title of the *National Portrait Gallery*.

The National Portrait Gallery had hardly been founded before there took place at Manchester that unequalled exhibition of the nation's Art treasures which astonished the world in 1857. One of the great features of this exhibition was the gallery of Historical Portraits. So great an interest did this exhibition excite, that the great Earl of Derby, when Prime Minister, organised, and saw carried into effect, a great National Exhibition of Historical Portraits, which lasted over three years, 1866, 1867, and 1868.

The value of portraits as historical documents was at once recognised, and the appreciation thereof has gone on steadily increasing ever since. It is to be hoped that an equal recognition will be given to the importance of such collections from an educational point of view, and that before long a thorough acquaintance with the National Portrait Gallery will form a necessary ingredient in modern schemes for education.

A visitor to the National Portrait Gallery, whose eyes may be raised above the level of the door as he enters, will see there over the main entrance medallion portraits not of Holbein or Vandyck, not of Reynolds or Gainsborough, not of Roubillac or Chantrey, but of *Stanhope, Macaulay, and Carlyle*, thus emphasizing the fact that it is *history* and not *art* which is to be learnt within the walls of the Gallery. No greater tribute can be paid to the value of the collection than the frequent remarks of foreign visitors that they wished that they had such a collection in their own country.

Few, if any, of the visitors to the National Portrait Gallery will refuse to grant the claim of portraits to rank as *Historical Documents*.

In 1854, previous to the foundation of the National Portrait Gallery, there had been an idea of holding an exhibition of the

SAINT GEORGE.

portraits of historical personages in Scotland. Thomas Carlyle, writing to his friend, Mr. David Laing, said of this as follows:—

“I have to tell you, as a fact of personal experience, that in all my poor historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the person inquired after—a good *portrait*, if such exists. Failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, *any* representation made by a faithful human creature of that face and figure which *he* saw with *his* eyes, and which I can never see with *mine*, is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all. This, which is my own deep experience, I believe to be in a deeper or less deep degree the universal one, and that every student and reader of history who strives earnestly to conceive for himself what manner of fact and man this or the other vague historical name can have been will, as the first and directest indication of all, search eagerly for a portrait, for all the reasonable portraits there are, and never rest till he have made out, if possible, what a man’s natural face was like. Often I have found a portrait superior in real instruction to half-a-dozen written biographies, as biographies are written, or rather let me say I have found that the portrait was as a small lighted candle by which the biographies could for the first time be *read* and some human interpretations be made of them.”

Facts are now the recognised basis of history, not merely a superficial record of facts, but a thorough knowledge of their origin and their result. A statesman, lamenting the loss of picturesqueness in politics, once said: “The future belongs to him who will take the trouble to collect facts, and has the capacity to draw correct inferences.” This saying applies even more closely to history than it does to politics, and among the facts which a modern historian cannot afford to neglect are *portraits*. Yet some of the greatest historians of our day who would blush to print, or even quote, a deed or letter of the authenticity of which they were not quite convinced have treated portraits as mere accessory illustrations *to ornament*, not *to explain* their work. “Choose some nice pictures,” they say to their publisher, who naturally picks out the most attractive, regardless of age or authenticity; something calculated to catch the eye of the public. Great has been the

PORTRAITS AS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

falsification of history through the neglect of mere portraits as documents of any import to the historian.


Veracity, I repeat, is the backbone of portraiture as it is of history. It takes, however, two things to record a fact, not only the fact itself, but an individual capable of understanding it and giving it the proper interpretation. In no branch of history is this more fully exemplified than in portraits, or, at all events, in those which claim to rank as Historical Documents.

A PIONEER SCHOOL.—AN EDUCATION REPORT.

By PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES.

I.

Introduction.

HILE personally of Scottish, London, and foreign education, I may claim to be in some respects all the more alive to the qualities of the English public-school and university systems, although, as is inevitable under such circumstances, also awake to their defects.

I have hence long been interested in Dr. Reddie's labours to create a School, which, while retaining the admitted virtues of English education, should yet meet the requirements of the modern world in a more adequate way. I have felt substantial agreement with his vigorous criticisms of the educational world, and admiration for his no less fearless initiative; and I have often regretted that, here as so often, the prophet should still have too little honour in his own country. For many years I have directed foreign educationists to Abbotsholme as the most active and progressive of English schools; one especially, M. Demolins, has made it the text of a well-known volume.*

Many independent visitors, French, German, American, etc., have also from time to time communicated their impressions to the larger world, with comparisons strongly in favour of Abbotsholme, and these on many grounds. Better than criticism, however, the school has afforded an educational type, upon which, whether with generous acknowledgment or with insufficient recognition, new schools have been founded, alike on the Continent

* *Anglo-Saxon Superiority*, by M. Demolins (from the eighth French edition), London, 1901.

A PIONEER SCHOOL.

and at home. Even in the present month I find in an important French Review* an article by the Director of the school of Liancourt, himself an English public-school boy and teacher of varied experience; and he, while an active rival and critic of M. Demolins, goes almost further in his eulogy of Abbotsholme, and in the severity of his criticisms of the older type of school,† to which it is the arduous honour of Abbotsholme to furnish an example and lead.

Though thus interested in Abbotsholme since its foundation, indeed its very inception, I had unfortunately never found time to visit it; it was therefore with much interest that I accepted the invitation of the Head Master and Trustees to undertake an inspection and report last July. To this inspection I devoted the whole of one week's residence, with some preparation beforehand, and considerable reflection since my visit.

Even if space permitted, I need not here enter into any detailed account of the organization of the school, especially as this is already clearly stated in its founder's writings, and in the descriptions of previous visitors. While thus visiting the school with an open mind, sympathetic indeed to all its main aspects, I have been more especially prepared by my own work and studies to inquire into two matters in particular: (1) the Abbotsholme endeavours towards that better-organised associated life which is too much neglected in our British education; and (2) the experimental working-out of a modernised curriculum, with adequate correlation and succession of studies—geographic and historic; scientific, linguistic, and literary; practical and artistic; in brief, Naturalistic and Humanistic. Both of these endeavours have, of course, to be judged, not merely by the traditional standards of the universities, but by their adaptation to practical life and social usefulness.

* Scott, "L'Education Nouvelle," *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*, Août 1904.

† R. F. Cholmeley, "A Complaint of Public Schools," *Independent Review*, September, 1904, will also be found worth consulting.

SAINT GEORGE.

Thus, while I have visited the school prepared by an understanding of its general aims, it has also been in acceptance of a frankly expressed invitation to search out and unsparingly to criticise any weak spots in the ambitious programme of the school or in the execution of it, and with the understanding that the more definite my criticisms and suggestions the better for all concerned.

The following report, then, while warmly appreciative of many elements in the school, though with sharp criticisms of others, may risk conveying misunderstanding to some, especially strangers to it, since in analysing the character of a school, as of a person, points of blame may to many seem to outweigh larger elements of praise. It is, however, I am convinced, the wish of the Head Master and the Council, of the parents, the old boys, and other friends of the school, that every possible improvement should be made; and my desire is to be of service towards this.

I can most easily give my impressions of Abbotsholme by writing, in direct narrative form, a summary of my diary during my week's stay. Before my arrival a week had been devoted mainly to written examinations, and this had prepared stacks of papers for my perusal. Then haymaking had come, a welcome change of occupation for the boys, and giving also the masters time to look over the examination work.

I arrived on a Monday evening. Field work was in full activity. Never before had I seen a hayfield cleared with such order and rapid progress, yet all without the supervision of masters or the help of a farm-labourer, the only exception being that the farm-bailiff himself was working with one of the boys upon the rick—the spot where the elder's skill was still needed to guard against the risks arising from inexperience.

The whole field was under the command of the "Captain of Haymaking," a senior boy, who had six squads, each under a corporal, one managing the cart, the rest loading or raking. The swiftness and order, the economy of labour, the cleanness of the

A PIONEER SCHOOL.

field, all showed not only good organisation, but thorough goodwill.

After a couple of hours of this came the call to bathing, and in a twinkling the glowing workers were in the river. Here a fresh bit of organisation appeared. Another boy-officer was on the bridge above the bathing-place conducting the "swimming tests." Every boy not disqualified by health is expected to go through a regular course, graduated from the simplest swimming, within depth and for short distances, to the difficult task of rescue work. That particular evening the diving tests were being passed, and, as an old examiner, I could not but admire the boy examiner at his work, passing or rejecting, usually with instant decision, yet wherever doubt arose giving a second, and in one case a third, chance.

A hearty and wholesome supper, well served in a spacious and dignified refectory hall, followed, and then a brief choral service, with well-chosen reading, in the stately though simple school chapel. From such an evening one could not but gather a favourable impression of this little community, vigorous in work and play, with its atmosphere at once of discipline and of culture.

Next morning, after chapel and breakfast, I was conducted by one of the senior boys over the school buildings old and new. We began with the magnificent new block, of which the chapel and dining-hall furnish the main architectural features, but including also extensive kitchen and domestic accommodation in the two lower floors, with well-arranged dormitories, guest-chambers and sick-rooms above, and at the top a skilfully isolated floor for infectious cases. Thence we passed to the old buildings, in which the larger rooms are used as class-rooms and dormitories. The extensive out-buildings are utilised as workshops and laboratories, etc. As it was the annual haymaking time, the class-rooms were empty, and field work was in full progress till bathing and dinner-time. So unconventional a departure from ordinary school traditions as this of holidays for work instead of

SAINT GEORGE.

for merely play, no doubt helped to explain the vigour and steadiness of work which struck me during my visit. It showed that the school is guarding against the too common mistake of expecting simultaneous efforts of mental and bodily exertion from growing boys, and is doing this by the sensible method of giving each of these culminating functions of the school year, examinations and haymaking, their proper turn. This raises the whole question of the school time-tables, both for day, week, term, and even year; but to these I shall return.

After dinner came another characteristic and admirable feature of the school life; the boys trooped up to the chapel for ten or twenty minutes quiet, while someone, master or boy, gave a musical recital, which happened to-day to be one of the masterpieces of Wagner. In this way evidently two good habits, one bodily, the other mental, were being formed at one and the same time: (1) the simple physiological habit of quietly beginning digestion before resuming activity; and (2) on the side of culture was being acquired a wide acquaintance with classical music. The perfect quietness of the boys at this time, as also at other similar times, as, *e.g.*, just before and during chapel—and this as much before any master came in as after—struck me as a strong bit of fresh evidence that the too common noise in schools is largely the expression of imperfectly exercised activities, and as a striking proof that the teacher who has found normal outlet for these activities will not fail to get all the silence and attention he may require. Quiet was further ensured by allowing the few boys of little or no musical ability or interest to read quietly, either their “Term Book” or some other, and by letting one or two who might have been only a disturbing element find some less uncongenial outlet elsewhere.

In the afternoon the school split up into cricketers and hay-makers, the former to practise for a Saturday match; the latter to pursue hard yet happy work of their own, which protected them from the worthless habit of mere looking on and loafing, which

has latterly made our games, however excellent for the few who actually play, so doubtful a blessing to the many who merely look on.

In the evening came one of the great functions of the Abbots-holme School Year—the “Harvest Home Festival.” This again was simply and excellently managed. The “Last Load” was taken up the hill to the hay barn on its summit, in full procession, led by all the available music of the school—drums and fifes, bugles and violins, a simple yet admirable picture, a true pendant to Mason’s “Harvest Home”—that most perfect of all our idylls of rustic English life. Nor was a deeper note wanting. Just before the procession started a bonfire of weeds was kindled—symbolically recalling the lesson read that morning in chapel, the Parable of the Tares.

After the load had been stacked, the boys gave a concert in the chapel, which, pending the erection of the future School Hall and Theatre, has at present to be used as a Big School for all such functions. Here solo singer and instrumentalist, school choir and orchestra all took their appropriate part, and appeared, as far as I could judge, to advantage. I regret that from deficiencies of my own early years I am not able to express any opinion upon the musical technique; but I could at any rate appreciate the spirit of the whole performance, and note with satisfaction that the non-musical boys were few, almost every one taking part in orchestra or in choir.

Next came an ample and joyous Harvest-Home supper, followed by toasts, in which the haymakers and their captain, the Head and his outside guests, were all included. After this came the Harvest-Home service in the chapel, with appropriately chosen psalms and hymns, prayers and lesson, all with brief personal application to work and life. Afterwards, in a long and interesting talk, the Head Master set forth to me more fully his deeply meditated and constantly applied ideas of the moral and educative uses of productive labour, and of the correlation of

SAINT GEORGE.

occupations and studies with art and literature, with music and morals—in short, of living out day by day the unification of Religion and of Life.

The evening ended in storm, the wind and rain, lightning and thunder emphasising impressively, for boys and elders alike, the day's lesson and symbol: "Work while it is day."

Next morning I divided between the reading of batches of examination papers and the study of the administrative details of the school, which are being gradually worked out in a series of sheets, well, indeed artistically, printed at the school press. As personally disposed in my own work to reduce formal regulation to a minimum, I must confess to having approached these elaborate regulations in a critical, indeed a sceptical, spirit. but I must also frankly admit that the more closely I studied these regulations the more I saw in them. Beginning always with direct orders, simply expressed and easily obeyed, even by the youngest, they display the gradual development of a well-organised and well-administered scheme of action, so that the perfect order and discipline at haymaking or at swimming, which I had observed, was here set forth with corresponding clearness, in fact, not only summed up as Custom, but codified as Law. Indeed, I came to recognise this to be one of the carefully considered ways in which this school is organised to prepare its boys for intelligent action and citizenship in the larger world without; and my first dread of over-regulation was abated when I saw that the rules were, as far as possible, not an external code, devised in the abstract by the Head Master and imposed by his authority upon the boys, but a summary and codification of their own and their masters' practical experience; a body of laws which practice and reflection, through successive years, had actually modified, and were still modifying. The school code thus becomes an introduction to the best aspects of law and order in the larger world, as well as to the modes of altering laws constitutionally open to an intelligent and orderly democracy.

Though approaching this, as I have confessed, at first rather reluctantly, I came increasingly to recognise its educative value.

A very notable feature of these school regulations is that, as far as possible, each definite set of rules is prefaced by a well-summarised exposition of its higher aspects. Thus, in the case of haymaking, while two sheets were devoted to strictly agricultural matters, so as to satisfy the farmer, a third sheet was devoted to the larger educational aspect of the subject, showing the place of the hay harvest among the labours and festivals of the year. An outline was appended of ancient and modern views of the seasons, astronomic and historic, literary and poetic, thus transcending the practical outlook to take in a long perspective of liberal culture. On inquiry of the boys, as well as of the masters, I satisfied myself that these rules and explanations had been of real interest and service, and were regarded by them as having greatly aided in the admirable function of the previous day, and this in all its aspects, economic and artistic, literary and ethical.

In this way I reached my first appreciation of the school, as successfully progressing towards reuniting two sides of life at present too much divided, and too exclusively assigned to the so-called labouring class and the so-called cultured class respectively. It is from the lack—say rather the loss—of this union in our present education that the rustic is left rude, and the scholar left bookish; here plainly was growing up a healthier type than either, because correcting the respective defects by the corresponding qualities of both.

Similarly in other regulations, *e.g.*, those for bathing, for “dormitory parade” (*i.e.* bed-making, teeth-cleaning, and so forth), for cabinets, etc. The simplest physical pleasure of bath or bathe, nay, even the humblest offices of the body, are thus not only made healthily habitual but educative in the fullest sense, each being understood progressively from the standpoints of cleanliness and health, of intellectual clearness, of social and moral organisation and responsibility.

Those sets of rules which apply at all times are framed and fixed in their appropriate places. Others, such as the bathing rules, after the appropriate season is over, are wisely withdrawn from view to reappear afresh another year. Thus no one can plead ignorance of either the law or its associated doctrine; and there is no doubt that in this way administration becomes not only more easy and effective, but obedience becomes willing, and punishment rare.

On the whole, then, despite some minor reserve as to details here and there, which it is quite possible fuller experience might remove, I must confess to having been converted, and this in some measure against my will, to an appreciative and even approving recognition of this highly developed plan of school organisation.

The same day I began visiting the lessons given by the different masters. Beginning with the Head, I heard a lesson in chemical theory vividly and clearly given. Thence I passed to a study of the out-door occupations of Afternoon School, to which much importance has always been attached at Abbotsholme from the first. Here the master in charge rapidly sent off various squads of boys to work; one large detachment, duly captained, went to clear a pasture of thistles. A small group was told off to attend to the bee-farm; some to separate honey from the comb, others to paint a wax-box, and so on. One or two boys had to repair and paint the canoes, while a small batch of youngsters went to their own little gardens. A large number of juniors remained in the workshop, their work for that hour being to repair the hay-rakes, which, having naturally lost or broken teeth during the harvesting, had, of course, to be repaired before being laid aside for next season.

I visited the workshop on other days also, and can speak of all I saw in it, of its management and teaching, with eulogium. The work was at once useful and practical, requiring a reasonable measure of skill in both the handiwork and the working drawings, with clearness of head in both. The personal teaching, Socratic and sympathetic, I could not but admire.

A PIONEER SCHOOL.

At 4 o'clock, the two hours' Afternoon School being over, the boys were free for games till six. As I had examined the buildings the day before, I now went with a fresh boy guide over the whole school estate, when I was struck, on the one hand, by the very fortunate situation of the property, and, on the other hand, as befits such an excellent environment, by the healthy atmosphere and tone of the community itself. But, to assure myself that I had not got into the hands of exceptionally distinguished or specially selected boys, I joined, so far as time allowed, in games and bathing, and so came to make a good many individual acquaintances, as well as to know most by name and sight. The same evening, at evening chapel, the rustic spirit of the preceding day's labour was not lost sight of, Gray's "Elegy" being chosen as the Lesson, which was read with sympathy and heard with attention.

After these two days of general inspection I naturally devoted the rest of my week to a more detailed scrutiny of the teaching. For this purpose I not only read all the examination papers, but was present at lessons by each of the masters in all the various classes. I also looked through a very large number of boys' notebooks so as to form an idea of the work of the three terms of the current school year.

Leaving at present matters of instruction to the more systematic portion of my report, I may conclude this narrative by noting for special commendation in the Afternoon School the open-air sketching classes and the drill. A small detail, but one characteristic of the practical resourcefulness which this school life appears to me peculiarly to develop, I may mention. I noticed that a youngster who had been marching badly was ordered to "fall out and join the small boys," who, some distance off, were being drilled by one of themselves. The youngster in disgrace fell out, looking crestfallen enough. But I was amused, on passing that way a few minutes after, to see that, to hide his own discomfiture, he had taken over the command of the little squad and was drilling it himself!

SAINT GEORGE.

During my visit I had opportunities for conversation with each of the masters, and especially with the Head. With the latter I went over both old and recent buildings, and visited the gardens, old and new. I also examined the proposed plans for further extensions, and discussed, as fully as time allowed, the various aspects and needs of the school and its curriculum.

On the Sunday evening I was present in chapel at the Head Master's weekly sermon to the boys, and was again very favourably impressed by the frankness, directness, and intellectual suggestiveness of his teaching, its moral and social value, and therefore strength of influence, and this especially for senior, or at any rate thoughtful, boys. At both week-ends I had been struck by the number of old boys who were revisiting the school, and by the warmth and loyalty of their feelings alike to the place and to its head. Not being unacquainted with the progress and with the difficulties of the school since its foundation, I was gratified to have these best of all assurances not only of its enduring vitality, but of its accumulating strength. The "Old Boys' Club" will here doubtless serve as a valuable influence, and that increasingly.

To the question of health I paid much attention. Especially notable is the medical organisation, which accompanies that minute and thorough organisation of hygiene for which the daily school life and the new buildings are so carefully planned. Skilled medical aid is a mile or so away, but first aid of every kind is provided in a well-kept waiting-room and surgery, in which all accidents and ailments have to be regularly reported, and in which all the needful dressings and simple remedies can at once be found, slight cuts and bruises furnishing, of course, the staple cases. Under these circumstances the saying that "nobody is ill at Abbotsholme" seems almost to have passed into a school proverb; and I learnt that during fifteen years no serious epidemics have occurred, excepting two outbreaks of measles, each at the beginning of term, and due to the sending of a boy

A PIONEER SCHOOL.

already suffering from the disease. In the only case of dangerous illness (one of appendicitis) prompt treatment was successful.

As an example of the readiness and self-reliance of the young "medical officers" (a prefect, with his understudy, who will be in charge next term), I noted during my stay with interest that a cut deeper than usual had been promptly sewn, with due anti-septic precautions, by the boy-surgeon on duty, without calling in the doctor at all, or even referring the matter, as the rule advises, to the Head Master.

Looking into statistics, I noted that while the medical diary for the school year now closing included nearly 200 medical units (that is visits per boy per day), the slightness of the ailments (mostly cuts, chilblains, colds, etc.) was evidenced by the fact that the total bills from doctor and druggist put together amounted to only about 25s.! Of the advantage of the "stitch in time" I can imagine no better evidence.

Next, looking closely at the boys one by one in the class-room or field, I could distinguish only two who showed any physical defect. One boy was evidently suffering from eye-strain; but his spectacles, I found, had only just been broken. The other had overcrowded teeth. As the school rules require the boys to visit dentist and oculist during vacation, any neglect in these matters is due to the parents rather than to the schoolmaster.

Searching more and more closely after the explanation of this notable health and vigour of the boys, I explored the kitchen department, and inquired into the dietary. The food was not only ample and well cooked, carefully chosen and varied, but skilfully and gracefully served also. The wholesome porridge and milk of the North, the substantial joints of English tradition, and the fruits and salads of the German table were all amply represented; I noticed, in fact—what I should have thought well nigh impossible to boy nature—that the supply of strawberries at more than one table had been so generous as to outrun the demand. Rich and tasteful decoration gave the final touch of beauty to the

SAINT GEORGE.

spacious and well-lit dining-hall. The re-grouping of the boys at the various tables for the three chief meals, so that the same do not sit together, but enjoy daily opportunities of conversation with a succession of boys, as well as masters, ladies, and guests, is again one of those many details in which Abbotsholme improves upon the too fixed monastic or barrack-like tradition of older schools, both in this country and abroad.

The school costume, too, shows the same attention to what is healthy and practical, convenient and becoming; again a notable escape from the archaic or conventional fashions so common in the school world.

Comprehensive and minute attention to hygiene is expressed throughout the buildings, and especially, of course, in the new wing. Having myself been largely occupied in the building, or transforming, of large houses to be residences for Edinburgh students—a responsibility closely analogous to that incurred in building a public school—I must not only express a general approval of the success of Abbotsholme in these matters, but the warmest particular appreciation of the skill and ingenuity of the plans, whereby attention has been given to every detail of health and sanitation, to every precaution against epidemics and against fire. I have before me two notable recent deliverances of the highest medical authority: (1) Dr. Hutchinson's recent appeal for the teaching of Hygiene in schools, and (2) the important Report of Dr. Leslie Mackenzie on the Health of Schools, prepared for the present Scottish Royal Commission on this subject, and I have pleasure in bearing witness that each writer may find his requirements more fully met at Abbotsholme than anywhere else I know of.

II.

Leaving now my narrative, and passing to a more general and critical standpoint, in which specific subjects of education, criticism of their teaching, the work of particular classes and boys have all

A PIONEER SCHOOL.

to be considered, and as regards which critical and constructive suggestions may be made, I may best continue as I have begun, treating, that is, first of all the essential co-ordination of the studies in the school life, next the detail of practical education such as is given during Afternoon School, with its workshop and outdoor occupations, and finally passing to criticism of particular classes and the subject-matter of ordinary school work. Thus, instead of beginning conventionally with an inquiry as to how far the school prepares for professions and universities, or rather for the examinations which bring these within the school horizon, we shall begin by asking how far does the school adequately prepare for life.

The idea of the school as a preparation for life, and even that of the school as a miniature state in which the responsibilities of the larger world are prepared for is, of course, one of the oldest and most familiar of educational ideas and ideals. Not only so far as my experience of schools goes, but, indeed, so far as a somewhat varied and extended range of travel and reading allows me to speak, I believe the large claim of this school is substantially justified; namely, that it is carrying out the organisation at once of the school environment, and of its whole school life, in some ways at least, more comprehensively and thoroughly than heretofore. A school state on these lines is necessarily patriarchal in its spirit and organisation; and by thus uniting both the material and moral authority in its single Head a fuller unity of their influence is possible. In this way conduct, in both its aspects, objective and subjective, material and ideal, is seen as one; and the separation of these, so lamentably common in our adult life, into morals and economics, into ideal and practice, into the doctrines of Sunday and of Saturday, of Church and World, is thus vigorously combated.

There is, undoubtedly, much in the claim of many of the public schools in England, past and present, to have created or maintained large elements of moral and of political idealism; but it appears to me to be a notable distinction of Abbotsholme that it holds these

SAINT GEORGE.

with clearer grasp and carries them into fuller detail than I know of elsewhere. The management of the school state in all its working and organisation is frankly laid bare, so that the practical administration, and the growth and amendment of legislation, are shown plainly in progress together, while the large element of personal authority, common to every type of school life, is here presented in unusual degree in rational relation to science; surely a wise way of strengthening it, and one far too little utilised. As very notable and valuable in this respect, I took note of the Head Master's systematic teaching of hygiene and economics, proceeding as these do from the best elements of "oriental sanitation" in the earth cabinets to the experimental preparation for active citizenship and public life, while avoiding that premature exposition of economic facts and theories, public duties or rights, by which text-books and their users so often defeat their ends by provoking distaste, or, at least, indifference. While, again, it must be recognised, as the historic distinction of the best boarding schools, that they have faced, or at any rate attempted to face, the problems of personal morals more fully and boldly than has yet been customary in day schools or in the home, I have not known of any school in which the moral difficulties of the great and decisive transition from boyhood towards virility are so frankly, simply, and sensibly met. As I write, I have before me for review what I take to be the most important work on education which has appeared (in the English language, at least) for many years—President Stanley Hall's *Adolescence*,* a work which neither schoolmaster nor professor, physician nor parent can afford to ignore; nay, which is fundamental to all who are interested in the practical questions of race improvement or degeneracy, with their significance to the individual and the family, the community and the state. And I may safely say that, setting this great monograph, with its wealth of psychological and pedagogic

* Stanley Hall, *Adolescence*, New York and London, Appleton, 1904, 2 vols. Reviewed by the present writer in *Saint George*, October, 1904.

A PIONEER SCHOOL.

science and theory on the one hand, and this school practice on the other, the two are in the most remarkable agreement; and this not only as regards the general treatment of most of those aspects of the question, which the lengthy title of the volume indicates, but even as regards much of their detailed treatment also. I consider this anticipation, in everyday practice, of the highest counsels of pedagogic science a matter upon which all concerned with Abbotsholme may be justly congratulated, and as furnishing perhaps the best possible justification of its founder's initiative.

Of the curriculum in its largest aspect, *i.e.*, as stretching over the seven years from 11 to 18 inclusive, I do not feel qualified to speak to much purpose; and to go fully into all matters of school organisation, such, for instance, as the grouping of the boys into prefects, mids, and fags, or, again, as the excellent entrance scholarship scheme, is beyond my present scope.

Returning to the detail of the education for practical life, and beginning with its most fundamental occupation, I have already mentioned what I saw of the farm work, and have few suggestions to offer. I safely expect that, as the school develops, a fuller agricultural experience may become possible, with further practical opportunities, as of the admirable, steady discipline of the plough, in some ways the truest form of drill yet devised. I am far from any suggestion of transforming a school into an Agricultural College, but there is no danger of this in an increasing development of the farm environment, which is one peculiarly rich in educative opportunities.

In forestry I was glad to learn that a septennial felling, of course followed by corresponding planting, has been arranged for, so as to give to each crop of boys, as far as possible, practical experience of this, the full curriculum being adapted for a stay of seven years.

Practical bee-keeping was evidently well done, and with active and healthy interest among the boys; and here I need only

SAINT GEORGE.

suggest a somewhat fuller correlation with entomology and zoology. It is easy and delightful to make and keep ants' nests; and these, with an occasional lesson upon the kindred gall-insects, would furnish a convenient introduction to insect lore, and indeed to biology in general.

Of the workshop I have already spoken appreciatively; and I was similarly impressed by the faithful way in which the pumping engine is attended to by its couple of young engineers. As regards workshop drawings I was glad to see useful beginnings of correlation with the drawing school.

Architecture, I was gratified to learn, had naturally had a great place while building operations were going on. Open-air sketching I was glad to see in progress, and in photography I set an exercise, with, I think, fair results.

As already indicated, the printing department appeared to me worthy of special commendation, as turning out workmanship of which no printing-house need be ashamed.

The masters and the elder boys have each their special libraries, as also have the younger boys; even this junior library is managed again by themselves; and I noted with satisfaction their card catalogue. The library, however, appeared to me one of the departments in which both weeding and increase are desirable. Chambers' *Encyclopædia* was on the schoolroom shelves, its volumes showing, however, too little signs of active use.

In summary, then, the various practical occupations of Afternoon School have impressed me very favourably; they are remarkably free from trifling, or even from mere amateurism, and have got beyond that phase of mere recreative hobbies, at best to be tolerated, as in most schools, and have fairly entered upon the higher level of serious elements in educational work, and even of valuable aids towards that finding of life-occupations, that choice of professions, which has long been so much a want in all our schools. On enquiry as to this, I ascertained that in past years many boys have thus found their occupations, and have

passed direct from the school to the offices of architects and land-agents, to workshops of engineers, shipbuilders, or the like. Here again the school work is justified by President Stanley Hall's weighty chapter on "Motor Education."

Coming now to artistic elements of culture, I have already spoken of the large musical development which is so characteristic of this school. As regards the visible arts, good casts, engravings, and photographs are in evidence, and these are regarded as but the nucleus of a school collection which is spreading throughout the corridors and class-rooms, dining-hall and chapel, thus further unifying and refining the whole indoor environment.

The exhibition of drawings contained some drawings and water-colours of distinct ability, and many of fair ordinary skill, yet I am doubtless only expressing the ideal of Abbotsholme in hoping that it may some day be possible to add to the staff an artist who would divide his time between the original production of permanent decorations (it might be even with the help of picked assistants from among the more artistic boys) and a measure of supervision and aid in the teaching of drawing, indeed in its general direction. It is only in such ways that the prevalent "drawing-master theory" of art, which has so long been almost universal in our schools, can become replaced by the true artist's view, that in which drawing is understood not as skill in copying, even from nature, but as power of individual expression. It must be acknowledged that such a combination of artist and teacher will not be easy to find. In this connection, however, I was interested to note that one youth of marked artistic ability was permitted to devote a moderate portion of his time to the preparation of designs for various publications, on the excellent ground that though he may thereby take a less distinguished place in some of the classes and examinations, he is thus more fully preparing himself for his opening future.

Such due, yet moderate, encouragement of a boy's special bent seemed to me a very satisfactory evidence of elasticity in the school programme, and of a wise encouragement of individual abilities

SAINT GEORGE.

without undue sacrifice of general culture. Another of the most eminent of American psychologists and teachers, Professor William James, has lately insisted even in the interest of that all-round development, at which the best schools must ever aim, on much tolerance, indeed, even as far as may be, on wise encouragement of those outbursts of intense activity in this or that direction; since, despite the transient interest and the small outward result, these temporary specialisings which so commonly disappoint pedagogue and parent (and, it may be, the boy himself), may not only express some new development of the mind, but even be essential to it. Here, again, we find practice justified by scientific theory, and theory encouraging still greater freedom in practice.

This education of practical activity and experience must be judged in relation to the needs of our national industry, and I am convinced that this school has already amply justified many of the large hopes of its ambitious programme. Hence, as the current American practice gains ground in this country—that of employers seeking and selecting for themselves in schools and colleges youths of suitable character, aptitude, and training for their special needs—there is no fear of Abbotsholme not taking a high place; indeed, I should expect a conspicuously leading one.

III.

What, now, of special scientific studies? What of mathematical training? What of linguistic equipment for practical life? And what of preparation for the universities? In this connection it has been from the outset of the very essence of Abbotsholme boldly to abandon the tradition so common in schools, that of sacrificing preparation for life to that for the universities. It avowedly tends in quite the opposite direction, and seeks to subordinate all else to the preparation for a completer manhood and a more active career; and this order, as is only just, I am following in the present report. Undeniably it is on this side that both the more and the

less friendly critics of the school have most to say; and I have, therefore, gone over class notebooks and examination papers, and inquired into the teaching as fully as my time allowed. Since the curriculum begins, in my opinion rightly, with every-day life, in the open air, and in immediate contact with nature around, and not with grammars nor with text-books—as the respective advocates of “classical sides,” and even of “modern sides,” have so long inclined—it is with geography that my observations and criticisms must begin. And here, while at once approving the general methods, and recognising also an unusual measure of common-sense grasp and appreciation on the part of the boys, which here, as in their other subjects, saves them from committing the “howlers” too common in conventional schools or colleges, where detailed class-drill and book-work outrun elementary comprehension, I must yet express a certain disappointment as to the work in detail. Thus the map drawing in the examination papers was inadequate, nor did the class-work show sufficient preparation in this. I would strongly urge, therefore—especially here at Abbotsholme, where so much weight is justly attached to first-hand knowledge of environment—that this should be related much more completely to outdoor regional survey; and also indoors, as already in so many schools, and especially the better American ones, to the habit of making relief-models in sand, clay, plasticine, or the like. The immediate surroundings would become more precisely related in each boy’s mind to the larger maps of the region, and those of the British Isles, than appears as yet to be the case. Good methods have been taught, thus, the boys have some idea of finding the direction by help of the sun and the watch, or the meridian by the shadow of an upright pole; yet these have not become sufficiently familiar.

Coming now to the more intensive study of nature, as analysed out into sciences, I was disappointed to find even in Abbotsholme too much of the conventional disproportion between the time and attention given to the chemical and physical sciences and that

SAINT GEORGE.

afforded to biology. I note with satisfaction the existence of biological laboratories upon the plan of the new buildings next to be undertaken, since work in these will be not only educative in itself, but will be found to afford, as the history of science shows, a preparation of very great helpfulness for chemical, physical, and even for mathematical studies.

The chemical teaching of the juniors at least does, indeed, wisely include an element of biology; thus instead of the conventional exclusion of organic by inorganic chemistry, the youngest boys satisfactorily answered a question about the souring of milk, showing that due beginnings were here being made for the ideas of bacteriology and physiology, nowadays so indispensable.

In mathematics the school was unequal, the juniors appearing at present the best taught, but the older boys not showing sufficient progress for their age.

Much may be done upon the characteristic lines of Abbotsholme, notably by the fuller development and utilisation of those mathematical experiences which may be derived from the environment, and acquired or applied in practical and constructive work of many sorts; yet I think this is a point on which a certain increase of working time may be found necessary. Rightly, however, aiming at better quality, rather than mere quantity, of work, the temporary aid of an eminent mathematical teacher—indeed, teacher of teachers—has been lately brought in, and his help and suggestiveness have been appreciated by all concerned. Here, in fact, as in other respects, it is only just to recognise that the Head Master, far from waiting for external criticism, has independently anticipated it, and taken active measures accordingly.

I now leave the naturalistic for the humanistic side of the school studies. The teaching of history is admirably set forth on the school programme, starting again from the immediate environment, with its advantages at once as Roman Camp and Mediæval Abbey, indeed with prehistoric remains and modern industries alike within reach of a day's cycle run.

A PIONEER SCHOOL.

In all the sets the history was fair, and for the older boys in Roman, as well as English, history. More interest might, however, be awakened; and the use of historical charts on the "space-for-time" principle, which in former years were successfully employed, might be revived with advantage. Of the panoramic and dramatic teaching of history I have said a word among my notes on French below, but I would fain say a word for the fuller utilisation of the impulse of Sir Walter Scott, whose tales have awakened even the greatest of European historians.

In English, grammar was uniformly fair, indeed often thoroughly intelligent; excellent tabular and comparative methods of parsing and analysis were being employed in all classes. Essays were especially good where they touched the realities of life. Thus the boys wrote essays warmly and enthusiastically on subjects like *The School Life and its Future*, *The Haymaking*, or *The Coming Holidays*; but in essays on the merits of authors, like De Quincey and Macaulay, their style was more cold, and did not show sufficient first-hand acquaintance with the books mentioned. A larger impulse to general reading is here urgently to be desired, as, of course, in modern schools generally, and in no other way can a boy more easily, yet effectively, help on his own education. I note the institution of a "Term-book," an excellent beginning, but look forward to the further development and use of the school library.

In modern languages our British insularity is not yet adequately cured, even at Abbotsholme, despite its large proportion of foreign masters. As our schools go, it is undoubtedly much to have realised that modern languages are real studies; and I observed the class teaching both of French and German sufficiently often to be very favourably impressed by the methods employed.

Coming to the teaching of French history, Joan of Arc is already presented to the juniors in what is probably the most beautiful of all picture books; the history of France has of late similarly gained new vividness to readers of all ages, from the unparalleled

illustrations of the volumes of Montorgueil and Job, which will be of no small value and suggestiveness to the teacher of our own history, or that of classical times.

The beginning of an acquaintance with simple French verse and song was being given to the juniors, so that they should easily, and with pleasure, go on thence to songs like the "*Chants Héroïques*," edited by M. Gaston Paris, thus gaining a fuller sense of the voice of a great nation throughout the ages.

Similarly as regards German. I was glad to hear in chapel Luther's and other historic hymns sung in German; but I press also for use in class of a wide selection from the students' "*Commersbuch*." I happen to have been in touch with much of the earliest and the best teaching of Phonetics in this country; yet I would urge upon its cultivators that without neglect of their still mainly analytic methods, none can be more rapid and more practical for correcting our English accent than that of completing thereby the synthetic one—through an enjoyment of poetry and a participation in song.

As to Latin, it is an honourable distinction of Abbotsholme to be leading in this country an important reform in boys' schools by teaching Latin after French, instead of, as too commonly at present, French only after Latin. But for this reason again a higher mastery of French, such as I am convinced may be obtained, would greatly improve the Latin, and thus greatly strengthen and justify the position taken up by the school.

The recent college successes of women in classical studies have largely been due to their education on this very principle (in which Abbotsholme stands so much alone as regards boys), in virtue of which they begin Latin late, and with a competent knowledge of French as well as English; so that in this way the moderately high standard of the entrance examinations of the universities is being met by such girls with only two years of moderate work in Latin, instead of (as in traditional schools) many years of drudgery, sometimes to the exclusion of almost all else.

A PIONEER SCHOOL.

Despite the long traditions which have fixed the practice of Latin teaching, may not something be done by the methods with which Abbotsholme is so fully identified? I do not, of course, ask for Latin teaching upon the lines of that of spoken languages; yet the beginnings of an incorporation of Latin into the school life, which chanting the Graces and the Lord's Prayer in Latin affords, are in themselves excellent. And may not the bridge to Latin from French be strengthened by the help of such admirable French translations as those of Leconte de Lisle? To many boys, English translations of the Latin and Greek classics from Pope to William Morris have been of inestimable literary value, though their linguistic help is necessarily small or doubtful; the more kindred French tongue, used, as in this case, by a scholar who is also a poet, unites the advantages of sympathetic interpretation with those of a text-book of comparative philology, and avoids those of a mere English crib.

So far then my criticisms—disappointing, perhaps, to those who expect scholastic perfection. Yet, while Abbotsholme cannot claim at present to lead in everything, I do not think I should have fewer criticisms to make at more prominent and longer-established schools even in some of the traditional subjects. Critics of Abbotsholme from older points of view may certainly be reminded of the fragility of glass houses, and parents, alarmed to hear that Abbotsholme is not yet perfect, may be reassured to know that all items in the programme are substantially begun and the most urgent matters are well advanced.

I have accompanied my criticisms of the teaching by a few constructive suggestions, not because I presume to speak as an expert in so many subjects, but largely as an answer to the question, which has been once and again pointedly put to me, and doubtless to the school, by parents and others, namely this:—Accepting the fact that the school aims primarily at the formation

SAINT GEORGE.

of character, at health and general culture, at preparation for practical life rather than for university distinction, is it necessary, either that a sort of specialising coaching department be established within the school (as in so many others) to prepare for the universities, civil service, etc.? Or, still worse, will an average boy, aiming at such a career, be obliged to go to a coach after leaving Abbotsholme at eighteen? To both questions I unhesitatingly answer, No. Neither of these is necessary. Although the school in some subjects is not so fully up to the conventional requirements of the present examination world as are schools which specialise for examinations, I am convinced that all these requirements can, and may soon, be fairly met, not by abandoning any of the principles of the school, but by applying each of them still more fully. I have made it abundantly clear that my appreciation of the school, although in the main favourable, and, indeed, in many respects favourable in the very highest degree, is not uniformly so, since I am insisting that improvements are necessary in not a few particulars; yet I wish, none the less, to congratulate the Council, the Head Master and his colleagues, the boys also, upon the large amount of good educational work which has plainly been done, and upon the substantial foundations which have been laid of a great school. The desirability of supporting the Head and his staff in strengthening those elements of the curriculum which I have had occasion to criticise, will, I trust, also be obvious.

In the *Educational Atlas*, which tabulates the organisation, work, and methods of the school, I find a gradated succession and a rational correlation of the school studies which strikes me as surpassing anything else of this nature I have seen in this country, and as certainly not inferior to the admirable and widely influential programmes of the best American and German educationists, who have paid special attention to these questions, upon a due settlement of which in a complete sequence, progressive instruction so essentially depends. The vast and more urgent work here of the organization of hygienic and practical, social and moral education

A PIONEER SCHOOL.

(each and all of which have so favourably impressed me), is now sufficiently advanced to leave Head Master, staff, and boys alike more free to continue and complete this programme in the various particulars which I have indicated, and so win for the school an intellectual position of no less distinguished excellence.

ART AND LIFE.

By Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A.



READING Mazzini's lectures, addresses, and aphorisms a day or so ago, while admiring all the views set forth by the great Italian patriot, philosopher, and friend of Italy at a time when she was undergoing a strong upheaval, and was breaking away from shackles of a slavery even worse than material—the intellectual slavery of narrow theological opinions—I was struck by the following sentence: "Art is not the fancy or caprice of an individual, it is the mighty voice of God and the universe as heard by the chosen spirit, and repeated in tones of harmony to mankind. Art does not imitate, it interprets, it searches out the idea lying dormant in the symbol in order to present the symbol to men in such form as to enable them to penetrate through it to the idea. Were it otherwise what would be the sum and value of Art?" The artistic formula, "Art for Art's sake," is as atheistic as the political formula, "each for himself," which may for a few years rule the actions of a people in decline, but can never rule a people arising to new life and destined to fulfil a great mission. Mazzini quotes Lamartine: "*La poésie est un chant intérieur* :—the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come."

These few words suggest a multitude of ideas, ideas which may have been dormant. They form, as it were, a text for my remarks this evening while I try to lay before you some thoughts with which they have stimulated me.

We will start with an axiom. Art in its broadest and most comprehensive sense is indispensable, it *is* Life.

Before we generalise we must particularise, and ask and answer what Art means. But before we answer that question we must be sure that we know what the Artist is. In literature we

have prose and poetry, symbols and ideas transmitted through the medium of words in prose or verse. The Artist is the selector of words and metre which convey his conception directly or rhythmically so that the hearer's sensibilities may vibrate exactly in the same ratio as his own. He transmits his own emotions to others by the truth and force of expression. In like manner the musician conveys his emotion by a system of notation rhythmically applied; the notes in the scale are his words, he adjusts them, distributes them, selects them, emphasises them as his emotion directs: with his emotions we vibrate. The success of the musician's appeal depends upon the clearness, elaborate selection of notation, succession and pause, and selection of instruments whose power of combination defines what was, in the initiative, an abstraction.

The designer works under the same laws. The material used to express a motive expresses it ill or well, as it is suitable or the reverse to the idea which it illustrates. Fashions of dress are reasonable or the reverse as they are in accordance with the objects which they are to fulfil. To vehicles, to all articles of furniture, the same law of fitness holds good.

Briefly speaking, the best Art of Design is that which produces elevating and agreeable sensation, even when it is employed upon any object of necessity.

Let us for one moment consider "Sensation." We are pleased or repelled by metrical or unmetrical prose, we are pleased or repelled by the relation of sounds in words. Our senses derive pleasure or pain produced by concord or discord, well or ill-arranged concurrence of notes and rhythm in music.

In the graphic arts, inclusive, the same system is at work, the system of order, selection, proportion, and rhythm; and while this is so as regards form it holds good as regards colour.

The foregoing statements are in the nature of truisms, but they may assist us to recognise that the field of artistic production is limitless in area; and the conclusion you will presently draw is that Art and Life are inseparable.

SAINT GEORGE.

There are manners which belong to nations as well as to individuals; there are national idiosyncrasies, national propensities; idealists, realists: the result of development being the extent or force of the execution of such idiosyncrasies and propensities.

Broadly speaking, the Teutonic races find in the language of sound, *i.e.*, music, a more natural vehicle for the extension of their emotions than in the language of line or colour. The Latin races excel in form and colour; their music is, however, less epic and dramatic than that of the Teuton. The Slavonic races interpret mysterious and occult passionate emotions in their music by accent and rhythm as much as by notation.

There can be little doubt that the Greeks enlisted the sympathy of their hearers, through their music, by the refinement as well as energy of the way they employed rhythms which suggested many shades of action, passive and peaceful, or active and warlike. It is probable that to the modern ear ancient Greek music, *quâ* melody and harmony, would be very unintelligible; but as we moderns are sensitive to the subtle influence of the rhythm and cadence of Greek verse, their music would have appealed to us in like manner. This genius for action and rhythm is demonstrated unmistakably in their plastic and graphic Arts. The same value of "measure," taking that word as meaning movement as well as spacing, is as evident in Greek design, whether in vase painting, sculpture, architecture, and all their ornamental and useful Arts, their dress also, as in their music and poetry. Of their painting we know little. We can only generalise and imagine from ancient writers that the art of painting was, if very simple, at once noble and dramatic.

It is evident from all the Arts of Greece which have survived that utility and beauty were never separated; this union was an instinct, a habit of a people singularly imaginative, singularly susceptible to beauty, and singularly sensible and *sane*. The discoveries in Crete, the discoveries in Herculaneum and Pompeii

display, without exception, the spirit of beauty entering into every article of utility and service.

At the risk of startling you, I make a statement. A habit of union was maintained between utility and beauty, continuous and current, varying at the same time in obedience to the idiosyncrasies of nations—until modern machinery divorced them. The problem which no one can solve is, How can we regain what we have lost? One cannot put back the clock. Can commercial necessities, the greed for money at all costs, ever be restrained by higher emotions and aspirations to permit of the multiplication of desirable and beautiful objects in place of the multitude of inexpressive and for the most part, wholly undesirable objects with which commerce floods a market where purchasers flock who prefer the gaudy and vulgar to restrained and refined shape and ornament? This is an economic question which it may take a century to answer by practice.

There are few signs at present that the average taste for good things is higher than it was; it is probably lower than it was one hundred years ago, despite museums and art schools. Is it not an indisputable fact that our country as well as others, oriental and occidental, has been breaking away from its traditions, accepting new services of life, customs, and manners; that the changes effected have been marked, that they appear to be permanent and irrevocable?

Similarity, and hence loss of individuality, seems to be the irresistible result of increasing facilities of contact. Unlike any other known change of a whole people's direction, a nation curiously, and, apparently, fundamentally conspicuous for its national and logical development, has, in almost a moment, transferred its energies from instincts and achievements, curiously and individually artistic, to what are after all ephemeral experiments. Who shall say if the substance of Japanese genius is a varnish only or a reality? The unmistakable orientalism of the Japanese must remain, it is in the people; how is that to fit in with essentially

SAINT GEORGE.

modern customs of life and of warfare ? It is hard to imagine that the new garb will wear as well or as long as the old.

With all apparent thoroughness, so far, is it possible for an oriental nation to progress under an absolutely new condition of thought and enterprise wholly without kinship with its antecedents ? One of the most interesting questions which Japan suggests is, is the East coming to the West to overcome the inefficiencies of so-called civilisation, conquering it with its own weapons ? Far-sighted Japanese evidently know that the individuality of their arts, crafts, and manners are of the past ; they know that the great race of artists which made their nation famous is extinct. Rich Japanese collectors give enormous sums for old treasures in metal, enamel, design, and painting ; they are buying up the results of the cultivated labour of their progenitors, aware that the great tradition is for ever broken, that the craftsman who spent his life in perfecting an achievement of his genius will be seen no more ; aware that a superficial approximation, wholly without perfection of finish, lifeless and worthless, can be made in Manchester. How sad ! how corrupt ! Intelligent Japanese, whose artistic instincts are not yet blunted, are acutely aware that the sham bears no relation in real value to the immortal reality ; and while they observe the domination of the sham, they actively recognise, perhaps somewhat cynically, its inferiority. How sad to think that the articles of every-day use, beautiful, simple and sincere, the property of peasant or prince, will, instead of finding their environment in cottage or palace, be relegated to museums as objects of curiosity, for service, dead ! and so displaying the elements which a nation gives up,—its very life,—in accepting the position of possibly only a transitory imitation ; but let us hope this will not prove to be the case. In England, the same “ giving up ” grows, cheapness dismisses durability ; imitations take the place of creations ; mockery the place of sincerity. In a fever of unrest, in constant love of change, and in volatile excitement of movement there can be no rest, no concentration, little contempla-

tion, less leisure, no "time"; with all this evil dispensing, what suffers? Shall we say that pretty nearly all that matters suffers?—the peacefulness which engenders thought, concentration which engenders thoroughness, distinguished and restrained manners which mark the gentleman or woman from the exploiters of a mean whim or vulgar episode, or from the ostentatious assumption of the superiority of Plutus, the very note and last word of vulgarity!

Do we now begin to see that the arts of design and the arts of life, having their fundamental principles in severity, sincerity, dignity, and restraint, reflect upon and, as it were, refract the manners of social life, its ideals or their absence? In a sense the world is growing vulgarly democratic, vulgarly similar, superficially but not nobly. We dress alike, mostly in bad taste and wholly uninterestingly, and by no means conveniently; and has the much-vaunted and expensive system of education really levelled up? With the decrease of "selection," with the diminution of the marked line between beauty and ugliness, with the growth of classification by wealth rather than by intelligence; has not something left us which it will be difficult to reinstate? Good manners are obviously the result of "selection." They may be innate, but their acquirement is also an art. In good manners restraint and consideration are implied, and these are the result of forethought; they are the result of tradition and selection. Perhaps now there is no time for attention to such small matters. We must whirl in motor-cars regardless of the lives of animals and of persons also. Overbearing wealth is a poor substitute for modest poverty. Ruskin wrote somewhere that a real Christian is a real gentleman. What a lot that idea implies. It suggests again "conscious selection." It implies proportion in the home, proportion of expenditure, furniture, dress, manners; all equally restrained, dignified, and harmonious; nothing in the home being necessarily of great intrinsic value or of precious material, but, again, I use the word "harmonious"! What is the value of a

SAINT GEORGE.

slab of marble? little indeed. Of one single fragment of the Pan Athenaic frieze? a few pounds! What is the value of the mark of the immortal mind of Phidias upon it? Inestimable!

Now let us turn to another and most interesting and valuable picture of our consideration.

In the sensibilities of childhood there are two discriminating forces—the first being evinced by reliance upon the protection of the person that ministrates. In this instinct there is no selection, for the child has the same affection for an ugly as for a beautiful mother or nurse. A stranger possessed of the highest physical beauty would be unacceptable as compared with the perhaps ugly countenance of the ministrator.

So far, children are animals only.

But very early in a child's life a selecting power dawns, and a preference for one thing rather than another is evident. A child will prefer one toy to another, one picture to another, one flower to another. This is the sunrise of selection.

Considering the countless beauties in nature, what is the proportion of town, or even country, folk for whom they have the slightest significance, excepting passively and superficially? Is not the average person apt to take such things for granted as ordinary every-day facts in existence? The botanist who pulls a flower to pieces may arrive at some knowledge of its material growth, the anatomist may everlastingly dissect, the astronomer calculate, and the geologist investigate; the truths of organisms intensely interesting are discoverable by patience and analysis, but investigations into only the substance of things may leave the mind perfectly cold. Most of us are endowed with curiosity, limited or extended. How few are satisfied or permanently enchanted with the exquisite emotion produced upon the senses, and mind also, by the beauty of sounds, of sights, of feeling and touch. And why is this? May not the answer be that the young mind is taught to reason before it is taught to observe, taught to be inquisitive before it is taught to be sympathetic. A boy not content with the sound

which his drum produces will break the parchment to discover from whence the sound proceeds.

Children will pull a beautiful and valuable toy to pieces to discover its mechanism, and then weep because they have destroyed the very thing that they had enjoyed. Is the instinct for destruction stronger than the instinct for any preservation save self-preservation, or is the education of a child's mind wrongly conducted at its start?

Sight, hearing, and touch are our primal endowments, and so complete and delicate are the instruments of these senses that nothing made by man can come within the range of their infinite sensitiveness. Surely the cultivation of these three senses may be limitless, and can it be begun too early in a child's life? It would be an interesting experiment to endeavour to see how far a being's life might be directed by the complete and early exercise and development of those senses as first principles of education. How far predisposition and heredity would survive we can hardly tell.

One of the most interesting contradictions of the influence of education of the mind in early life is in the case of John Stuart Mill. Most of us have read his autobiography. At three years of age, or so, he could read Greek. His early life was absorbed in the process of crushing his emotions, yet his highly sensitive nature was never wholly subdued. Wordsworth's poetry came to him in middle life as a relief, as a sensation, and the mind trained to be exact exhibited something singularly sensitively and abstractedly emotional. It is interesting to speculate if the system of his education had been reversed what sort of man would have been produced. Is our sense of beauty innate, or is it only acquired by reason? Are the three senses which I have named worth cultivating? If they are, and they are instincts given to us by a Divine Creator, can they be directed and encouraged too early? Aristotle thought that early youth was the period for training "observation." Reading he would not encourage till the age of

SAINT GEORGE.

thirteen. We may deduce from this that the great philosopher regarded as of first importance the training of instincts during a period of life when they are purest and most intense, and that "Reason," the faculty of induction and reduction, is a matter for after consideration when the senses of sight and hearing have received stimulus and culture. I remember asking Mr. Darwin which, in his opinion, were the most important years in a child's life. His answer was immediate and concise—"Without doubt the first three." He went on to say that in these early years the brain is capable of receiving impressions, which, though retained unconsciously, the memory of them having totally disappeared, will be automatically rendered *active*.

Interesting experiments have recently been made in Italy anent the calming or exciting influence produced by colour on neurotic or insane persons. Distressing cases of either have been placed in a blue or red room; the effect of the blue room has been found to be calming, the red room effect exciting.

All animals are keenly alive to the influence of sound; some also to that of colour. The deep notes of the 'cello produce calm on the nature of the tiger. Subdued by pleasurable emotion the wild beast purrs with happiness, rendering him tame for the time being, whereas upon the same animal the shrill sounds of the higher notes of the flute or violin produce exactly the opposite effect. There are no ancient myths which have not as their origin some natural truth; the influence produced by Orpheus through the strains of his lyre was an æsthetic charm.

Most of us have read Professor Tyndall's lectures on "Sound." Vibrations produce upon sand various complicated angles and curves, showing an analogy between sound and form.

Since it has become somewhat of a factor in education to teach children the use of colours, as well as to copy definite shapes, a far larger number of them has been generated with the first principles of decorative art. In examining thousands of such like childish efforts I have been struck by the presence, the demonstration, of a

colour-sense; sometimes quite remarkable for originality and beauty. The colour-sense appears stronger in childhood than the sense of form. It may be that a sense of form is more dependent upon the presence of reason and selection than that of colour. Birds evidently have sense of colour; we do not know if they possess sense of form.

Granting, then, this early sensibility, the object of an intelligent mother should be to direct the observation of her child; but how few mothers are sufficiently intelligent or trained to observe, to do that.

All savages, so called, like children, as they are in point of fact, have an instinct to ornament their possessions, either defensive or serviceable. A spoon is first made, of course, with a view to collect food, and place it in the mouth with the least possible waste, and as much as it performs that function admirably, it is certain to be of a desirable shape. The savage never weakens the service of an instrument by the ornament with which he embellishes it. In this sense the savage is a more restrained and sensible artist than he often is whom we call a civilized man. All right embellishment is that, and that only, which does not weaken the service of the object embellished. All legitimate ornament is carved or inlaid within or out of a structure. Every ornament—rare indeed—of Doric Architecture is carved from an integral part of the structure. A Doric cap is not weakened in its block by the shape into which it has been carved. The subtle lines of the abacus, the entasis of the shaft, are carved in graceful, hardly appreciable curves, which, while completely satisfying the eye, do not diminish stability either in appearance or fact.

The most elaborate evolution of carved ornament is seen in traceries of later Gothic design. It is a growth out of a block, the block being either a stay, prop, buttress, or pendentive. The ornament is produced by the removal of material in such a quantity as not to weaken the structure, which still retains stability; the ornament serves to satisfy the eye and enchant the mind and senses.

Victorinus puts the order thus—Use, Propriety, Beauty—Beauty

SAINT GEORGE.

which includes the whole usefulness and stability. Now this is exactly as man is made—first, his skeleton; secondly, his muscles and nerves; thirdly, the ornament of skin and colour. The skeleton in all its proportion, great and small, is designed for the purposes it has to fulfil, hence it is beautiful. Few people who have not made “bones” a study realise how exquisitely fashioned they are, and what beauty of line they show. It is as if the fundamental law of nature is that proportion of means to an end is the foundation of all Beauty. Illustrating this subject, there is an apt story which runs thus:—Leo X. was worried by certain Roman architects, who were displeased that Michael Angelo was chosen to be architect of S. Peter’s in Rome. They said, what does this fellow know about Architecture? The answer of the great Architect was—“I understand the proportion, pulls, thrusts, and balance of the human figure designed by God, why should I not therefore understand how to make use of stone, whose elements in construction are the same as applied to buildings as the bones, joints, and muscles of man are applied to his stability?”

Forgive me if I ask you to follow me into another train of thought.

There is a delightful book written by a Roman gentleman of the 15th century named Baldassare Castiglione. Its title is *Il Cortigiano*, which means accomplished gentleman. It is a treatise upon what a gentleman should be, how he should behave, how he should be chivalrous, how he should be noble and polite, how, while he is brave, knowing how to use arms in warfare, he shall know how to manage and subdue a horse, how he shall be an expert in handling the chords of a lute, how he shall enter a room gracefully and employ courtesies, how he shall be polite to ladies, and make his foes fear him, his friends love him. Good manners were part of the Arts in those days; they were trained, “selected,” even in the days in which were exhibited the most warlike propensities. The fiercest and most warlike enemy could be the most courteous and refined gallant and member of society.

ART AND LIFE.

Hurry, restlessness, while they affect artistic production of all kinds, are detrimental to good manners. The mind which is occupied with essentials, balancing them and giving precedence to the essential, must have leisure. The man or woman who is to use tact, who is to think before speaking, must have leisure. Premeditated selection which we employ upon works of Art runs concurrently with premeditated selection in the Arts of Life.

The facilities of modern life, of modern education, are enormous; everything goes at lightning speed. This has its dangers. "Reproduction" throughout all the arts of literature, music, architecture, sculpture, painting, has never been so universal as now; it is appalling. We can know the arts of Egypt, of Greece, of Italy, of France, and of our own country better than any of our predecessors knew them.

For Literature the same facilities occur, and yet while this current of reproduction is running with such a free course over England, is the power of lasting productions gaining in any measurable degree with the facilities of reproduction? Is it that we know too much, and therefore we create so little? Are we glutted with superficial knowledge; glutted with the sight of the productions of the great past; content with the pleasures that we derive from it; and hence the effort necessary to all creative work is weakened?

Confusion may be established by the pressure of contradictory forms of knowledge, inundating young minds; the temptations to be superficial are hoisted upon every bookstall, gallery of pictures, and sale room.

While we have a pressing book learning, we may be kindling superficial inquisitiveness, which does not come within the compass of knowledge. But if the power of observation is encouraged, nourished and fostered in early life, is not a creature so trained likely to see for himself, and therefore be original?

And, after all, it is originality that attracts; it is the fresh new view of an old truth that makes for real progress; it is in

SAINT GEORGE.

originality that power finds its first initiative; it is when men have thought for themselves, and have acted on their convictions, not in herds, that has made them leaders.

A mind may be a perfect museum or encyclopædia in itself, it may be possessed of such a mass of heterogeneous information and variety of acquirements that its ego is killed, its power of giving out weakened.

How profoundly interesting are the periods of intellectual growth prior to the supreme apex of attainment and consequent degeneration—when intuition and acute observation are propped by a life-giving tradition, a very foundation on which to build, and a buttress to sustain a superstructure; when the volition of the creative faculty is so strong that it unconsciously urges on, and without premeditation of reasoning why or wherefore, a creative faculty gives birth to ideas which are the results of simple motives; and without self-criticism or self-consciousness a creative personality which is working automatically within traditions leaves the stamp of personality upon everything that is achieved.

How dull are Literature and Art when the life is out of them, when there is no longer any touch with life, when they repeat in academic language under rules of treatment what has been said or done before better or more truly.

If Art and Life are again to be in touch, simplicity must be the watchword, and "observation" must be trained from the outset. The power of observation once gained, it forms the foundation upon which reason and selection can build.

As we are not all alike, so we can never be trained to be all alike. We do not see alike, so that the training of the observation will never kill the ego; it will feed it and nourish it. It is not the pedagogue or teacher in a class that is likely to bring out the natural bent of a child; it is, or ought to be, the parents, and especially the mother, to whom the responsibility of early training belongs; and how few know how to use that responsibility. This is because they are blind or deaf to all natural beauties or sounds.

ART AND LIFE.

The product of intelligence in towns must be more or less artificial. Life in a great city is artificial, and unhealthy to body and mind; but in the country it need not be so, and it is from the country, and not from towns, that we expect healthy minds in healthy bodies. Are we overdoing education? Is it a hobby that is being over-ridden, growing more complicated in its machinery every day, rendering obtuse that which we would make acute—overloading, overpressing young minds with a multitude of artificial endowments which are more hindrances than services to the character? Have Board Schools improved the manners and conduct of children? I do not know. My own experience is that the children of the working classes are far less respectful and refined than they were. If the teachers in our new schools under the Education Act were to give more time to cultivating respect and good manners and implicit obedience, and less to stuffing them with indigestible so-called knowledge, perhaps the Arts of Life might shew signs of improvement, and the whole type of the nation become refined and cohesive.

Discipline and strength are surely inseparable, and what is falsely called liberty too often degenerates into weakness and individualism.

We are inundated with private enterprises, small issues, not State issues. It is cohesion that is wanted to bring national strength—strength of defence, strength of life, of art, of intellect, and enterprise!

There is something wrong with us. The mischief is not racial; we have been a strong and an artistic people, we have loved beauty and strength as much, perhaps, as money and wealth, we have had fine national ideals, and a pride in our labours. Is this maintained?—that is the question! Does the Government help to maintain it? A little, perhaps, but timidly and without either enthusiasm or directness of purpose. Is the Ideal still in our nation? if it is, let us demand its exercise.

It seems as if we must prune away, not add, to arrive at

SAINT GEORGE.

something like enduring and dignified simplicity. Without that no nation ever was or ever will be great for long.

Perhaps it is a startling suggestion, but I make it. First let us train "observation," then citizenship, so that each member of the community is an item of protection to the State; this would breed self-control, and, what is as important, fraternity in one great cause. Fraternity in one national cause is likely to lead to fraternity in others; then instead of being only self-seeking individuals, we shall be a community of steadfast minds and strong bodies, able and willing to cope with either physical or intellectual problems. Then teach reading, writing, and arithmetic. The rest will follow if the soil is good enough to receive it.

Character will be formed, and no nation till its national character is formed upon the highest ideals will keep its place in an age when an Oriental Power is teaching lessons which we ought to have learned years ago.

We may learn great lessons from the ancients, whom it is the fashion to despise, and now we may learn great lessons from an Oriental Power which has arrived at stability by the imagination, diligence, hard labour, and simplicity of life of its great artists and craftsmen, whose character has been formed by its art, industry, and religion. I have ventured to write these words not with the full conviction that I am right in all I say, but with a hope that whatever worthy thoughts are embodied in them may be sifted and considered for what they are worth. If I have written enthusiastically, it is because I wish my nation to keep precedence, and to add to her glories—not glories of war, they are expensive and terrible; but glories of peace, prosperity—the glories which a great people must maintain by a high ideal, a steadfast unity, and brilliant self-sacrifice. Of one thing I may feel certain—Art and Life must be in immediate connection, *and are*, for what the Life of a people is, so its Art will be. If that be sordid, drunken, pleasure-seeking, squalid, selfish, the Arts of a nation will reflect its disgrace.


ART AND LIFE.

Make the nation great, self-reliant, simple, provident, disciplined, and in its true sense socialistic, and individuality will take care of itself, the greater include the lesser.

When the whole nation is proud of labour, when it is proud of its artizans, its artists, and of all nobly creative powers, commercial prosperity will follow as a matter of course, and being high in its ideals, England will stand up in the front rank of the growing prosperity, intellectual as well as material, of other nations, oriental and occidental.

REVIEWS.

The Wisdom of the Desert. By James O. Hannay. London : Methuen and Co.

 HIS little book should delight all who are interested in early Christian mysticism. Mr. Hannay tells us in his Preface that it "is neither a critical examination of the early Egyptian monastic literature nor an historical account of the movement. It is nothing more than an attempt to appreciate the religious spirit of the first Christian monks." The author is obviously a devout Roman Catholic, steeped in the literature of the early Christian Church, and profoundly sympathetic towards its great ideals. He has made a careful study of the documents which throw light upon the strange life of the hermit monks of Egypt; and his book enables us to appreciate somewhat of the strength and the weakness of the men who lived it.

Mr. Hannay devotes the first part of his brief Introduction to aiding the reader to "realise that the hermits were actual living men, and to understand the kind of lives they lived." This is the weakest part of his book. What he has written is altogether inadequate. It is good as far as it goes, but it does not go nearly far enough. Should a second edition be called for, we hope the author will consider the advisability of presenting a longer and more intimate account of the lives and the habitat of these hermit monks. The second part of the Introduction is devoted to a consideration of "certain prejudices which exist against the hermits and their way of life"—against their belief in the existence of demons, their severe physical asceticism, the apparent selfishness of their life, etc. This is a difficult task, but, on the whole, Mr. Hannay acquits himself well of it. It may be that he occasionally falls into the opposite error—that of minimising the defects of the hermit life as it found expression in the deserts and fastnesses of

Egypt; but his cordial and reasoned sympathy is refreshing, and is one of the pleasantest features of his book.

The body of the work consists of a series of translations from the documents which record the life of the hermits—anecdotes, sayings, parables, etc. These are arranged in sections as illustrating the various ideals of the monks or the temptations they met and overcame in their adventurous attainment of them; and each section is introduced by a page or two from Mr. Hannay's pen. The translations are well done, and the introductions helpful and pleasant to read, but marred here and there, we think, by unnecessary homiletic intrusions.

The book is inevitably a very humble one compared with the great imaginative and reconstructive works of Flaubert (*La Tentation de Saint Antoine*) and Anatole France (*Thaïs*); but, indeed, the point of view and the method of approach, the quality of the sympathy and the purpose of the author are so different from theirs that comparison is really impossible. There was room for the book; and its author has performed his task—every page shows that it was a labour of love—with such intelligence that we shall hope to hear from him again.

The Slave in History. His Sorrows and his Emancipation. By William Stevens. With Portraits, and with Illustrations by J. Finnemore. London: The Religious Tract Society. 6s.



N octavo volume of 371 pages cannot possibly give a complete presentment of the slave in history. Compression is necessary at almost every point; and the effecting of it in such a way as still to present a connected, intelligible, and interesting narrative is a problem not easily solved, is one which presents countless difficulties. Few who read Mr. Stevens' book will disagree with us when we

SAINT GEORGE.


say that his *Slave in History* is a capable and honest piece of work. He has traced the history of slavery from the remote days of the Ancient East down to the present day; and he has succeeded in making his story always interesting and sometimes impressive. From a brief glance at the origins of slavery the writer passes to slavery under the Hebrew and other oriental peoples, and under the Greeks and Romans. Then the attitude of the early Christians towards slavery is considered; and it is not too much to say that here the tragedy of slavery is felt to deepen and darken. The higher ideals of Christianity produced, it is true, many strong protests against the institution of slavery; but the smallness of the result is a pitiful proof that the practice of enslavement was almost universally regarded as a right in no way opposed to the Christian faith and practice. Then comes the modern period of slavery with the advent of the negro in 1441. The horrors of the black slave trade and of the pitiless exploitation of the North American Indian have often been recounted; but the familiar facts are presented by Mr. Stevens in a fresh and interesting way, and he has not a little that is new to tell us. The great movements which ultimately resulted in the final abolition of slavery by all the great Powers are fully and, despite some overlapping, clearly described; and the chapters devoted to them are the more interesting in that the movements are made to centre round the great reformers who created them.

We could wish that Mr. Stevens had told us more of the daily life of the slave. There is no lack of scattered material from which an intimate account of the average conditions, varying according to time and place, imposed upon the slave throughout history might be compiled. And the penultimate sentence of the book—"As we close this retrospect of a long struggle, the world is perilously near to repeating the mistakes of centuries past"—makes us wish, further, that he had dealt with the system of indenturing coolies, and had shown what has been the net result of it in the past. Britain achieved an unenviable record in the

history of slavery—"the Sovereigns of England and Spain," says Bancroft, speaking of the results of the Peace of Utrecht, "became the largest slave merchants ever known in the history of the world"—and it would seem as though she were determined to achieve a similar record in something very closely akin to it.

We cordially commend Mr. Stevens' book. It eminently fulfils its purpose—that of a clear, fairly complete, and reliable history for the general reader.

Six Great Schoolmasters. By F. D. How. London: Methuen & Co.

 HIS book contains sketches of the careers of Dr. Hawtrey (Eton, 1834-1853), Dr. Moberly (Winchester, 1835-1866), Dr. Kennedy (Shrewsbury, 1836-1866), Dr. Vaughan (Harrow, 1844-1859), Dr. Temple (Rugby, 1858-1869), and Dr. Bradley (Marlborough, 1858-1870). We turned to it with considerable interest, for these names are important, and the author had a great opportunity of making an important contribution to the history of Education. If such was his intention he has signally failed, and we regretfully record that the book is an extremely disappointing one and frequently an irritating one too.

In the introductory chapter the author claims that the thirty years dealt with by his book, roughly 1835 to 1865, mark the progress of the public schools "to the high-water mark of their efficiency." After this period the schools, in Mr. How's view, decline again. His arguments in support of this view are so curious that we propose to offer them for the examination of our readers. We will therefore briefly set them forth:—

(1) By 1865 "history, mathematics, science, modern languages and English literature . . . were all subsidiary to the sound classical

SAINT GEORGE.

education which alone can give . . . the thorough mental training essential to an English gentleman." Now "there is a danger of their ousting the old classical education from school and university alike."

(2) By 1865 friendly relations between masters and boys had been established, "but masters still kept their dignity and proper place. *Nowadays* (the italics are ours) *this has greatly changed*. A master's room is filled with tobacco smoke, and he himself, pipe in mouth, may not improbably be discovered sitting on the floor, while his most comfortable chairs are occupied by small boys, who now and again address him by a nickname . . . Truly things were better in 1865 when masters . . . still retained a semblance of self-respect."

(3) In 1865 the domestic arrangements and meals were of a "wholesome sufficiency." Now mothers "grieve because their boys, back from the luxurious living of the school, sniff at the fare spread on the old table at home."

(4) In 1865 the headmasters were clergymen. "That the headmaster should be in Orders, should use his opportunities in the pulpit and in classes for confirmation, and should be able to administer the Holy Communion to his boys seems (*sic*) to most people a matter needing no argument in its favour. But times are changed: the best teacher, the best organiser, must be chosen regardless of the religious welfare of the boys, and the headmasters of the future bid fair to be entirely recruited from the ranks of the laity."

The Introduction contains other arguments too, but let these suffice. We had thought of dealing with them one by one, but having set them forth we think it unnecessary to pursue them any further. After such an Introduction it needs some courage to examine the book further, but it must be stated, in justice to Mr. How, that the later contents of his book are better than his Introduction. His sketches are pleasantly enough written though they fail to give a critical account of the share each headmaster written of had in the development of Education. They are almost uniformly eulogistic. This latter quality not infrequently leads Mr. How to make inconsistent statements. Thus, on page 27, we are told that Dr. Hawtrey's kindness of heart was such that "even real pieces of impertinence, such as the erection on his table during school of a whole Noah's

REVIEWS.

ark procession . . . seemed to have failed to bring any rebuke more severe than 'How silly!'" But on page 15 we had been told of the deference he insisted being shewn, and how, on one occasion, he had knocked off the hat of a boy who failed to make a sufficiently courteous bow.

*Studies of Boy Life in our Cities. Edited by E. J. Urwick.
London: J. M. Dent & Co.*



WE have here a book which gives us peculiar pleasure—a book dealing with a subject which has long failed to receive adequate attention from social writers and reformers. The problems relating to boyhood have been the subject of special attention in the pages of this review, and we again repeat our belief that in the proper care and training of our boys is to be found the solution of some of the most serious problems with which we are to-day face to face.

The present book is divided into six chapters, respectively entitled: "The Boy and the Family," by Reginald A. Bray; "The Boy and his Work," by J. G. Cloete; "The Criminal Boy," by Arthur Lowry; "Boys' Clubs," by W. J. Braithwaite; "The Girl in the Background," by Miss Lily H. Montague; and a Conclusion by the Editor, E. J. Urwick. As is only to be expected of any work written by different people, the value of the book is uneven, and not all the writers possess a thorough grasp of the question as a whole. The book is, however, an eminently readable and valuable one, and is a very important contribution to the cause of social study and reform. We can only notice a few points in a most suggestive work.

Mr. Cloete, in "The Boy and his Work," gives details of the conditions of boy labour which will be new to many and of

SAINT GEORGE.

general interest. These emphasise the fact that there is something like a competition for boy labour which ceases as boyhood merges into manhood.

In "The Boy and the Family" Mr. Bray seeks to give a detailed view of the home life amongst the poorest inhabitants of London. In our view he makes his divisions between the various types of families too arbitrary. He divides them into classes living in one or two rooms, three rooms, and more than three rooms respectively; and he finds that the home life is practically non-existent in the first class, existent in a small degree in the second class, and strong only in the last class. By home life is meant a life lived by the various members of the family in mutual sympathy and affection. The minute description which Mr. Bray gives of the every-day life of these three classes is no doubt based upon careful study and personal investigation. Where we think Mr. Bray is at fault is in his too arbitrary deduction that the number of rooms determines the degree of affection which the members of the family have for each other; and we entirely dissent from Mr. Bray's remarks on the question of Boys' Clubs. Mr. Bray argues that these are only valuable for boys in whose homes there is no family life as understood by him, and that where there is such life the provision of boys' clubs, by taking the lad from home, tends to destroy it. It is an argument such as this which leads us to distrust other of Mr. Bray's conclusions. The work of boys' clubs has, we think, vindicated itself and proved that it is of value to all classes of boys. Where the home life exists, so far from destroying it we believe it increases it. Parents with true affection for their children would be only too glad to know that some of the spare time of their lads is spent at a club where they are under wise and helpful guidance; and where, through its educational agencies—its gymnasium and sports, its classes and library—they are being daily encouraged to live wholesome manly lives.

If we admitted Mr. Bray's argument we should also have to protest against the boy attending a night-school or any other

classes in the evenings, lest by so doing the home life was in danger of being destroyed. Mr. Bray surely forgets that however strong the affection between parents and boys, the boy, when he has left school and generally before, will certainly spend a large portion of his time away from home. The provision of Boys' Clubs secures him against the innumerable dangers which will otherwise beset him during the most critical time of his life.

But, indeed, Mr. Bray's point of view is quite answered by the chapter entitled: "Boys' Clubs," written by Mr. Braithwaite. The latter fully realises the quite unique value of the work of boys' clubs, and discusses their influence, development, and organization in an able and sympathetic manner. This chapter contains much practical information, together with an account of the chief institutions already existing, and we commend it to the study of all who would like to more fully understand the real meaning of a movement which we believe is destined in the near future to assume very great proportions.

We should be doing Mr. Bray injustice if we represented him as hostile to the Boys' Club movement, and we hope any criticisms we have had to make will not deter any from studying a very inspiring and most useful book on a subject which we could wish were more frequently before the public eye. It is an attempt to treat the subject as a whole, and in this it will stir thought and awaken general interest.

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

VANDALISM
ON THE
FIRTH OF FORTH.

A particularly gross piece of vandalism is being committed upon the shores of the Firth of Forth. The North British Railway Company succeeded some time ago in obtaining Parliamentary powers for the construction of a railway from Dunfermline to Kincardine. The work is now well advanced, and it is possible to realise at what a cost a wholly unnecessary railway is to be constructed. Running from Dunfermline to the West, the line strikes the coast at Torryburn, four miles from Dunfermline, and thence proceeds *along the fore-shore* to Kincardine, a distance of five miles. To carry the railway from Torryburn to Kincardine a huge embankment is being erected along a part of the coast, which was previously under water at high tide. The result of this is that the view of the Firth of Forth is blotted out from the view of all the houses and villages between the two places in question, and instead of the glorious ever-varying view of the Firth waters—glistening sometimes as though studded with opals, and at others changing to the wine-dark sea of Homer—a view, too, which delighted the heart of Turner,—the people and visitors to the district have now to be content with a view of a high embankment, crowned at frequent intervals with smoke and steam.

We are not entering any protest against railways or legitimate railway extension. We are protesting against a very flagrant misdeed by which the nation sustains a great wrong. For to the South of the coast route chosen for this railway there is a second and raised beach, which runs behind the various villages and towns on the coast, and which would have been an entirely suitable line for the railway to have taken. We believe that the original plans for the railway shewed this route, and that it was abandoned owing to the opposition of vested interests.

It is sad that such schemes as these get through Parliament without notice or criticism. We hope that the present instance may lead to such an awakening of public opinion as shall make similar schemes an impossibility.

THE PROBLEM
OF THE
UNEMPLOYED.

That destitution is widespread among workers, both skilled and unskilled, has been brought home to all of us to a painful degree during recent weeks. Every paper we have opened has contained one or more references to the condition of the thousands of unemployed and to the many schemes projected for providing them with temporary work; and almost every walk we have taken, on business or on pleasure, has given us a glimpse of the tragedy which hangs over so many. Mr. Walter Long's proposals, the public relief works initiated by Borough Councils and other local authorities, the Farm Colonies of the Salvation Army and those generously given by Mr. Fels, the Citizens' Aid Societies founded (as at Leicester and Bradford) to deal with the problem of poverty after the methods so long successful at Elberfeld, and other movements towards relief, all prove that the number and the destitution of the unemployed are great, and that the time when haphazard charity must be replaced by well-organised public relief has come. But the mere fact that such crises should from time to time affect the labour world, and that, when they arrive, such extraordinary means should have to be taken to relieve the consequent distress, should make patent to all that the industrial system is almost destitute of all higher organisation. The organisation of capital for certain ends is marvellous; so too is the organisation of labour for other ends; but the organisation of both capital and labour is too prone to seek immediate profit and to fail to provide for the contingencies of the future.

SAINT GEORGE.

The capitalist can usually take care of himself. He may suffer in a time of commercial and industrial crisis, but his resources are seldom so limited as those of the worker. The latter, of course, receives some aid from his trade union, if he has had the forethought to join one; but, as we see so clearly at the present moment, he is largely dependent in a period of great and sustained depression of trade upon private or public relief. Private relief is at all times bad and can seldom be justified; and public relief is anything but free from defects: it too often means that public money is diverted from urgent and necessary works to the carrying out of ill-conceived and hastily-prepared schemes; the work it provides is necessarily of the roughest character, in which the skill of the artisan can find but little scope and so is lost for a time; and, as a rule, sufficient care is not taken by those in authority to exact from those employed a right standard and output of work, and thus both the public purse and the character of the worker suffer loss. The substitution of organised public relief for the haphazard and demoralising no-system of private relief is certainly a reform to be desired and encouraged; but so long as no sincere and determined attempt is made to investigate and grapple with the causes which make relief of any kind necessary, we shall make but little real advance. Private and Poor Law relief weaken the moral stamina of the poor and needy and restrict their liberty; public relief in the form of offered work is far less injurious, but in so far as it ignores the existence and nature of the causes which necessitate relief of any kind, it must be regarded as hopelessly inefficient, as a mere tinkering of what should be ended rather than mended.

The remedy lies mainly with the workers themselves. Better organisation of labour for immediate relief from, and for ultimate remedy of, existing conditions is what is needed. The feudal system withstood the combined assaults of the middle and the lower classes down till 1789 simply because its members possessed the better organisation; and, since then, the feudal and the middle

classes have wielded more than their fair share of power simply because they have been better organised than the workers. And why have they been better organised? Partly, of course, as a result of circumstances—freer environment, greater opportunity, more uniformly high intelligence due to these and other causes, etc.—but chiefly because each—the feudal lord exploiting the people for military purposes, the capitalist exploiting them for commercial and industrial purposes—recognised that they were a minority and, therefore, if their power was to be maintained and increased, that they must oppose themselves as a highly organised class to the great unorganised class whom they sought to exploit. Underlying all the barons' wars of earlier centuries and all the capitalist competition of the last hundred years, we find an organisation almost scientific in its precision, and almost as uniform as a natural law in its effects.

The workers have already realised the significance of this. Trades-unionism is a step towards that organisation of themselves as a class which alone can enable them to conquer what is, by all the laws of right, their own. Direct representation of labour in Parliament is another step. An attempt (far, as yet, from being crowned with complete success) is made to organise each separate union so that the mental and physical power of each member shall be developed to its utmost; to concentrate all these separate units of power in the executive of the particular union; and to carry them thence to the central body which unites all the various unions, there to form the sharp cutting-edge of Labour. But it is necessary to the success of this that the question of self-education in social, political, and industrial history, in sociology and economics, in art and literature also, in whatever tends to open the eyes and the mind of the worker to his present condition and to the position that is his by right, shall exercise the wits and the energies of trades-unions much more than it has done in the past. The sooner they see that ultimate success depends upon this, the sooner will that ultimate success be achieved, and

SAINT GEORGE.

the better it will be for all concerned. As bearing upon this important point, we would remind our readers of the widely representative conference convened a few days ago by the Stratford Co-operative Society, to discuss higher education for working men—a conference which may soon be followed by active work.

Well-meaning but merely tinkering methods of relief—palliative, not remedial—are intimately bound up with the problem of right relations between capital and labour. We trust that nothing we have said will seem like disparagement of the strenuous and generous efforts which are being so widely made in relief of present distress. We heartily appreciate these and confidently expect good results from them. What we wish to make clear and insist upon is that so long as the present interregnum lasts relief of some kind, varying in amount with the area and the keenness of the distress, will always be necessary; that relief, however helpful it may prove and however considerably it may be given, contributes nothing to removing the causes which make it necessary; and that the immediate but transitory amelioration which results from organised relief tends to blind us to the fact that the existing conditions of human life and work demand not relief or improvement, but radical and permanent change.

THE EFFICACY OF FREE SHELTERS.

We have already touched, in another note, upon the question of the value of private and public relief, but the particular question at issue between the Salvation Army and Mr. C. S. Loch, Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, is of sufficient importance in itself to deserve a separate note. The correspondence published in the *Times* naturally presents the two extreme points of view, but to determine where exactly truth lies between these would require more data than has yet been given. The question is an extremely intri-

cate and difficult one; indeed, so much may be urged, with fair show of reason, both for and against these shelters, that the question will probably remain insoluble in its present form, and the solution be sought rather in methods of extending their undoubted good effects and of counteracting their equally obvious evil effects. That they make relief more easily obtainable, and so tend to raise vagrancy to the level of a paying profession, cannot be doubted; but this defect can be, and often is, magnified. It is so much easier for a skilled vagrant to take advantage of the weak points in a system of relief than for the relief officer to diagnose his clamorous applicants, that the evils which result from this are apt to obscure from us the many deserving cases which, but for these shelters, would go unrelieved. Mr. Loch's attack and Mr. Bramwell Booth's defence may both be overstated; but the fact remains that not only in a time of exceptional depression and poverty such as the present, but even in normal times, some provision must be made to shelter the homeless and to feed the hungry. It may be, as Mr. Loch declares, that the undeserving carry off the lion's share, and multiply (a social fact not confined to the submerged tenth); but Mr. Booth has shown, we think, that these shelters play their part in the relief of distress, and that, until something better is evolved, they will at least justify their existence. The effects which these shelters produce upon the poor and the needy, deserving and undeserving alike, provide insufficient data for an impartial and conclusive judgment upon their efficacy; we must also consider the antecedent causes—our whole social system—of which these shelters are themselves a present, we hope merely a temporary, result.

SAINT GEORGE.

THE
ARBITRATION
WITH RUSSIA.

By the time these lines appear the difficulty which arose with Russia over the Dogger Bank outrage will probably have been adequately dealt with by the International Court of Arbitration to which it has been referred. The acceptance in this country of the proposal to use the Hague Court marks a great step forward in national wisdom. The famous Peace Conference was far from being the failure it has been frequently called, and this latest incident becomes its triumphant vindication. We are glad to see that President Roosevelt proposes to convene a further meeting of the Powers, when the work of the first conference may be strengthened, extended and perfected.

But before we dismiss this subject we must protest against the reckless and wicked manner in which so many English journals did their best to bring us to the verge of war with Russia. Papers like the *Daily Mail* pursued the tactics for which they are notorious, and even the *Standard* did not hesitate to say that Mr. Balfour's announcement of a pacific settlement would be received with profound disappointment. Fortunately the Government was strong enough to keep its head amidst the senseless clamour of the English yellow press ; but, unless public opinion is strong enough to compel the baser portion of our press to conduct itself with some regard to ordinary decency, it may well be that the nation will find, when future crises arrive, that the dogs of war have been let loose by the wickedness of a few men whose words should be burned by the common hangman.

THE ENGLISH
CHURCH, AND
THE FISCAL
QUESTION.

The following manifesto has been issued by certain distinguished members of the English Church :—

“The keenness of the debate which has raged round Mr. Chamberlain’s Fiscal Proposals tends to obscure the deeper issues involved. Our attention is concentrated upon those salient details on which the controversy has focussed itself—the possibilities of Retaliation—the subtleties of Dumping—the complicated effects of Preferential Tariffs.

“In the meantime we are apt to forget that behind all this superficial discussion lie certain fundamental judgments, ethical and social, which are profoundly involved in the issue. It will not then be deemed impertinent or intrusive if those who are charged with any special responsibility for the national conscience venture to detach and emphasise these essential considerations, which are vital to the verdict that is to be given.

“We, therefore, clergy of the Church of England, invite those who share our responsibility to join us in making the following declaration.

“We, the undersigned, desire to protest against the re-establishment in Great Britain of a system of Protection, because, however sincere and patriotic may be the intention of its advocates, in itself it inevitably tends to evoke the motives and foster the tendencies against which we are all accustomed to protest as immoral.

“(1) It cannot succeed without increasing the severance of nations ; it intensifies rivalries and strengthens barriers ; it is a foe to peace, and to the hopes of a wider unity of workers.

“(2) No nation can adopt it without danger to the uprightness of its public life ; it makes bribery pay ; it creates monopolies ; it opens the door of Parliamentary lobbies to all those influences which it is our main object to exclude.

“(3) It is bound by its very conditions to tell hardest upon those who are least able to protect themselves. It will be secured by those who can best apply the pressure necessary to make their case heard. The tariff will be moulded by and for the best organised. The weak and unorganised will be least able to make their interests felt ; and will have to bear the burden of the gain of the strong.

“G. W. KITCHIN, Dean of Durham.

C. W. STUBBS, Dean of Ely.

E. C. WICKHAM, Dean of Lincoln.

JAMES M. WILSON, Archdeacon of Manchester.

SAINT GEORGE.

H. S. HOLLAND, Canon of St. Paul's.
SAMUEL A. BARNETT, Canon of Bristol.
W. EMERY BARNES, Hulsean Professor, Cambridge.
V. H. STANTON, Ely Professor, Cambridge.
R. ST. JOHN PARRY, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity, Cambridge.
A. J. CARLYLE, University College, Oxford.
C. H. PARRY, late H.M. Inspector of Schools.
T. C. FRY, Headmaster of Berkhamsted.
J. LLEWELYN DAVIES, Vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale.
S. D. HEADLAM.

A. E. T. NEWMAN, Sec."

We print this manifesto with extreme pleasure, for we regard it as one of the most important notes which have been sounded in this violent and noisy controversy. It emphasises the great moral principles which underlie the question, but which are almost wholly ignored by so many of the leaders on each side of the controversy. We are glad that some, at least, of the clergy do not shrink from the moral trusteeship which they hold, but we observe with regret that the signatures do not include a single member of the Episcopal bench.

SAINT GEORGE.

No. 30. Vol. VIII.

April, 1905.

WORDSWORTH AS A SOCIAL TEACHER.

By the REV. PROFESSOR MASTERMAN.

IN considering Wordsworth as a social teacher, I am considering him in a somewhat unfamiliar aspect. We have learned to recognize in him a soul that moves familiarly along planes of high thought that seem to us trivial because we have not been baptized into the power of understanding. We have listened with him to the songs of the stock dove or the rustle of the leaves in the springtime, and have caught something of the disturbing joy of elevated thought ; but from these things we turn away to the need of a world of men, and we seem to leave the poet among his fields and hills. We catch the dark outline of his figure silhouetted against the sunset as we pass eastwards towards the dark, and while we admire the quiet peace of a soul that has entered into its rest, it is with a half-confessed sense of relief that we hear again the familiar sounds of life around us, and exchange the incense that goes up as a morning sacrifice, white and pure, from the fields where God might still walk, for that which rises dark and foul all the day long from streets and lanes that seem void of the marks of His footprints.

SAINT GEORGE.

But is this so? Is it true that

“Wordsworth’s eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate”?

Perhaps the first great mistake that we make about Wordsworth is in supposing that his early life was in some way strange and abnormal. We picture him moody and taciturn, companioned by strange presences, letting the full stream of life flow past him as he broods. Nothing could be further from the truth than such a picture. In the free air of Hawkshead he lived the life of an English schoolboy, revelling in the *Arabian Nights*, plundering birds’ nests, racing ponies along the lakeside, skating by moonlight, acquiring that minimum of classical and other knowledge that availed to avert just retribution from the vague powers that ruled the school life of his little world. The loss of his parents came too early to impoverish his childhood with a sense of loneliness, and the full animal life that he lived left little scope for thought. It was only when he looked back over these first chapters of his life in the light of deeper experience that he came to see that they had a meaning and a purpose.

There was nothing abnormal about Wordsworth’s Cambridge life. A shy and rather uncouth youth from a North Country Grammar School would hardly find the social life of the University entirely congenial. But it is with nothing of the spirit of the indignant iconoclast that he treads the

“Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps
Of generations of illustrious men.”

Up to the time when he left Cambridge Wordsworth had looked on the shield of life from the golden side. A certain sturdy independence of spirit was the natural inheritance of his Cumbrian childhood, and the character of his education had not been such as to lead to that premature maturity that dries up in young hearts the secret fountains of joy.

WORDSWORTH AS A SOCIAL TEACHER.

From Cambridge Wordsworth passed to London, and nothing in his poetry is more natural than Book VII of the *Prelude*, where he recalls his first impressions of the life of a great city. Boy-like he mingles with the crowds in the streets, haunted by the vague feeling of disappointment with which we are all familiar when we visit places whose names have been wonderful things to us. He is, as all right-minded people are, keenly interested in people, bewildered sometimes with the stream of life that flowed ceaselessly past him, awed by the "peace that comes with night when the great tide of human life stands still." He moves through it all as a spectator, almost as a stranger.

One word almost sums up Wordsworth's life up to this time—illusion. For I suppose illusion means the habit of mind that sees things crowned with a glory that the mind itself unconsciously supplies. Wordsworth himself tells us how once it was his habit to clothe things with

"The light that never was on sea or land
The consecration and the poet's dream."

But he tells us that he can do this no longer.

"A deep distress hath humanized my soul."

For a little longer the illusion lasts.

Crossing to France to learn the language, Wordsworth was gradually swept into the vortex of the French Revolution. He saw men, as he thought, claiming their birthright of joy, and he rejoiced in their gladness. We, who look back on that volcanic outburst of elemental forces in the grey light of history, can hardly realize what it meant to the young men who saw the stagnant waters heave and hiss, and felt the solid earth rock beneath them.

"Joy was it in that hour to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

But disillusionment comes—the breaking of dreams. And in proportion as the dreams are noble and high, so is the awakening

SAINT GEORGE.

bitter and hard. Wordsworth's idealism is shattered by the touch of reality, and for a little while he seems to be tossed rudderless on the seas.

He falls under the spell of Godwin's evil creed of necessity, and the fountains of inspiration are dried. In that masterly study in Book XII of the *Prelude* he tries to analyse this process of disillusionment. Here Wordsworth's life story might have ended. For most men the path of disillusionment leads to the slough of sensuality or the desert of cynicism, or, perhaps, worst of all, the bare tableland of acquiescence in things as they are. Men grow conservative as they grow old, and the poet-heart dies out of them. Or they dash themselves against the iron bars of social convention and fall broken, as Shelley fell.

But Wordsworth's dogged northern nature saved him. He set his teeth and went on. And as he had begun his education in illusion among the lakes and hills, so it is there he begins his education in reality. Nature had been to him the source of emotion, now she becomes the source of thought. And slowly, like the dawn on the crest of some great granite mountain, rose over the shattered illusions the vision—the reconciliation that glorified the revolt, the truth that justified the quest.

And henceforth Wordsworth's life is the record of his efforts to lisp in human language the unutterable things that he had heard on the mount of vision where he had talked with God.

And the thing of which he had talked with God on that mount of vision was the only thing of which any man speaks with God in the high hour of realization—the salvation of men. In other words, the fundamental question for Wordsworth was the Social question—How is the will of God to be done on earth as it is done in Heaven?

Now, at the outset, notice Wordsworth's fundamental belief in the soundness of the bedrock of humanity. He is constantly startled by the goodness of man; the patience of a leech-gatherer, the stern faithfulness of a shepherd, the incredulity of a little child.

WORDSWORTH AS A SOCIAL TEACHER.

He never lost the belief that belonged to the revolutionary days of his early life, that the stuff of human nature was better than the circumstances of life allowed it to show itself to be. For a time this belief in the goodness of human nature led him to a general revolt against the established institutions of society. In his tragedy of *The Borderers* he tried to show how sin is the outcome of the betrayal of human nature by the powers of injustice and social wrong, and the fragment, *Guilt and Sorrow*, has the same motif. But, as years passed, this spirit of revolt gave place to an almost exaggerated respect for the organised fabric of civil and religious life. In political thought Burke and Milton were Wordsworth's guides. He blends the Miltonic passion for liberty with Burke's love for a continuous national life,

"Broadening down
From precedent to precedent."

In a word, his political ideal passes from revolution to evolution.

This love for established institutions, which finds such a strong expression in his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, is partly a natural outcome of his love for established things in the world of nature, and partly a reaction against the idea of systems based on theories of abstract rights. Wordsworth suspects abstractions, his thought cannot work freely till it can crystallize itself around some concrete object. He does not write poems on liberty, or beauty, or law, but on a captive West Indian chieftain, a young girl, a primrose on the rock.

All Wordsworth's social teaching grows out of an attempt to answer one question: Why are men not glad? He had found in Nature a great call to gladness:—

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy."

SAINT GEORGE.

It is when we abandon ourselves to this deep sense of joy that we gain the gift of insight:—

“While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.”

I need hardly point out that this is no transient fancy of the poet. It lies at the very foundation of all his philosophy of life. The gladness of nature is the gladness of God in His own creative activity returning to Him in the praise of His creation. But looking on the world of men Wordsworth sees that they do not share this joy. The world has forfeited its birthright of gladness, and the purpose of all Wordsworth's social teaching is to reclaim for men this lost inheritance. It is not human sin against which he lifts up his voice, but the folly that has exchanged the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

So most of Wordsworth's studies of human life are sad. They are studies of stoic endurance, such as *Michael*, or *Resolution and Independence*, or *The Old Cumberland Beggar*; or studies of bereavement like *The Ruined Cottage* or *Margaret*; or studies in madness like the *Thorn*, or *Her Eyes are Wild*, or *Ruth*; or studies in the haunting memories of association like the *Highland Reaper*. Even his children have lost the exuberant gladness of Blake's child-poems, and are perplexed with intellectual problems thoughtlessly imposed on them by older people.

Whence springs this pervading sadness?

First of all, from a mistaken demand for Liberty. Not that Wordsworth ever lost his fervent love for Liberty, but that he came to see, with increasing clearness, that Liberty is not lawlessness but willing subjection to law. Nothing that Wordsworth ever wrote is finer than his *Ode to Duty*—a splendid appeal to men to find and follow the true law of their being. For it is Duty, willing submission to the rule of law, that is the secret of the gladness of the world.

WORDSWORTH AS A SOCIAL TEACHER.

“Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead’s most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.”

But how is man to be won to this willing obedience? Wordsworth answers, By communion with Nature. Not by imposing himself on Nature as an alien, disturbing presence, but by realizing that the law of Nature is the law of his life, by learning

“How exquisitely the individual mind
(And the progressive powers, perhaps, no less
Of the whole species) to the external world
Is fitted.”

But when from chanting in lonely peace the sponsal verse of this great consummation—the union of the discerning intellect of man with this goodly Universe—Wordsworth turns to actual life, a sadder sight meets him:—

“Such grateful haunts foregoing; if I oft
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
And fellowships of men, and see ill-sights
Of madding passions mutually inflamed;
Must hear Humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities—may these sounds
Have their authentic comment.”

To these thoughts Wordsworth returns again and again. It is man’s self-will that makes him sad. Read the whole of that great fourth book of the *Excursion*, where stage by stage the story of man’s relations with Nature is traced in majestic verse. And mark especially what is the outcome of it all; not solitary contemplation or selfish delight, but the going out of the soul in the beauty of

SAINT GEORGE.

its holiness among the common ways of men, the realization of that perfect law of liberty—meeting

“no object but may teach
Some acceptable lesson to their minds
Of human suffering or of human joy.”

That is Wordsworth's first contribution to our social thought—that social progress and scientific thought must move on side by side, both humble to the teaching of Nature.

“Science then
Shall be a precious visitant ; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name.

* * * * *

Taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness ; not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous, to the mind's excursive power—
So build we up the Being that we are ;
Thus deeply dwelling in the soul of things
We shall be wise perforce ; and while inspired
By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,
Shall move unswerving, even as if impelled
By strict necessity, along the path
Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine ;
Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,
Earthly desires, and raise to loftier heights
Of Divine love, our intellectual soul.”

It is only in this organic conception of social good that Wordsworth sees any hope of true progress. For that ideal of progress that merely resolves itself into the multiplication of material things he has no word of commendation. He contrasts the relays of workers answering the harsh clang of the factory bell and offering perpetual sacrifice to “Gain, the master-idol of the realm,” with

WORDSWORTH AS A SOCIAL TEACHER.

the relays of worshippers who of old kept unbroken the round of worship offered to God. He draws a piteous picture of the coming of the Industrial Revolution into the fair valleys of his native land, mountain brooks polluted with poisonous refuse, homes deserted and broken up, children with creeping gait, and cowering, with minds stunted, and all the joy of life lost to them; and he scornfully asks—

“Can hope look forward to a manhood raised
On such foundations?”

But not less he laments for the gipsy child, taught only to beg or steal, or for the plough-boy, with crusted mind and unintelligent stare.

Wherever man is turned from a creative soul to a machine, there Wordsworth follows with a poet's curse the course of degradation:—

“Our life is turned
Out of her course wherever man is made
An offering or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end;
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.

Not for these sad issues
Was man created; but to obey the law
Of life, and hope, and action. And 'tis known
That when we stand upon our native soil
Unelbowed by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers themselves become
Strong to subject our noxious qualities;
They sweep distemper from the busy day,
And make the chalice of the big round year
Run o'er with gladness; whence the Being moves
In beauty through the world; and all who see
Bless him, rejoicing in his neighbourhood.”

How can this sacrificing of man to mechanism be averted? By a deeper sense of the claims and dignity of our common humanity.

SAINT GEORGE.

And that brings us to a distinctive note of Wordsworth's social teaching—I mean his insistence on the truth that men are great, not in virtue of that wherein they differ, but in virtue of that wherein they are alike. The Kingdom of Heaven is for the poor in spirit.

“The sun is fixed,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed, within reach of every human eye ;
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears :
The vernal field diffuses fresh delights
Into all hearts.

Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all ;
Reason, and with that reason smiles and tears ;
Imagination, freedom in the will ;
Conscience to guide and check ; and death to be
Foretasted, immortality conceived
By all.”

And virtue and moral gifts obey the same law.

“The primal duties shine aloft—like stars ;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man—like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here ! here is no boon
For high—yet not for low ; for proudly graced—
Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
As from the haughtiest palace. He whose soul
Ponders this true equality, may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope.”

It is on the ground of this common humanity that Wordsworth urges in impassioned language the duty of national education and pictures the golden age to come when, borne on every sea and havened in the creek of every habitable rock, Britain's swarms shall go forth to found new communities and spread culture and civil arts.

WORDSWORTH AS A SOCIAL TEACHER.

"The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us—all the more do we require
The discipline of virtue."

I would gladly say more on the subject of Wordsworth's educational ideas—his plea for a national education that shall be moral and religious—laying its foundations deep in human character, teaching

"That all true glory rests ;
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law."

But the subject is too large, and perhaps too contentious, to embark on now.

To return to the subject of equality. Wordsworth's doctrine that men are fundamentally equal in all life's best gifts renders the whole question of social distinctions unimportant. He believed that to overturn the established fabric of society would bring men no whit nearer to true equality; and his attitude towards the "smart set" of his own day was one of compassion rather than of scorn. He saw them forfeiting, as he believed, life's true birthright, and he traced in many a sad epitaph the record of the soul-tragedy.

"The world is too much with us, late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune."

"It is an awful fact," says Wordsworth in one of his letters, "that there neither is, nor can be, any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, persons of consideration in

SAINT GEORGE.

Society. This is a truth, and an awful truth, because to be incapable of a feeling for poetry in my sense of the word is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God."

Wordsworth therefore retained his old revolutionary faith in simplicity. Sometimes it seemed to him as though, in the tinsel splendour and selfish luxury of the age, all nobler impulse was being lost.

"No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry: and these we adore.
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone: our peace, our fearful innocence
And pure religion breathing household laws."

But he is not for long overwhelmed by this pessimistic mood. Indeed, I know of few things more remarkable in literature than Wordsworth's unconquerable faith in the truth of his own message. In an age whose whole social system was giving the lie to his creed, he still sang on to the end of the better age that was coming.

If there was any fundamental change of attitude as life went on, it lay in a growing and deepening impression of the part that religion was destined to play in the shaping of the future. And because Wordsworth's mind turned gradually more and more away from flowers and sunsets to the two deep problems that haunt the quiet hours of every thoughtful life—I mean the problem of the education of the individual and the problem of the social good of the whole—men have declared that the poet becomes merged in the teacher. There is some truth in the charge, but much less than is generally supposed. For a poet teaches, only he teaches by way of intuitions rather than by way of reasonings. And Wordsworth's intuitions never left him. He founds his claims deep on the central soul of things, he brings the temporary political warcry of the moment to the test of eternal things. In a word,

WORDSWORTH AS A SOCIAL TEACHER.

Wordsworth conforms to the old definition of a Liberal—he applies ideas to institutions.

And, therefore, he retained his hopefulness to the end.

He was long past the first fervour of youth when he wrote that great *After-thought* to the *Duddon Sonnets* :—

“Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live and act, and serve the future hour ;
And if as towards the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith’s transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.”

In 1837 he wrote :—

“If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track,
If Freedom, set, revive again,
And virtue, flown, come back—
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day’s care,
Nor learn from past and future still
To bear and to forbear.”

And in old age, in almost the last sonnet he ever wrote, he appealed to men to lay aside cowardly apprehensions about the future :—

“Nay, said a voice, soft as the South wind’s breath,
Dive through the stormy surface of the flood
To the great current flowing underneath.
Explore the countless springs of silent good ;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.”

But here we reach a curious fact. He, whose social creed was so definitely right, was on what now appears the wrong side on almost all the political questions on which men felt strongly in the first half of the Nineteenth Century. He feared the Reform agitation, he fulminated against Catholic Emancipation, he wrote sonnets against the intrusion of Railways into the Lake District.

SAINT GEORGE.

He even lifted his voice against the new Poor Law. But he did all these things as the protest of the spirit against what he conceived to be the radical misapprehension of the true meaning of life. To men who cried for reform he said: "Reform must begin from within, by the building up of a new sense of brotherhood, the recognition of the universal law of obedience." He believed Protestantism to be the assertion of the true dignity of the human spirit, and, therefore, he (falsely, we may believe) feared to see political power placed in the hands of those who would, if they could, undo all that Protestantism stood for. And he thought he saw in the new Poor Law the substitution of a mechanical system for the human-hearted charity that blesses him that gives and him that takes.

But it is time that we gathered these scattered thoughts into some defined form.

Wordsworth stood consciously at the opening of a new era in national life. He saw social and political forces at work, and foretold with prophetic insight the lines of their progress. And so he prepared one importunate question for the men who were to follow—Is it worth while? He challenges us to pause and consider whether the progress of which we boast is towards or away from the things of the Spirit. Like the prophet of old, he has a challenge for the passer-by: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" John Stuart Mill says, in a well-known passage of his *Autobiography*, that it once occurred to him to put the question directly to himself: "Suppose that all your objects in life were realized, that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant; would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" That is the question that Wordsworth constantly demands that we should put to ourselves. He deals not so much with the methods of social progress as with the goal. A life that leads men further and further away from nature and natural things, that

WORDSWORTH AS A SOCIAL TEACHER.

accumulates objects of satisfaction and yet creates little joy, that founds the prosperity of the few upon the degradation of the many, that sees with little real sorrow the destruction of home life, in the country by depopulation and in the towns by overcrowding, that mistakes material gain for moral good—surveying such a life from the standpoint of deliberate renunciation, Wordsworth pronounces it wanting. Yet he does not stand, like one of his greatest disciples, half cynical and half sad, to watch the raree show go by. Like Ruskin, he teaches not by negation but by affirmation, not by the way of despondency but by the way of hope. His ideal is

“Joy in widest commonalty spread.”

Nor is he content merely to send men back to nature.

“He too upon a wint’ry clime
Had fallen, on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears ;
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round,
He spoke and loosed our heart in tears ;
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flow’ry lays of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease ;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o’er the sunlit fields again ;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain ;
Our youth returned ; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl’d,
The freshness of the early world.”

This is true, but it is not the whole truth. Wordsworth does not take us back to Nature that we may resume the fresh enthusiasm of childhood ; he takes us back to her because he believes that the only point of view from which to approach the social problem of the age is that of Nature. We must rebuild our social thought from its foundations, and while we rebuild we must guard the

SAINT GEORGE.

existing fabric, lest it fall and leave thought homeless. Unlike many revolutionists, Wordsworth's passion is not for destruction but for construction. He will be very patient with the time-honoured hypocrisies of the world if he can only feel that under them all the real life is stirring.

I suppose that the transition of Wordsworth's thought is one through which most men pass. In youth we are passionate with the energy of destruction, impatient of institutions that harbour evil, ideals that minister to stagnation. But gradually we come to see that destruction will in itself effect little, that if the old things can be made to live anew, and living to grow, and growing to adapt themselves, a greater thing has been achieved. So we learn to pray not "renew right institutions around me" but "renew a right spirit within me." For it is the soul that matters after all, and Wordsworth came to see this with ever-growing clearness of vision.

So to the apathy of our age he opposes the demand for admiration, to the pessimism of our age he opposes the demand for hope, and to the selfishness of our age he opposes the demand for love.

"We live by Admiration, Hope and Love;
And ever as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend."

I need hardly point out how completely Wordsworth's social teaching agrees with that of the Master whose name is the bond of union of the Society of the Rose. He, too, desires to reclaim for men their lost inheritance of joy; he, too, laments the divorce between man and the natural world that is his home; he, too, pleads for simpler and more spiritual ideals of life; he, too, preaches the gospel of contentment to an age avaricious of excitement and greedy for gold; he, too, died, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, desiring a better country that is an heavenly.

Wordsworth founded his social creed on the same strong

WORDSWORTH AS A SOCIAL TEACHER.

foundation as that which Ruskin laid as the basis of the Society of St. George :—

“I trust in the living God . . . in the kindness of His law and the goodness of His work. . . . I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.”

I add to this from the creed of another great teacher and noble man, Joseph Mazzini :—

“We believe in one God the Father, and Educator of humanity, the absolute living thought of Whom our world is a ray and the Universe an incarnation. We believe in humanity, the most perfect manifestation of the thought of God upon our earth, as the sole interpreter of the Divine Law.”

It is the creed of One greater than Wordsworth or Ruskin or Mazzini—the greatest of all social reformers, because He began with the human character, because He believed in the simple gladness and faithful love of men, because He laid the foundations of an indissoluble kingdom deep in the heart of Humanity.

SUGGESTIONS OF SOCIOLOGY.*

By J. ARTHUR THOMSON.

ANY active-minded people persist in looking askance at Sociology,—as “a mass of facts about society” and “no science.” That this is a somewhat pedantic pose is proved by the *Sociological Papers* recently issued from the Sociological Society. The idea of a comprehensive study of societary forms—their structure and functions, their origin and development—was long since conceived; it got its name in 1839, and it is rapidly developing a scientific “body.” In this volume, we have actual investigations of social inheritance, social environment, and social function, which show, better than any *a priori* proof, that there is a definite field for a science of Sociology. Those who remain unconvinced as to the logical justification of this synthetic science, will find food for reflection in Mr. Victor V. Branford’s careful paper “On the Origin and Use of the Word Sociology,” in his reply to Prof. Karl Pearson’s douche of cold water, and in the papers on the relation of sociology to the social sciences and to philosophy by Prof. E. Durkheim, by Mr. Branford, and by Messrs. Durkheim and Fauconnet. These, with the associated discussions and written communications, which form useful and enlivening adjuncts to the papers, thrash out the whole question so far as is at present profitable. Perhaps these methodological prolegomena are necessary, but certainly they are rather dull. The delimitations of the various sciences is an academic affair, and the people perishing for lack of knowledge cannot afford to be punctilious as to the position of Sociology as a synthetic science or a well-defined discrete science. The practical

* *Sociological Papers*. By Francis Galton, E. Westermarck, P. Geddes, E. Durkheim, Harold H. Mann, and V. V. Branford. With an Introductory Address by James Bryce, President of the Sociological Society. Published for the Sociological Society by Macmillan & Co., Limited, London; The Macmillan Co., New York. pp. xviii and 292. 1905. Price, 10/6.

SUGGESTIONS OF SOCIOLOGY.

point is that Sociology will be just as much of a science as it likes, if it can justify itself by definite sociological labour. Then, like wisdom in general, it will be justified by its children.

In his admirable introductory apologia for the new Sociological Society, Mr. Bryce points out that there is need for bringing the "main departments of social inquiry" "more fully into the domain of science," "for establishing between those who work at them due relationship and co-operation," and "for developing theory so that it may react upon practice." This is altogether true, but these desirabilities might also be the objectives of, say, a "Synthetic Society," and such a society has been started more than once, has flourished for a brief space, and has more or less slowly died. In our opinion the Sociological Society stands or falls according as it adheres to its legitimate programme—the scientific study of societary forms or integrates, which act and react as more or less perfect unities, and not merely as the sums of their parts, which evince, in fact, more or less demonstrative evidence of having a "social mind."

Geography, biology, psychology, anthropology, economics, history, and politics have their social applications—and the more the more welcome—but the keynote of Sociology is the idea of a societary form, whether it be village community or empire, which is to this extent an organic unity that its behaviour means more than the summation of the functions of its component parts, having a life—a mind—of its own in short. The unit in Sociology is an integrated societary form,—inheriting, developing, growing, multiplying, acting and re-acting, not as a mere aggregate of individuals or of families, but as a unity of a higher order. There may be compromises in practice, but theoretically, at least, the point must be kept clearly in view that Sociology is the science of the origin, development, growth, activity, and evolution of societary forms as such, and not a mere compendium of those results of biology, psychology, economics, geography, and the like, which have a definite social application.

SAINT GEORGE.

In his paper entitled *Eugenics: its definition, scope, and aims*, Mr. Francis Galton discusses one of the fundamental conditions of progress, namely, the improvement of the inborn qualities, or stock, in a human population. "Eugenics is the science which deals with all influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race; also, with those that develop them to the utmost advantage." In this paper Galton refrains from discussing the second set of influences which he has elsewhere summed up in the word "nurture."

Everyone is familiar with the idea of Eugenics in relation to domesticated animals and cultivated plants, where the inborn qualities are altered by human interference to produce results which are improvements from man's point of view, such as more beef on the cattle or more grains on the ears of wheat. Mr. Galton applies the idea of Eugenics to human stock, which also admits of improvement, for it must be confessed that in our community men and women of a high order of ability are ridiculously rare, and that the number of more or less undesirable and, at any rate, under-average people is preposterously great, "ever dragging evolution in the mud." "The aim of Eugenics is to bring as many influences as can be reasonably employed to cause the useful classes in the community to contribute *more* than their proportion to the next generation."

"The improvement of our stock seems one of the highest objects that we can reasonably attempt." If we can work so effectively with cattle and chrysanthemums, with pigeons and pansies, and so on, may we not improve the human breed under the existing conditions of law and sentiment? *But how?*

As was to be expected from an investigator so careful and sane as Mr. Galton, he makes no proposal of drastic, surgical, Spartan methods of eliminating the most obviously unfit, nor any suggestion of an Elixir Vitæ, or "Food of the Gods." What is suggested is gentle, practicable, and unsensational.

SUGGESTIONS OF SOCIOLOGY.

(1) There should be dissemination of a knowledge of the laws of heredity so far as they are surely known, and promotion of their farther study. It is interesting to notice that since his paper was read, Mr. Galton has endowed a Fellowship in the University of London for the promotion of the study of "National Eugenics," defined as "the study of the agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations either physically or mentally." This will probably be looked back to in future generations as a great event in the history of sociology.

(2) There should be "historical inquiry into the rates with which the various classes of society (classified according to civic usefulness) have contributed to the population at various times, in ancient and modern nations." "There is strong reason for believing that national rise and decline is closely connected with this influence. It seems to be the tendency of high civilisation to check fertility in the upper classes through numerous causes, some of which are well known, others are inferred, and others again are wholly obscure." There is, we must admit, a strong body of evidence in favour of Herbert Spencer's generalisation that the rate of reproduction varies inversely with the degree of individuation, and this is in agreement with the fact that the so-called higher classes do not contribute their due proportion of offspring to the next generation, and that the "proletariat," to use this terrible word, tend, so to speak, to spawn. Thus the disproportion between the two extremes tends continually to increase. The difficulty is to know in regard to mankind how far this undeniable disproportion expresses a natural organic fact or an artificially induced result. It may be that with increased education and emancipation the so-called "proletariat" will cease to multiply so preposterously beyond the limits suggested by their means of subsistence or by elementary notions of family comfort. It may be that with an awakening racial conscience there will be among the more individuated stocks a decrease in the ranks of the

SAINT GEORGE.

practically non-mammalian, un-marrying types, and a return to a personal regime of greater physical simplicity which will tend to increased reproductivity. But, as Mr. Galton does not discuss these possibilities, we refrain here from further prognostications.

(3) There should be "systematic collection of facts showing the circumstances under which large and thriving families have most frequently originated; in other words, the *conditions* of Eugenics." A careful collection might gradually develop into a "golden book" of thriving families. "The Chinese, whose customs have often much sound sense, make their honours retrospective. We might learn from them to show that respect to the parents of noteworthy children, which the contributors of such valuable assets to the national wealth richly deserve. The act of systematically collecting records of thriving families would have the further advantage of familiarising the public with the fact that Eugenics had at length become a subject of serious scientific study by an energetic society." But, instead of doing anything of the sort, we collect postage-stamps and picture postcards—in nine cases out of ten without any intellectual background—and meanwhile the people perish for lack of knowledge. The old ancestor-worship and the less old keenness about heraldry was infinitely more worthy and human than the insouciance with which we—settled upon our lees, in a prosperity largely fictitious—idle our days away collecting what is often rubbish, into which it often requires great ingenuity to import any educational value.

(4) There should be a growing social opinion in regard to suitable and unsuitable marriages. "The passion of love seems so overpowering that it may be thought folly to try to direct its course. But plain facts do not confirm this view. Social influences of all kinds have immense power in the end, and they are very various. If unsuitable marriages from the Eugenic point of view were banned socially, or even regarded with the unreasonable disfavour which some attach to cousin-marriages, very few would be made." That two markedly phthisical or markedly neurotic

SUGGESTIONS OF SOCIOLOGY.

people should marry is deplorable if they mean to have offspring ; and the existing prejudice against cousin-marriages, which has no basis if the couple are healthy, shows that it is not difficult to evolve a social feeling against certain modes of marriage. It rests with educated parents of fit or unfit children to control to some extent, by forestalling conviction, the impulsive falling-in-love which, once effected, brooks no hindrance. It rests with fathers, in particular, to secure that suitors with a bad bill of health are not to be considered as eligible suitors for the hand of the daughter of the house. Admitting, of course, that taints of many kinds have invaded most of our families, and that some pathological variations may mean new departures spelling progress, we must surely agree that there are many marriages now taking place which are directly in the teeth of the little that we securely know in regard to Eugenics. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ !*

(5) Lastly, Mr. Galton points out that there should be persistence in setting forth the national importance of Eugenics. "There are three stages to be passed through. *Firstly*, it must be made familiar as an academic question, until its exact importance has been understood and accepted as a fact ; *Secondly*, it must be recognized as a subject whose practical development deserves serious consideration ; and, *Thirdly*, it must be introduced into the national conscience like a new religion."

"I see no impossibility in Eugenics becoming a religious dogma among mankind, but its details must first be worked out sedulously in the study. Over-zeal leading to hasty action would do harm, by holding out expectations of a near golden age, which will certainly be falsified and cause the science to be discredited. The first and main point is to secure the general intellectual acceptance of Eugenics as a hopeful and most important study. Then let its principles work into the heart of the nation, who will gradually give practical effect to them in ways that we may not wholly foresee." One cannot help wishing that this veteran counsellor could be reincarnated in the holder of the Eugenics

SAINT GEORGE.

Fellowship which he has endowed, but it is pleasant to remember that even though "his eternal youth," to use Karl Pearson's phrase, may not suffice to keep him much longer in our midst, we have been entailed with not a little permanent registration of his wisdom and insight, the using of which is our responsibility.

Another most suggestive contribution to applied Sociology is the paper (entitled *Civics*) by Professor Patrick Geddes. Just as Galton has been for much of his life a practical investigator of heredity problems, so Geddes has for many years given much of his time and energy to practical experiments in city improvement, or, more generally, in civics, which "may be defined as the application of Social Survey to Social Service." Galton sets forth the intimate connection between a scientific demography and a practical eugenics; Geddes sets forth the indispensable foundation which a scientific survey—geographic and historical—of cities affords to those who would work towards the legitimate *Eu-topia* possible in any given city, and characteristic of it. Galton discovered the word "Eugenics," and Geddes has capped it with "Eutopia."

The one ideal concerns the organism—the citizen, the other the environment—the city; to complete the prism we must have the ideal of function or occupation. Will it be called eutechnics or eupraxis, or what, to rhyme with eugenics or eutopia, if there must be rhyme as well as reason in this new phraseology? Not that the newness is to be scoffed at for language is *λογος*, and in most subtle ways has always hinted at the evolving intellectual and emotional content which it voices, as Hegel has illustrated supremely well. It must be remembered, however, that while Galton deals primarily with organisms, and Geddes with environments, these are merely scientific abstractions; in actual life organisms and their environments are inseparable; and in considering human relations in particular we err if we do not recognize that the city is no analogue of a merciless physical nature such as besets the tree or the bird on its boughs, but is a

SUGGESTIONS OF SOCIOLOGY.

humanized environment, the more or less conscious external registration or exudation (at the worst) of man's ideas and ideals. The architecture of the city may be frozen music or tottering doggerel; but it is a humanly evolved environment, very different from the natural environment of forest, field, or fiord, in which the ancestral huntsmen, shepherds, and fishers lived and moved and had their being.

Professor Geddes definitely relates his own paper to that of Galton,—the demographic, eugenic “study of the community in the aggregate finds its natural parallel and complement in the study of the community as an integrate, with material and immaterial structures and functions, which we call the city. Correspondingly, the improvement of the individuals of the community, which is the aim of eugenics, involves a corresponding civic progress. Using (for the moment at least) a parallel nomenclature, we see that the sociologist is concerned not only with ‘demography,’ but with ‘politography,’ and that ‘eugenics’ is inseparable from ‘politogenics.’ For the struggle for existence, though observed mainly from the side of its individuals by the demographer, is not only an intra-civic but an inter-civic process; and, if so, ameliorative selection, now clearly sought for the individuals in detail as eugenics, is inseparable from a corresponding civic art—a literal ‘Eu-politogenics.’”

Professor Geddes' essential thesis in this paper is that every scientific survey of cities involves a geographic and historic exploration of origins, and that “the far-reaching forelook, idealistic, yet also critical, which is needful to any true and enduring contribution to social service, is prepared for by habitually imaging the course of evolution in the past.” The old lady who, as Mr. Zangwill reminds us, “admired the benevolence of Providence in always placing rivers by the side of large towns, was only expressing in an exaggerated way the general failure to think of Civics scientifically.”

SAINT GEORGE.

Mr. Geddes pleads for the detailed study of any and every city from the point of view of its natural development, and the instances that he gives are charming and usually convincing.

"The too purely abstract and subjective Sociology of great cities like London would, in this way, be helped by the facts of their own topographic history, already well-known and clearly explained by geographer and historian, towards again feeling with the naturalist that even the modern city is but the most complex evolutionary expression and development of the life of Nature.

"At times we all see London as still fundamentally an agglomeration of villages, with their surviving patches of common, around a mediæval scaport; or we discern, even in the utmost magnificence of Paris, say its Place de l'Etoile, with its spread of boulevards, but the hunter's tryst by the fallen tree, with its radiating forest-rides, each literally arrow-straight." . . . "It is not at all a fantastic hypothesis, but an obvious and inevitable conclusion that Napoleon's and Hausmann's plans were not at all invented by them for Paris, but were directly imitated from the familiar landscape architecture of the preceding century, which again was but the simplest development from the spacious forest rides of older hunting nobles, laid out without any thought of the architectural and city developments they were destined in later centuries to determine." . . . "So the narrow rectangular network of an American city is explicable only by the unthinking persistence of the peasant thrift, which grudges good land to roadway, and is jealous of oblique short cuts. In short, then, in what seems our most studied city planning, we are still building from our inherited instincts like the bees."

In Professor Geddes' skilled hands this sort of interpretation is safe, and he is not slow to correct the suggestion of automatism involved in such phrases as "unthinking persistence" and "inherited instincts," but we confess to some fear that less broad-minded interpreters of the city and its children as "thoroughly parallel accumulations of survivals or recapitulations of the past in the present" may overlook the fact that men are, after all, incipiently rational beings, and are, even in their city plans and architecture, somewhat more than coral polyps. The past lives in us, but we, at least, pretend to criticise and select from our heritage of traditions and suggestions, trying to justify ourselves

SUGGESTIONS OF SOCIOLOGY.

rationally even when we seem to be only echoing. Nothing could be more entertaining—it literally sparkles with condensed wit—than Geddes' historical interpretation of the young citizen's school-bag, from the Latin Grammar at the top to the apple and ball at the bottom—all survivals from mediævalism, renaissance, matriarchiate, primeval man, and elsewhere. But we hope the serious reader's sense of humour will save him from imagining that the conclusion to be drawn from Geddes' wit is that man is a bundle of atavisms and his social heritage an accumulation of sloughs. It is most exhilarating to read that "the inordinate specialisation upon arithmetic, the exaggeration of all three R's, is plainly the survival of the demand for cheap yet efficient clerks, characteristic of the recent and contemporary financial period," that "the essay is the abridged form of the mediæval disputation," or that the precise fidelity to absurd spelling is the imitation of the proof-readers of the Renaissance, but as the instances of survival and recapitulation are piled on we begin to resent the fatalism of it all, and take refuge in reciting "A man's a man for a' that," until Geddes lifts us up again with his fine prospect of "the growth of civic consciousness and conscience, the awakening of citizenship towards civic renaissance." How concrete this all is to him will be patent to all who have had the good fortune of knowing either the author or his works, whether these be buildings, or gardens, or reports on City Development. To anyone sufficiently interested to doubt the practicability of Geddes' applied Civics, we suggest a careful study of his Report to the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust, published under the title: "City Development."

Besides the papers referred to there are two others which may be described as researches in borderland problems. Mr. H. H. Mann gives a careful economic account of life in an agricultural village in England,—an analysis which the editors say is noteworthy as continuing and developing the sociological re-orientation of economics, and in being the first effort to apply the Le Play-

SAINT GEORGE.

Booth method in a comprehensive way to English village life. The paper works out, for instance, the important distinction between '*primary*' poverty—that "caused by an insufficiency of earnings, even when most economically applied, to provide for physical efficiency," and '*secondary*' poverty—"that due to an uneconomical application of earnings." It is an exceedingly important and suggestive paper, both in its precise results and as an illustration of a method of inquiry. The author does not draw conclusions in the present paper, but one thing he cannot refrain from saying in reference to the cry "back to the land":—

"As at present existing, the standard of life on the land is lower than in the cities ; the chances of success are less and of poverty are greater ; life is less interesting ; and the likelihood of the workhouse as the place of residence in old age the greater. It is evident that the outcry against the depopulation of the country and the concentration of population in the towns must remain little more than a parrot-cry until something is done to raise the standard of life, and hence the standard of wages, in our purely agricultural districts—to increase the chances of success in life, to make life more interesting, and to bring about a more attractive old age than at present, when under existing conditions the workhouse is apt to loom too large on the horizon of the agricultural labourer."

The other borderland paper is by Dr. E. Westermarck, and discusses the position of women in early civilisation. Among some uncivilised races the position of women is "undoubtedly very bad ; among others it is extremely good, and, generally speaking, it is much better than it is commonly supposed to be." The social status of women does not seem to be necessarily connected with the system of tracing descent along the maternal or paternal line, nor with the degree to which women are economically important, nor with the general culture of the nation. In fact, we know little at present about the real causes on which the position of women in the various human societies depends. But a perusal of Dr. Westermarck's very interesting paper will serve to show the fallacy of not a few hasty generalisations.

SUGGESTIONS OF SOCIOLOGY.

In conclusion, we may in general terms call attention to the importance of this volume of Sociological Papers, not only because of its intrinsic value as affording data and suggestions, but because it is the first fruits of a new society, which, if it continues as it has begun, will soon be a big factor in social progress. The secretary, Mr. Victor V. Branford, deserves to be warmly complimented on his editorial zeal and skill.

THE RURAL HOUSING QUESTION.

By J. H. WHITEHOUSE.



WE are glad to see that there is a general awakening among thoughtful men to the extreme urgency of the question of Rural Housing, and to the manner in which it affects the most vital interests of the nation. But it is still far from being generally understood that a chief cause of the unhappy state which prevails at the present time is our present building by-laws, which, though originally framed for the protection of the poor, have become the instrument of their oppression, and are largely responsible for the steady exodus from the country to the towns, and the consequent increase in the extent and gravity of the problems of both. It is a question which urgently calls for the attention of Parliament, and its consideration can be much longer postponed only at a grave risk to our national welfare.

There are, however, good grounds for hoping that recent events will lead to the building by-laws throughout the country being entirely overhauled and remodelled to meet existing needs, and it may be helpful to give here a brief account of the agitation against them with the grounds upon which it is based. Reference must first be made to the remarkable article by Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in the *Nineteenth Century and After*.*

Mr. Blunt owns an estate of 4,000 acres in a poor agricultural district of Sussex. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there was a considerable population, which has gradually dwindled owing to causes which need not be gone into here. There still remained, however, a good number of small freeholders, labourers who owned their own cottages and strips of garden ground. It was reserved for recent times to see the more general exodus of these under the pressure, in a large measure, "of a new class

* October, 1904.

THE RURAL HOUSING QUESTION.

selfishness and the operation of laws devised for the protection of the poor, but so unintelligent in their framing, and so ruthlessly misapplied in other interests than theirs," as to make it impossible for them to continue to live in their ancestral homes. Mr. Blunt then explains how this misapplication has come about.

"The Public Health Act of 1875 was the outcome of a philanthropic movement throughout England caused by the coincidence of a period of great economic prosperity, and of certain gross abuses of speculation in the housing of the poor, made possible by the rapid expansion of town life. On every side London and the great industrial cities were extending their borders, and the same was the case in most country boroughs, and all points where the railways favoured the creation of new urban and suburban centres. Many of these new areas were being covered with houses insanitary in their construction and unsafe for the poor who lodged in them, and the whole question of housing was raised in an acute form."

The Public Health Act of 1875, therefore, came into being. It was essentially an Act for the bettering of the condition of the poor, especially of the London suburban slums, but an unfortunate clause was introduced into it providing that the Poor Law districts might declare themselves to be Urban Districts and so acquire powers similar to those exercised in towns, and be enabled to issue their own by-laws as to building, sanitation, etc. The purpose of the clause originally was that when rural districts began to be built over and assumed an urban character, urban regulations should be applied to them; but it was never intended that they should be made applicable to the whole of the purely agricultural areas included within the rural districts, and Mr. Blunt shows how the clause has been "perverted by human stupidity and human selfishness into an instrument of class tyranny over the labourers of our villages." Half the rural districts of England have become possessed of urban powers, and the results have been entirely disastrous. The candidates for the rural councils are, as a rule, either tradesmen or retired tradesmen; or, perhaps, "a villadweller with idle time on his hands; or, again, men who . . .

SAINT GEORGE.

have ‘an axe to grind.’” In practice it has been found that it is men of the last category who are the directing force in nearly every council, the representatives of certain businesses which have a direct trade interest in urbanising the district—local owners of residential land which they desire to develop, contractors for local work, and, above all, local builders, and so “the urbanising process is pushed on merrily and always at the expense of the agricultural poor.” The peasant is no longer wanted—only the villa-dweller, and an impossible scale of expenditure, under by-laws enforced in the interests of trade, is used to exterminate the former.

“The Public Health Act sprung in ignorance of its meaning on many a rural district, and manipulated since by the local building and contracting interests in connivance with suburban landowners, has become not only the instrument of a vast amount of jobbing expenditure of all kinds in rural England, but also an engine of direct tyranny, which is driving the indigenous English peasantry from the soil of its forefathers.”

Now to Mr. Blunt’s own experiences. He has long wished to re-erect peasant holdings, but the expense prevented its economic success. This year, however, he had erected on the New Forest a single-storied iron bungalow. It was simple in construction, effective in its comfort, and wonderfully cheap. He inhabited it for some time, and tested its practical advantages. He then gave a commission to his estate carpenter to erect two similar cottages to serve as an experiment for further cottage-building in Sussex. This he could do at the small cost of £130 for a building covering 700 feet area, with a verandah of 240 feet more, and an out-building containing wash-house and closet—“as snug and sanitary a home as any poor man could wish to inhabit; for there was a large fireplace in every room, roof ventilation, and ample door and window space.” These two cottages had been built where there were no builders’ by-laws, away from Mr. Blunt’s principal property. He now wished to erect similar ones on the latter, where, however, urban powers had been obtained and the London

THE RURAL HOUSING QUESTION.

by-laws were in force. The plan of a cottage was therefore submitted to a rural council, and no definite objection was raised until the building materials were ready and the houses were about to be erected. The council then gave notice that the plan was disapproved as violating the by-laws. Mr. Blunt, however, very properly considered that he was fighting for the interests of the whole community, and resolved to proceed and to trust to the discretion of the county magistrates. The cottage was therefore built. It replaced a very poor one for which a rent of 3s. 6d. had been paid. The new cottage cost £130, and even with an additional quarter of an acre for garden thrown in, Mr. Blunt was able to reduce the former rent by a shilling without loss. However, Mr. Blunt's builder was summoned by the council for building other than with bricks and mortar. A further action was brought against Mr. Blunt, and a continuing penalty of two shillings a day was imposed against him to oblige him to pull the building down.

The immediate amendment which Mr. Blunt urges in the Public Health Act is that no by-law of any rural sanitary authority shall apply to any new building to be erected on a freehold property where such building is more than a given number of yards from the nearest other dwelling or past the property of adjacent owners. This is an amendment which appears wise and reasonable, and admirably calculated to solve the difficulty which at present exists. It will be an effectual safeguard against the risk of damage to adjacent property through fire if the buildings proposed to be erected are of wood, and it will at the same time give every encouragement to builders to give plenty of ground to each cottage.

Mr. Blunt has been joined in his crusade by Sir William Grantham, one of His Majesty's judges and a large Sussex landowner. Sir William Grantham has been subjected to not a little abuse in connection with his action; but he has been solely actuated by a sincere desire to solve the housing difficulty on wise

SAINT GEORGE.

and reasonable lines, and in the true interests of the peasant class. Like Mr. Blunt, Sir William Grantham proposed to build cottages for the agricultural workers on his estate, but was prevented from doing so by his rural council. Sir William also headed a large deputation to the President of the Local Government Board in November last, and presented the following statement of facts:—

1. That the by-laws governing the building of cottages in the country are enforced by those who either have no knowledge of the *locus in quo* or no knowledge of the wants and requirements of the district, or no ability to administer, or an interest against the landlord or person desirous of building, or a desire to administer by-laws suitable for towns but most unsuitable for country districts, or there is a desire on the part of the councils or officials of the councils to strain the language of the by-laws against the building owner, and instead of assisting him throwing every obstacle in the way of his carrying out the desired work.

2. That hundreds more cottages would have been built all over the country, which would have prevented (to some extent) the people from crowding into the towns, if there had been more suitable by-laws, or an elasticity allowed to those who administer them, or if there had been no by-laws in those places or districts where there is no necessity to enforce them.

The reply of Mr. Walter Long to this deputation was distinctly encouraging. Whilst he did not definitely commit himself to his future course of action, he stated that a model code of by-laws for rural districts had already been drawn up, and that under these by-laws cottages might be built either in wood or other materials. Only in the matter of sanitation were by-laws applicable to rural buildings. And he further promised to examine the rural code again, with a sympathetic desire to relieve unwise and unnecessary restrictions; but added that in his view it was absurd that where only trees and grass existed rules should be applied that were only intended for aggregations of houses in towns.

The reply of Mr. Long will do much to encourage the reforming party, and the new movement has also received considerable impetus from the most helpful and suggestive cor-

THE RURAL HOUSING QUESTION.


respondence which has been appearing in the pages of the *Spectator*, *The County Gentleman*, and other papers. In this correspondence emphasis has been rightly placed on the necessity for wooden buildings to be freely permitted in all rural districts. These are already common in America—a country which is subject to far greater extremes of heat and cold than Britain. Yet such houses are absolutely weather-tight, warm, and sanitary. Their cost is considerably less than any houses which could be built with bricks or stones, and their general introduction in this country would mean that landowners and others would be able to house the peasant and labouring classes in rural districts at a capital outlay which would bring a remunerative return.

The introduction of such buildings in this country would mean a considerable help towards the solution of one of the most pressing aspects of the housing problem. The least to be contended for is permission to build under the model set of by-laws drawn up by Mr. Long, to which reference has been made. It may reasonably be hoped that the movement under discussion will receive an impetus from the approaching exhibition of cottages to be held at Hitchin under the auspices of *The County Gentleman* and The First Garden City Company, Limited, which is designed to bring to an end the search for a cottage costing not more than £150 to build, which, whilst healthy, convenient, and adequate, is not lacking in the elements of beauty.

SOME FUNCTIONS OF A UNIVERSITY.

By J. A. DALE, M.A.

"In looking back over the last thirty years, I realise how the whole relationship of the English universities to the English people has changed and broadened. Within that time we have seen one barrier after another crumbling, parting, and being swept away. Thirty years ago the universities of England were the universities of the few; to-day they are the universities of the many; to-morrow, I trust, they will be the universities of all. The barrier of creed has practically gone, the barrier of sex is going, and now the task before us is to see that the social barrier shall go as well—that the possession of money or the want of it shall no longer stand in the way of getting a sound, solid, and complete university education."

 HERE is a clear and strong statement of an educational ideal, from the lips of one in a position of authority—one, moreover, not a waster of words—the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool. Let us put by its side the words in which the Chancellor of the University of Birmingham reviewed the circumstances of the foundation of his University:—

"We found that there was a great opportunity not only for ourselves, but for other great provincial cities, to create a series of universities which, *in the first place*, would bring home to the population the advantage of the highest education, and which, *in the second place*, would specialise this highest education with some more definite idea of its application to science than had hitherto been found to be possible."

It is evident that the new universities are conscious that we are reaching a new stage of education in which they have a part to play; and that this part is to lie mainly in reaching "the population"—they are to be "for all." This sets us wondering what is the real character of the ideal "university education for all," and what are the next steps towards its realisation. The claim of education for all is essentially modern; everywhere the

SOME FUNCTIONS OF A UNIVERSITY.

child of protestantism. More broadly, the child of liberty; as such first recognised by the ardent zealots of the French Revolution, and afterwards by the makers of modern Germany, in their heroic building of an empire from the fragments left by Napoleon. The national conscience is now waking to this; many things, some of them unwelcome, have contributed to the awakening. It is now no longer necessary to plead for education in most quarters; although it is secretly distrusted by reactionaries, and by those who live upon the produce of ignorance. Certainly the new universities regard it as a thing very desirable, both for its own sake and for the sake of scientific progress.

Perhaps the first thought that any attempt towards education "for all" suggests is that of certain obstacles which make the heart faint, and give the ideal the pathetic charm of distance. It must await the removal of some clear impossibilities of culture—await, though it may help. Those who have the opportunities and do not use them must be left out of account; we need not inquire whether their "impossibility" is that "of dressing on £1,000 a year," or the still sadder case reported from America "of making ends meet at Newport on an income of £80,000." The middle-class will look after itself, as middle-classes do. But what is to be done in face of long and heavy manual labour, in-and-out-employment, bad housing? for these things sap both the power and the desire to improve.

It will take more than another thirty years to work through the weary list. Meanwhile the leeway is always increasing, men sinking past help, children growing up without it. However, our creaking wagon is safely hitched to a star-ideal; all, we are told, will have the chance of "a sound, solid, and complete university education," "the highest." At first sight we would expect to find the details of this education, at once all-embracing and universally attainable, only in the entrancing pages of *Inside-complete-you-are Britannia-ware*. But the occasion upon which Principal Dale's words were used reassures us. It was at a

SAINT GEORGE.

conference between representatives of the universities and the working men's organisations of the North, convened by The Association to Promote the Higher Education of the Working Classes. Let us then abandon the superlative and see what the conference understood by "higher" education. All the working men's representatives referred to the opposition between "bread-and-butter education" and "liberal education": and all pleaded strongly for the latter. No one was more emphatic on this point than the president of the Women's Co-operative Guild—Mrs. Bury, of Darwin, a name to be mentioned with honour by all who care for the welfare of working women. This association was founded in August, 1903, at a conference in Oxford, over which the Bishop of Hereford presided. Among its first supporters were some of *Saint George's* best friends, including the Dean of Durham and Professor Sadler.* Its object was stated to be "the adoption of existing and the devising of fresh means by which working people of all degrees—even the most unskilled and ignorant—can be raised educationally, plane by plane, until they are able to take advantage of the facilities afforded by the universities. It is believed that this work can best be furthered by an associated effort of trades unions, co-operative societies, and University Extension authorities. The basis of the constitution, therefore, is the joint action of representatives of the workers' organisations and of the universities of the country." The great importance of this association from our present point of view is that it has brought out these strong expressions from many of the highest representatives both of the working class and the universities; declarations of the value of liberal education and the function of universities to diffuse it as widely as possible.

Let us take any rough working definition of "liberal" education, and then consider it a little from the points of view of matter and agency. Education that is liberal has no *direct* bearing upon daily wage-earning work; it is desired for its own sake, or

* The Secretary is Mr. A. Mansbridge, Windsor Road, Ilford, Essex.

SOME FUNCTIONS OF A UNIVERSITY.

for ideal reasons which are latent in the word liberal—the privilege of the free and gentle. This definition does not prevent us from recognising the urgency of education for bread and butter, it only insists upon the value of education for intellectual freedom. What is urgent for livelihood is not for that reason most valuable for life.

I. *Matter (or Substance)*. For our present purpose we must consider schoolwork as done—its mental discipline achieved. Assuming the preparatory intellectual training, we may hope for some agreement as to the substance of a liberal education; if we say with Ruskin, “what it is most honourable to know it is also most profitable to learn; and the science which it is the highest power to possess, it is also the best exercise to acquire.” Let us make a tentative scheme of such knowledge, based on the facts of the world in which a man finds himself: which it is presumably good for him to appreciate. They are all branches of that Philosophy—the loving study of wisdom—which is the chief subject of “higher” education.

- A. Nature. (a) Nature study.
(b) The natural sciences.
(c) The arts of expression, based on observation.
- B. Society. (a) History.
(b) The social sciences.
(c) The art of life in society.

C. Literature The record of human emotion and knowledge.

A. It is no longer so necessary to plead for science as an essential part of education. As nature-study it is improving the curriculum of schools, giving to children's intellect its most natural food. As method, it is revolutionising teaching. Its applications to manufacture and commerce are everywhere insisted on; the need of it gave perhaps their chief stimulus to the new universities. From the point of view of liberal education, its importance is even greater as necessary to a rational appreciation of life. Some knowledge of the great principles and hypotheses

SAINT GEORGE.

of science, some share of the scientific temper in dealing with facts—these are essential to the mind which is to be “free.”

Whatever the subject taught, an essential part of the teaching, if it is to be “liberal,” must bear upon its relation to associated subjects. The special subject must be supplemented by its philosophy, and thus armed against the dangers of the groove.

B. One of the greatest safeguards against this danger which besets the schools is to be found in the study of social conditions and social service: the modern science of sociology in all its branches. “One would imagine, indeed, by a glance at the state of the world, that there was no such science, and, indeed, it is one still in its infancy.” That is still too true: but not so true as it was, thanks largely to Ruskin. “It implies, in its full sense, the knowledge of the operations of the virtues and vices of men upon themselves and society: the understanding of the ranks and offices of their intellectual and bodily powers in their various adaptations to art, science, and industry; the understanding of the proper offices of art, science, and labour themselves, as well as of the foundations of jurisprudence, and broad principles of commerce; all this being coupled with practical knowledge of the present state and wants of mankind.” This is the widest virgin field, both in research and teaching, waiting for the universities, and work in it will bring them into the closest touch with the problems of modern civilisation. Above all, perhaps, with the questions centred about the conditions of landholding; and the great problems—how to live in cities, and how not to. The former, if you have to; the latter, if you can help it—unless it be a Garden City, or you can help to make it one.

C. Literature has enormous advantage as a liberalising agency in its range of subject-matter and its appeal to so many sides of imagination: for it is the chief treasury of the republic of mind. Here, perhaps, is the widest scope of all for the extended teaching activities of the universities of the future. Into its rich granaries come the harvests of every field.

SOME FUNCTIONS OF A UNIVERSITY.

II. *Agency*. In all branches there is a more or less rigid distinction between the training of specialists (teachers or practitioners), and the diffusing of that general education within which our present scope lies. What is the most available means to this end, so far as concerns universities?

The question immediately reminds us of the great gap between schools and universities on their present basis. There is much movement at either side towards its reduction, and many admirable agencies are doing their best to fill it: the ultimate university will in all probability rest upon the co-ordination of these independent agencies. Meanwhile the gap remains. The vast majority of our children leave school before the age at which any liberal education is possible, and very often without the training which is its needful preparation. Then their lives are sharply broken. Their further "education" is left to the school in which we are told (by a half-truth) that *fools* learn: to casual agencies for good, and strenuous ones for evil: to businesses that may be immoral, and are almost always interested, in their motives. The real problems are how to provide for the years of rapid mental development after the present limit; to meet the demand from those who have already left school and are beginning to be conscious of the desirability of an education they do not possess; and still more to stimulate that demand. In the last resort this can only be done by a resolute tackling of those impossibilities of culture mentioned at the outset; and towards this the specialists on both sides must work by the most careful study into actual conditions, and the utmost courage and honesty in acting upon their results.

The extensions to cover the gap come from both sides.

(a) Within the schools the foundation must be well laid: one of the hopefulest things is the general improvement of the schools, making them a broader basis for future culture and citizenship. Of these changes it is possible to mention but a few, and those most briefly—the direct reference is necessarily limited to primary

SAINT GEORGE.

schools. We need a higher age limit. This would make it possible to reduce the number of compulsory subjects in the earlier part of the school course, and teach them more thoroughly—breadth of mind to be gained, not by dabbling in many subjects, but by development and discipline of mental power; followed in the later part by the beginning of general culture, and after school days by the amplest opportunities compatible with wage-earning. We need freedom in the time table (for the good teachers more and more, as the bad get fewer) for the appreciation of the wealth of pleasure and profit to be got from the outside world; the last great “continuation school,” for which we are arranging the “preparatory.” We need an organised system of evening continuation schools. But above all we need more and better teachers—better trained and better paid. We have been slower to abolish child-labour in our schools than in our factories. Though we are glad to think that the old form of the pupil-teacher system is doomed, that by no means forbids the using of quick-witted children to help the slow: as was done with excellent results in a school I knew twenty years ago. We need to see that none of our children are starving while we foolishly try to teach them: nor tired out with the long night’s preparation for the morning market. None of these things are impracticable: all of them are being done in fragmentary ways, and in all of them progress is visible.

(b) The chief corresponding movement is the University Extension, worked mainly by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge; then by London, Liverpool and Manchester; with others, perhaps, soon to be added. This movement was started with the object of providing university teaching for people who could not avail themselves of it unless it were brought to them: hence the system of peripatetic lecturers. The great hope of the founders was to bring the kind of education they thought best within the reach of the working classes, just as the new universities are hoping to do now. The substance of this education has developed by a natural process till it consists of the subjects which lend themselves best to the

SOME FUNCTIONS OF A UNIVERSITY.

lecture system, and have hitherto been considered to have the most liberalising tendency. The lecture system (though something might be said of its limits in these days of printing and the typewriter) is admirably suited for this purpose. The living voice, when it speaks the active and sympathetic mind, can never be superseded for what Socrates called the "midwifery" of ideas. Great and growing its success has been and is, but the Extension Movement has not won its greatest success among the working classes; though its influence on their teachers is very considerable. The Extension by no means stands alone in this experience. Although many admirable agencies are at work with varying success, yet in the aggregate they have barely touched the working classes. The thousands with whom they have done excellent work are lost in the hundreds of thousands whom they cannot reach. This is true, without under-rating the stability and far-reaching influence of their work, and without for one moment indulging the easy but stupid method of counting heads. The few might leaven the lump, if they were the only leaven at work: the ferment of society comes from other yeasts. Among the many reasons for this non-success there is one which demands notice. The movement was too exclusively from above. The problem lies (as in all economics) less in supply than in the right kind of demand. In this case supply and demand have not fairly met. The working classes were not ready for what the universities had to give, and the universities did not know what the working classes wanted.

(c) This brings us back to the hopeful movement from which we started. The organisation of working class education must be done primarily by the workers themselves. Their leaders know as none else can what are the conditions to be faced, what the difficulties to avoid, and how to get into touch with their fellows. The work of the universities is plain—to send out teachers, devoted and inspiring workers, as they have so often done: but more than all, in fullest sympathy with the aspirations of the best representatives of labour, to raise their class to greater intellectual

freedom. One of the most striking features of the Report brought from America by the Mosely Commission is that there people believe in education. It is because many of our own labour leaders believe in it, that the formation of the Association for the Higher Education of the Working Classes is one of the most hopeful signs in the social outlook. Their organisations can best stimulate the demand. They can best say how the federation of local educational agencies can cover the ground without disastrous overlapping, and be firmly based on local needs. They are in fact the experts in the demand (and the lack of it), as the universities should be in the supply.

It is only, I believe, by this co-operation that the noble words of Principal Dale, with which I began, can be vindicated. The organism of society is always developing—its growth demands guidance and opportunity, neither of which have been very obvious in the lives of too many of its members. Guidance must try to make clear the integral unity of society and of knowledge—to give some insight into the natural processes, which in all organisms link the many and the one. From this concentration springs power—the kindling of the hearth, the joy of growth.

It is not necessary to conceive such a university as charged with the education of all, but rather as inspiring and making more efficient all educational agencies. It is futile to regard it as the sole proprietor of a cure for all the ills of society. But serving at once and transcending local needs, it will offer the chance to all who are fit (in their own strength and by the grace of society) to follow their bent on lines that make for freedom. It will provide fully-trained teachers in as many departments of life as possible (not professional only): while its working-class fellows will do their part in increasing the number of those who desire even the "little more" which is "what worlds away!"

We shall then have worked back to the old meaning of the word "university"—a *guild or union of students*: but we shall have immeasurably enriched it. It will be the great kinship of

SOME FUNCTIONS OF A UNIVERSITY.

those who desire education for its own sake, and as passport to a life more abundantly wealthy—"beyond" (in the most literal sense) "the dreams of avarice." These comrades may not see in education a panacea for all the countless outbreaks of original sin: but they will claim for it a mighty prowess in the upward strife of the race.

The chief function then of this university is to help the greatest possible number to help themselves and others. That is, to help build the broadest foundations for "the empire that abides."

AN EARLY FRENCH VIEW OF RUSKIN.

By EDWARD MCGEGAN.

RUSKIN is still, generally speaking, an unknown quantity on the Continent. A vague conception of the personality of the man and of the nature of his work prevails; but it is a conception tinged with caricature, and altogether inadequate to a right appreciation of either. The stormy contests aroused in Britain by his theories on art and economics were as a ferment of merely national importance; as a kind of bloodless civil war, the results of which could have no bearing upon the destinies of other peoples: one, therefore, unrecorded, while it was waged, by foreign correspondents. There is an insularity of the Continent as well as of these islands of ours; and Ruskin was the victim of it, the Continent the loser by it.

And yet this isolation of Ruskin was not a result of Continental insularity alone. Other factors must have contributed to deny to him that universality of influence or, at least, of interest, exerted by his great foreign contemporaries, Renan, Tolstoy, and Ibsen. It is not our present purpose to search for and to note these factors—some of which are simple and obvious, others complex and difficult to find and fix—save what may be found in the book we have under review; we would simply hint, in passing, that such a search is an integral part of any complete study of Ruskin: that the study of the life and work of a writer of Ruskin's calibre—of one who deals, as a master, with all the interests and activities of man and with all the forms and aspects of nature; of one to whom the soul of the long historic past is alive—even though he sees that past as a succession of somewhat arbitrarily selected periods meriting passionate praise or equally passionate blame; of one who is not seduced by the morbid pleasure which inevitably accompanies vehement and splendid denunciation of the present,

but throws himself into the life and struggle of that present so that a brighter and saner future may be its issue—is a study which, if it is to bear the fullest results, to lead to something more than fellowship in a narrow cult, must go beyond the life and work of the individual writer, even beyond the life and work of his nation, and take careful note of the conditions of life and the tendencies of progress or reaction among other peoples.

The bibliography of French works on Ruskin consists almost entirely of the titles of books dealing generally with, or with special manifestations of, English life, literature and art, and of articles in reviews: only two or three books—half-a-dozen at most—are devoted exclusively to the life and work of Ruskin. Of these last, we propose to deal briefly with the earliest, M. Milsand's *L'Esthétique Anglaise*.*

As the title of his book implies, M. Milsand deals only with Ruskin's writings on art. He has, of course, to refer, and frequently, to Ruskin's views on social life and economics so far as these had received expression down to 1864; but he refers to them exclusively with regard to their bearing upon æsthetics. He could not have done otherwise, for in 1864 Ruskin had only just entered upon the field of definite economic debate, and had therefore to be regarded primarily as an exponent and reformer of art. And this gives the book a peculiar interest and value: the interest and value of a study of Ruskin's æsthetics unprejudiced by personal attitude towards his later-evolved system (if we may use the word) of economics or by the violent public discussion of this.

Read again the title of M. Milsand's book: *English Æsthetics: A Study of John Ruskin*. It is a little vague, is it not? We might even suggest that it is a little mischievous, were not the whole book instinct with seriousness—for it leaves us uncertain whether we are to regard English æsthetics as the invention of Ruskin or Ruskin merely as their chief exponent. We soon learn

* *L'Esthétique Anglaise: Etude sur M. John Ruskin*. Par J. Milsand. Paris: G. Baillière. Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine. 1864.

that it implies something of the one and much of the other ; and few who have given any serious study to art will contradict the implication. Ruskin's artistic propaganda, says M. Milsand, captured a large part of the public which had never before been interested in questions of æsthetics ; and

“his theories themselves, like his appreciations, were in their origin eminently English : that is one of the causes of the rapid popularity which they procured for him. It is easily seen that they strike their root in the instincts, the qualities and the defects of the national character, that they appeal to what is most permanent in it, to its religious convictions, its protestant traditions, and its intense love for nature ; that, like it, they are a remarkable compound of imagination and realism, a combination in which all sentiments and affections, from the moral sense and the poetic sensibility to the sentiment of reality, decidedly predominate over abstract intelligence. As to the ideas which he has formed of the end of painting, of the education, the discipline, and the self-government which he regards as appropriate to the formation of the artist, we shall soon see that he leads us into spheres of thought which are not at all French, which are situated almost at the antipodes of the intellectual regions which we are accustomed to explore.”

If these words are true (and we submit that they are true, save that the author, in the last sentence, fails to recognise that the French temperament manifests, in æsthetics as in matters political and social, not one but two extremes) we shall find in M. Milsand's book something much more piquant and valuable than the interpretation and criticism of one aspect of a great writer—the interpretation and criticism of a national trait. And it may not be superfluous to point out that as M. Milsand is out of sympathy with the tendencies of the French art of his time—is disheartened, we presume, by the uncompromising realism of Courbet and his followers, and by the revolutionary aims and the excesses of the purely experimental stage of impressionism—our fears of being led astray by a foreigner need not weigh heavily upon us. Our author aims at creating an æsthetic independent of time and place.

In his preface, M. Milsand thus condenses the purpose of his book : “My aim has been, above all, to take the part of painters

AN EARLY FRENCH VIEW OF RUSKIN.

against the abstract decisions of philosophers and mere thinkers." He finds that down till the fifteenth century the artist, *as artist*, "lived in a kind of sanctuary; he belonged to a brotherhood which had its secrets and formed a world apart; he received by initiation the traditions of his predecessors, and in painting he recognised as judges only his masters and his peers." Images, not abstract ideas, were what mainly influenced the minds of men. But "since the Renaissance, reflection and reasoning have invaded artists themselves, and for a century past the press, governments, popular education, have largely succeeded in drawing painting from its sanctuary and placing it under the public gaze." M. Milsand sees danger in this: "Now that pictures have the whole nation for their public, artists often find themselves submitted to the jurisdiction of the public which does not paint; . . . imagination and the plastic faculties submit to the authority of the intellectual faculties." But painting, he declares, "is a language by itself, reserved to a particular order of sentiments, intuitions, and thoughts;" but he fears that under modern conditions it "has almost lost the sentiment of its scope and purpose." And perhaps chief among those who seek to turn painting from its true path he finds Ruskin. Ruskin

"is the last word of the literary spirit applied to the things of art. His efforts . . . have tended to renew painting only by entirely assimilating pictures with books, by demanding from them all that those minds which are not concerned with art can love in the writings of poets, scholars, and thinkers. Further, by his defects and his qualities alike, by his logic, which pushes everything to an extreme, as by the changeableness of his ideas, which have carried him alternately to the two poles of thought, Ruskin is almost a complete expression of the good and the evil which the literary influence can exert upon the plastic arts. We find in him the best of what outside thinkers can give to painting, what alone can save it from the routine of the studio and the idolatry of processes We find in him a profound sentiment of the moral conditions which the painter must fulfil if he is to make the most of his faculties and be rightly inspired by what imagination he has. But at the same time we find in him the radical

SAINT GEORGE.

error which has always condemned abstract reasoning to mistake the real nature of pictures and sculptures: . . . a demand for ideas, always ideas; that is, the ideas of the romancer, the historian, the botanist, the geologist, the anatomist!"

M. Milsand does not deny that intellectual ideas have their place in painting as in literature; only "it is not under the same form that they should enter into a picture."

"Farewell," he cries, "to the magic of art, farewell to the emotions which it alone can produce, if it desires too much to play the rôle of science, of morality, of poetry even; if to satisfy more fully the faculties which are peculiar to the thinker, the poet, the man who is not an artist, it seeks too little to satisfy the instincts and the aspirations which distinguish the painter and the sculptor, the particular aptitudes and sensibilities which enter more or less into the organisation of every man, but which have nothing in common with his intellect, his moral sense, his poetic imagination."

In the first chapter, which he devotes to an explanation of his own views on æsthetics so that his arguments for and against Ruskin may be rendered clearer, and in the subsequent chapters, in which Ruskin's writings on art are passed in review, M. Milsand amplifies and argues these points with refreshing skill and honesty. But the quotations we have given from the preface make the issue clear; we need therefore do no more than glance hurriedly at some of the important criticisms and conclusions in the body of the book.

M. Milsand's own system of æsthetics may be briefly summed up as an exaltation of the liberty and self-sufficiency of the æsthetic imagination. The conceptions which go to the making of painting are very closely related to the nature of ideas properly so called, but the idea which they involve always addresses itself before all else to the senses and remains essentially emotional in its appeal. The poetic impression (and under the poetic he includes painting, written poetry, and music) is at once sensation, thought and will, and

AN EARLY FRENCH VIEW OF RUSKIN.

“need only be abandoned to itself or, if we prefer it, abandoned to our imagination, in order to take form spontaneously in our spirit by a conception made after its image; if we give ourselves up to it, stilling all our intellectual faculties, especially the analytical, it will of itself take rhythm, form and thought.”

The poetic conception is

“in itself and by right of birth a perfect harmony of thought, sensation, and will . . . it is a conception produced by the harmonious action of all our emotional, thinking and acting powers.”

But we have lost sight of this; and it is science, intellectual specialism in all its forms, that has blinded us. Metaphysics has failed to erect a system of æsthetics because it is wholly swayed by reason and intellect. “What has passed for some centuries for æsthetics is the very negation of æsthetics;” it regards “the creation of the poet as simply a transcription of an external fact verified by his intellect.” And poets and painters make the same mistake—they too, like the metaphysicians, attribute all the highest moments of their imagination to some external power.

This system, it is obvious, is something very different from Ruskin's. Ruskin, says M. Milsand, has carried all his interests, all his affections and prejudices into art. However much he may deal with architecture and painting, it is not the desire for beautiful pictures and good architecture that dominates him, but the elevation of man in every sense, and the desire to give to the painter and the architect the rôle which will best enable him to contribute towards this. His æsthetics is thus a conflict of thoughts and impressions from all quarters, capable of co-ordination into a system only by constant contradiction and lack of logic; a system vitiated, further, by the fact that Ruskin's education was primarily literary, and that the truths of form, colour, and appearance which he declares it is the business of the painter to seize and present, are thus aspects of truth as it appears to the man of letters.

SAINT GEORGE.

In his writings on architecture, Ruskin was not led so far astray by his æsthetic theories as he was when he dealt with painting. These form the "most completely satisfying, if not the most powerful," part of his writings on art. What is best in them comes from his perception of the all-important fact that architecture and painting inevitably decline when they remain aloof from personal sentiment and liberty, and from his strenuous endeavours to reintroduce into these forms of art "that individual element which alone is life, inspiration, liberty, progress, originality—that is, the soul and essence of all art." What is weak and false in his theories comes from other sources; from, for example, the idea that an architectural structure should be but the framework of a sculptural decoration based upon love for nature; from his extreme insistence upon both the esoteric and the literal meanings of "love for nature," and his confusion of them while trying to reconcile them; and, above all, from his benevolent but mistaken belief that art should be a mere statement: that the merit of a painting or a sculpture is exactly in proportion to the amount, the importance, and the accuracy of the knowledge it gives us of the nature of things. Ruskin's whole theory of art (we but condense and paraphrase M. Milsand's arguments) is intimately associated with his religious ideas. He did not set out, in the study of art, from his religious beliefs: it is rather to these that he afterwards tries to relate the ideas and impressions which have come to him from all quarters; and it is largely from this that springs that constant confusion of art with morality which makes him at once one of the most stimulating and one of the most unreliable of writers on art. The quality which in *The Stones of Venice* distinguishes Ruskin from all other writers on architecture—that "psychological point of view which endeavours to discover in the works of man the moral and intellectual state from which they proceed as well as the moral and intellectual influence they ought to exercise"—is his greatest contribution to æsthetics; but it is also the main source of all that is false in his

AN EARLY FRENCH VIEW OF RUSKIN.

æsthetic teaching—of “that immoderate preoccupation with the *signification* of works of art, with the knowledge they can transmit, with the teaching they can give to the spirit—of that tendency to make all forms of art perform what is the function of literature alone.”

The issue between Ruskin and M. Milsand as regards painting may be put succinctly thus: To the latter, painting is that form of poetry in which the language of imagination, which consists in expressing a human sentiment by means of aspects of nature, risks the greatest loss by becoming a simple description of nature. This has generally been overlooked by thinkers, and by none more than by Ruskin, who dogmatically states that the sole aim of painting is to enable us to know things as they are impersonally; an assertion which denies to the painter the right and the possibility of expressing his own personality through his work.

We may not agree with M. Milsand when he says that the five volumes of Ruskin's *Modern Painters* resemble a district “which contains fossils of different ages, beings belonging to successive creations separated from each other by cataclysms.” The criticism is extreme; but it is partly justified by the amount of truth it contains. Ruskin's great work was begun before he had evolved any clear and comprehensive system of æsthetics; and though wider experience and extended knowledge widened the scope of the later volumes and modified some of his earlier utterances, Ruskin could never reconcile his countless divergent views: he could, at most, only disguise from himself their hopeless contradictions. At one moment he is the most extreme of realists, demanding not only truth of form, colour, and appearance, but also all the separate truths which specialised science can perceive in natural objects. At another, he is the most enthusiastic of mystics, demanding that the painter be also a poet and philosopher, a moralist and religious zealot. This, remarks M. Milsand, may be a noble and beautiful function for the artist to perform, but Ruskin exacts the impossible.

SAINT GEORGE.

M. Milsand passes in careful review Ruskin's views on imagination, on composition, on beauty, ignoring nothing of importance that is right or wrong in these, and sparing neither praise nor blame. We agree with him in the main. We think that he lays too much stress on pure imagination and the part it plays in painting; that he is mistaken in regarding it as endowed with a chemical faculty of such unerring power that only the rudiments of other faculties are necessary to a painter; and that the painter, as painter, has almost nothing in common with other men. His point of view, so diametrically opposed to Ruskin's, naturally leads him to an opposite extreme—though to one far less dangerous to the fortunes of painting; and we cheerfully follow him a great part of the way—the more cheerfully in that we find Ruskin lingering at many unexpected turns of the road on flying visits from the end of it to which our backs are turned. More than once, indeed, M. Milsand implies, and at least once he clearly states, that in passages of Ruskin he finds not only the germ but the very substance of his own æsthetics. On these occasions his enthusiasm is infectious; but soon, too soon, it is chilled: for Ruskin, “at the very moment when he seems so convinced that objects are to be represented as they appear to our spirit and not as they are in themselves; at the moment when we believe that he has no alternative but to retract his first theory,” cries out that the sole “end and merit of art is to help us to understand the works of God, and that the only standard by which they are to be judged is exact truth to nature—realism!” “The fact is,” says M. Milsand, “that all dissolves between the fingers of Ruskin . . . it is the aim of his logic to reach Rome by every road.”

We have seen that M. Milsand regards Ruskin's fatal errors in æsthetics as springing from two main sources: his over-insistence upon realism or truth to nature, and his view of the relation of art to morals or to the problem of the elevation of the race. We agree with him. The nature and the scope of the æsthetic imagination and the place of “purpose” in art are questions still

AN EARLY FRENCH VIEW OF RUSKIN.

with us, perhaps questions unsolvable; but at this day there is no arrogance in asserting that if Ruskin's theories were applied as absolutely as they were enounced dogmatically art would soon be in a parlous state. And yet, as M. Milsand points out so well, Ruskin's errors arose from an excess rather than from a defect of qualities.

"Ruskin possesses far too much of the great quality of his race, the power of examining in detail. . . . His thirst for analysis always takes the upper hand, his intellectual curiosity always leads him to conclude that the best picture is that which copies most accurately all that we can discover in objects by examining them bit by bit."

But, he adds, every detail of an object inspires so many ideas and emotions in Ruskin that the loss to him would be great if painters presented only their own personal impressions of the world of nature. Similarly with Ruskin's other principal error—his view of the relation of art to morals. It also would destroy the individuality of the painter, for

"the human, pathetic, philosophic, or moral interest, all the interests that are demanded of the artist are simply and precisely what the ignorant crowd looks for in a picture—or rather the educated crowd which has never experienced the particular emotions which it is the purpose of art to render and, unable to appreciate the special qualities of images, demands from these only the merits of a tale or a novel. These merits *may* have a value in painting; they are good up to a certain point, just as the poetic sentiment is good in a treatise on astronomy or geology,"

but they can never be the sole or principal aim of art. Surely here there can be little ground for sympathy with Ruskin?—and yet we have only to turn over a few pages to find that here also Ruskin strayed rather by excess than by defect of qualities. What M. Milsand means will be clear from the following quotation with which we terminate our extracts from his book—a work, far too little known, which we cannot too warmly commend to all who are interested in Ruskin or in that larger subject, æsthetics.

SAINT GEORGE.

"If we could separate Ruskin's moral valuations, his opinions and intuitions which have no basis in reasoning, and the ideas by which he examines these, we would perceive that he goes astray only in his opinions. If we examine his realism we shall find underlying it the feeling, intense and profoundly true, that a great and living art, as great as nature and as man, can have its source only in a universal sympathy, in that inclination which is as the spirit of love—the inclination to be interested in everyone, to discover, by forgetting ourselves, the beauty and the impressive side of every thing. . . . If, again, we examine his tendency to confuse the domain of the painter with that of the writer, we shall find that it includes a feeling no less true of the solidarity of all our faculties, an immense desire to quicken art by uniting it to the movement of our thoughts and by giving to it the passion of our moral nature, a profound perception, above all, of the influence which qualities and defects of character exercise upon our handiworks, upon the picture of the painter or the nail which the workman fashions. And it is mainly in this that Ruskin has been an innovator, for this that he deserves to be heard. If I were asked what fruit of his ideas will remain, I would unhesitatingly reply: what they have truly added to our knowledge—what they have taught us upon the ethics of art.

"The ethics of art, that, in a word, is what European æsthetics owes to England (M. Milsand forgets that much is owed to Diderot); and Ruskin's greatest glory is to have done much towards founding that unknown science."

REVIEWS.

A Boy's Control and Self-Expression. By Eustace Miles, M.A.
Cambridge: 10, St. Paul's Road, 1904. 6s. net.



KEEP fit and keep good." They were favourite words of "Loony" Balfour, the Oxford Blue, who now lies buried amid the heather he loved so well. They might have formed the motto of this book, for Mr. Miles' study is to show how boys may be helped to keep fit, and by keeping fit be one stage nearer, anyhow, to keeping good. The book is valuable because it is the result of personal experience, the experience of one who started, as he tells us, by being a "crock" at racquets, and became, "by taking thought," the champion player of racquets and tennis. It is a study of how the due regulation of our lower life may help the full development of life on its higher plane. It begins with diet. Diet should be meatless, says Mr. Miles. He will not have the word "vegetarian" at any price, because he does not believe in the haphazard way of giving up meat and eating the rest, especially when cabbages are "drained of all their precious juices by ignorant cooks." Milk and cheese, pulse-foods, plasmon, eggs, and nuts are to take the place of the succulent steak. Statistical tables are always mightily convincing as to the superior nutritive value of these things and their economy, but one thing statistical tables always leave out of account, and that is the natural taste. A child must have to eat what it eats with zest, and for town-bred boys, whose danger is not eating enough, this is particularly important. How the "leisurely eating," which Mr. Miles makes the basis of all things, is to be secured under their conditions of life, it is difficult to see, nor would one envy the house-master who took in hand the same task with some two score robustious boarders.

SAINT GEORGE.

Mr. Miles has a scheme of exercises for cricket, lawn tennis, fencing, rowing, boxing, skating and swimming. These are quite American in their elaboration. They require, for the most part, no apparatus and aim at agility, spring and poise rather than the bulky muscles of Sandow and his imitators, to whom the Hercules Farnese or the Bologna sausage would seem to be the *beau idéal* of the human shape divine.

Mr. Miles is admirable on the sex problem. What God has cleansed, it is not for us to call unclean. "When we condemn normal things as improper, we condemn God." The boy must be taught to respect all his organs equally, and to regard himself as "captain of a team of members, a ruler of a kingdom within." There must be perfect frankness between parent and child. The parent or master frankly admitting that he has had his own difficulties will be able to help, because he will win the boy's confidence. The low inclination must be displaced by the higher, as weeds are best overcome by planting good herbs; temptation is to be overcome by rising above it; the mind must be filled if possible through self-suggestion, with a "compelling ambition," a new ideal, not the blue-nosed Deacon sort, but the Christian athlete. There are helps here for the mind as well as the body, and, though I have not said so much about them, they are the most valuable part of the book, which a teacher of boys should read who realises the meaning of his great trust.

Shakspearean Tragedy: Lectures on Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth. By A. C. Bradley, Professor of Poetry at Oxford. London: Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d.

PROFESSOR Bradley's long-expected lectures on Shakspeare are assured beforehand of a hearty welcome. Not only those who have heard him, but those who remember the ripe and sound judgment of his inaugural Oxford lecture,* will be eager to read his exposition of the greatest things in our literature. Since then he has published a very full commentary on *In Memoriam*, marked by minute faithfulness to the text and keen insight into both art and human nature. But it is in this volume that we have the rich ingathering of his long harvest.

Shakspeare study has provided some of the most vital criticism, in awaking very different minds. In the great war against convention which heralded the nineteenth century, the Romantic critics (Schlegel, Coleridge) took sympathetic exposition for their business, instead of judgment by classical standards. But scientific method was long in coming to the aid of sympathy—as long as it has been in the case of political economy. Professor Moulton's book† was a strong plea for the application of inductive method to literary criticism, and Professor Bradley's is the best application of it our literature has yet produced.

The first requisite for the method is "that close familiarity with the plays, that native strength and justice of perception, and that habit of reading with an eager mind, which make many an unscholarly lover of Shakspeare a far better critic than many a Shakspeare scholar. Such lovers read a play more or less as if they were actors who had to study all the parts . . . they want

* *Poetry for Poetry's Sake*: reviewed in these columns, October, 1901.

† *Shakspeare as a Dramatic Artist*: R. G. Moulton.

to realise fully and exactly the inner movements which produced these words and no other, these deeds and no other, at each particular moment." A vivid and imaginative sympathy, a careful and honest analysis—these make the richest enjoyment. "This at any rate is the faith in the strength of which I venture, with merely personal misgivings, on the path of analytic interpretation."

To deepen our pleasure, without accumulating a vast store of aids to pleasure, is the aim and the success of this book. It is a critical education to see the fidelity to the text, and to the impressions it makes: for nothing is easier than in the pursuit of an attractive theory to overlook inconvenient passages, or simulate conventional emotions. Nothing demands a more sleepless intellectual courage; and there is no safeguard like a faithful study of the facts, which in a piece of imaginative literature are the artist's words and the reader's feelings.

Such is Dr. Bradley's method. We can give little idea of the light it enables him to throw upon the plays he studies. Looking at the plays after reading his book, we feel more than ever the glow and pulse of life in their characters. Dramatic art can do nothing greater than to create the image of life on a noble scale, so that its lightest words and acts are the expression of that life. Dr. Bradley makes us realise Shakspeare's closeness to that ideal. His style has a quiet intensity which, in analysis, is apt to become cold. It is always remarkably accurate and clear: and constantly his emotion warms it into a restrained and effective eloquence.* The first lecture is devoted to a study of "the *substance* of Shakspearean Tragedy"—which we had hoped to make the main subject of this review, if time and space had not failed. The second is a study of "the *construction* of Shakspeare's Tragedies." Then after the studies of the plays, there follow a hundred or so pages of notes on crucial passages—remarkably fresh and helpful in treatment.

* of which we had already felt the power in his memoir of R. L. Nettleship.

Criticism preoccupied with its magisterial function will, as a rule, fail to secure the barest justice for the prisoner at the bar—guilty or not. Worse than that, it is always restricting the sources of pleasure. Criticism such as Dr. Bradley's, not seeking judgment, is more likely to attain justice. More than that, it is always helping others to find "infinite riches in a little room."

The Works of John Ruskin. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. Library Edition. Vols. XIII, XIV, XV and XVI. London: George Allen. £1 1s. net each.

IN our issue of October, 1904, we continued our review of this complete edition of Ruskin's works, leaving off at the twelfth volume. Mr. Cook's introductions to the volumes now before us cover the main events and activities of Ruskin's life from 1856 till 1860. These four years of Ruskin's life were mainly spent in arranging the Turner drawings bequeathed to the nation, in the criticism of contemporary art, in the teaching of drawing, and in public lecturing, and the above volumes deal respectively with Ruskin's work in each of these directions.

The thirteenth volume is devoted to Ruskin's writings on Turner and kindred subjects, and includes the Harbours of England, various letters, public and private, on the Turner Bequest, catalogues and letters respecting various exhibitions and collections, and a vast quantity of minor matter relating to the great artist whose genius he so largely revealed and interpreted.

The introduction to this volume is more than ordinarily interesting, for in it we are given the narrative relating to Turner's will and the development of events in connection with his bequest to the nation.

SAINT GEORGE.

Turner died in 1851, whilst Ruskin was at Venice. Turner had appointed him an executor of the will, and had left his pictures and drawings to the nation, and the bulk of his other property to found a charitable institution for decayed artists. Turner's bequest of his pictures to the National Gallery was made on the condition that a room or rooms were added to the present gallery, to be called, when erected, Turner's Gallery, and in which his pictures were to be kept. In the event of the National Gallery not building the gallery within ten years, the bequest was to lapse, and Turner's house in Queen Anne Street, where his pictures were to be kept in the meantime, was to be used as a Turner Gallery. The last part of his will directed that the residue of his estate should be devoted to the founding of a charitable institution for the maintenance and support of poor and decayed male artists, born in England and of English parents. Turner seems to have drafted the will himself without the aid of a solicitor; it was, in many parts, obscure and open to more than one interpretation. Moreover, the main purpose of it, the establishment of the institution for artists, was thought to be contrary to the Charitable Uses Act. Turner's next-of-kin accordingly contested the will, and a long Chancery suit commenced. Ruskin renounced the executorship forthwith, stating in a letter to his father, dated February 17th, 1852: "I must beg you to get me out of the executorship; as the thing now stands it would be mere madness for me to act." The law proceedings lasted until 1856, when the Court of Chancery approved a compromise agreed to by the parties to the suit. The chief results of this compromise were that the charity for decayed artists was thrown over, the next-of-kin got the bulk of Turner's property, except the pictures, which became the property of the nation. It will thus be seen that Turner's dearest wishes were not given effect to, though the main purpose of his will was not open to any doubt.

Turner's sketches, pictures, and drawings were handed over to the National Gallery in 1856, and Ruskin, who was then abroad,

hastened back to the scene of action, for his interest in securing the proper arrangement and exhibition of Turner's works for the benefit of the nation was as keen as ever. He was particularly anxious to arrange the vast quantity of *drawings* which Turner had left, and he offered to undertake the task of arranging the whole collection of drawings and sketches. The offer was accepted by the Trustees of the National Gallery, and the work occupied Ruskin from the early months of 1857 until May, 1858. The labour was of a very exacting character, and it is well that the country should be reminded of the debt it owes Ruskin in this connection.

“‘I was at work altogether on this task,’ says Mr. Allen in a communication to the Editors, ‘for eight months. Mr. Ruskin was very jealous of anyone but his own assistants touching the drawings, lest harm should befall them. After our day’s work at the Gallery, Mr. Ruskin and I used to take the measurements of drawings to Denmark Hill, where I cut with my own hands about 800 thick *passe partout* mounts—these were taken to the gallery and the drawings inserted there.’ He gave an account of his labours in the preface to the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*. He worked, he said, ‘every day, all day long, and often far into the night;’ and, ‘I have never in my life,’ he added, ‘felt so much exhausted as when I locked the last box, and gave the keys to Mr. Wornum in May, 1858.’”

We cannot now refer in greater detail to all that Ruskin did to make Turner's bequest understood and valued by the nation at large, but we may be permitted to give voice to the regret so largely felt at the treatment accorded to the drawings and sketches upon which Ruskin devoted so much labour. The great bulk of these, some thousands in number, are stowed away in tin boxes in the cellars of the National Gallery. There has been a little improvement of late years in the attention they have received, for there is a permanent exhibit of a number in the National Gallery, and six collections have been arranged for loan to provincial galleries, but no adequate attempt has been made or seems likely to be made to utilise and to render accessible one of the most noble

SAINT GEORGE.

gifts ever made to the nation. The Editors of the Library edition deem it their duty to record the fact of the neglect of the Turner bequest, and we can only hope that their words will lead to an awakening of the public, no less than the official conscience.

The plates in the thirteenth volume include photogravures from the engravings of Turner's pictures for the Harbours of England, together with a considerable number of Turner's drawings and sketches in the National Gallery and other collections.

Volume XIV is mainly occupied with Ruskin's *Academy Notes*, but includes his letters and papers on pictures and artists from 1857 to 1858, and his notes on Prout and Hunt (1879-1880).

Ruskin commenced his series of *Academy Notes* in 1855, and continued them annually until 1859. Their commencement was due to the fact that Ruskin was often applied to for advice and criticism, and especially for his opinion of current works of art, and he therefore intended them to serve as a guide to those pictures in the exhibitions of the year which appeared to him most interesting, to quote his own words, either in their good qualities or in their failure. He also intended the notes to support and illustrate general statements in his own writings, and to encourage and trace the growth of the pre-Raphaelite influence.

It is obvious that Ruskin was only able to deal each year with a comparatively small number of the pictures of the year, but his selections were wisely made and were adequate for the special purposes he had in view. Time has vindicated the justice of most of his criticisms, and not a few of these now seem invested with a gift of prophecy.

In the appendix of the fourteenth volume there is a particularly interesting account of the evidence which Ruskin gave before the Royal Academy Commission in June, 1863. This has its lessons even for us to-day.

Volume XV is devoted to the three works which Ruskin produced for the teaching of drawing, namely, *The Elements of Drawing*, first issued in 1857, *The Elements of Perspective*, which

followed in 1859, and *The Laws of Fèsole*, which was not issued until 1877-1878, but which is properly included in this volume on account of its topical connection with the earlier works.

We have already pointed out that the origin of *Academy Notes* was due to the requests Ruskin had for guidance as to pictures, and *The Elements of Drawing* had a similar commencement, for he was continually being applied to for instruction and advice with regard to the practice of drawing, and the book was really a development of his practical work as a teacher at the Working Men's College, then lately founded.

Mr. Cook records the immediate success which *The Elements of Drawing* had, and he rightly attributes this to the originality of its method and to its simplicity of argument in treating a technical matter. There is no doubt that many students of drawing throughout the country received inspiration and practical help from this and the following books. The methods he advocated have had considerable influence, and, to take one instance only, the Science and Art Department issued, in 1890, *A Selection from The Liber Studiorum, A Drawing Book suggested by the Writings of Mr. Ruskin*, as a volume in *The South Kensington Drawing Book*. *The Elements of Drawing* has been translated into German and into Italian, and has also had a wide circulation in America.

The Elements of Perspective, which appeared two years after *The Elements of Drawing*, was meant as a companion volume to complete Ruskin's text book of elementary drawing. This work did not make the popular appeal of the first book, and no second edition was called for.

The Laws of Fèsole was really a new version of *The Elements of Drawing*, which latter had long been allowed by Ruskin to remain out of print. The book is not complete; it was described as volume I, but Ruskin never completed the scheme intended. The book follows in general scope *The Elements of Drawing*, its main object being "to suggest the manner in which drawing might

SAINT GEORGE.

most helpfully be made a part of general education, and to lay down a scheme for the elements only of professional education in art."

The illustrations in volume XV are of particular interest, as they include more than a hundred reproductions of Ruskin's drawings and diagrams illustrating his own teaching.

Volume XVI contains the lectures delivered by Ruskin during the years 1856-1860, with his letters upon the Oxford Museum, and other matter. The lectures now brought together are: *A Joy for Ever and its Price in the Market*, originally issued in 1857 under the title of *The Political Economy of Art*, *The Inaugural Address at the Cambridge School of Art* (1858), and *The Two Paths* (1859). The other lectures, addresses, etc., included in the volume were delivered during the same years, but were not included by Ruskin in any of his published works. In Mr. Cook's Introduction we are again made aware of the reluctance which Ruskin's parents had to his becoming a public lecturer. To their minds it meant waste of energy, for they regarded it as much more important that he should write. Lecturing appeared to them, moreover, to involve a loss of dignity. In the extract which is given from one of his letters to his parents on the subject, he shews that he wished not only to increase the range of his influence, but to produce immediate effect. This was a true explanation of his appearance as a lecturer, for Ruskin was far too earnest to remain content with the written word if he could secure the success of his teaching by other methods.

We cannot here refer in detail to the circumstances under which the various lectures in the volume were produced, but we hope our readers will consult for themselves Mr. Cook's Introduction, which covers Ruskin's thought and work during this period in a very full manner. Particularly interesting too is the account which he gives of the inception and building of the Oxford Museum, which was later to be associated with an important crisis in Ruskin's life.

We must, however, find space to refer to appendix IX, which contains the evidence given by Ruskin before the Public Institutions Committee. This Committee was appointed "to inquire whether it is in the power of Parliament to provide, or of this House to recommend, further facilities for promoting the helpful recreation and improvement of the people by placing institutions supported by general taxation within reach of the largest section of the taxpayers, at hours, on weekdays, when, by any ordinary custom of trade, such persons are free from toil." Ruskin gave evidence before this Committee on March 20th, 1860, and took the opportunity, in reply to many questions from members of the Committee, to give his views on a number of questions respecting the working men of this country and of the Continent. We reproduce from this evidence, every word of which is of profound interest, the last four questions addressed to him, with his answers :

"126. *Chairman.* I understood you to say that you did not object to trade, but that you wished each country to produce that which it was best fitted to produce, with a view to an interchange of its commodities with those of other countries?—Yes.

127. You did not intend to cast a slur upon the idea of competition?—Yes, very distinctly; I intended not only to cast a slur, but to express my excessive horror of the principle of competition, in every way; for instance, we ought not to try to grow claret here, nor to produce silk; we ought to produce coal and iron, and the French should give us wine and silk.

128. You say that, with a view to an interchange of such commodities?—Yes.

129. Each country producing that which it is best fitted to produce?—Yes, as well as it can; not striving to imitate or compete with the productions of other countries. Finally, I believe that the way of ascertaining what ought to be done for the workman in any position, is for any one of us to suppose that he was our own son, and that he was left without any parents, and without any help; that there was no chance of his ever emerging out of the state in which he was, and then, that what we should each of us like to be done for our son, so left, we should strive to do for the workman."

SAINT GEORGE.

Here we see the great writer on art turning to the work of economics and social reform which was to occupy so large a portion of his later life, and the evidence becomes of particular interest when we remember that later in the same year the publication of *Unto This Last* was to commence in the pages of the *Cornhill*.

There appears to have been a slight confusion in preparing the contents pages of volume XVI of the Library Edition. In the body of the book there are five appendices to *The Two Paths*, but none of these are mentioned on the contents page, although where other appendices occur they are correctly noted in the list of contents. As there is no index to each volume it is doubly important that the contents page should be complete. We could wish indeed that, in addition to the general index which it is proposed to issue when the edition is complete, an index had been provided at the end of each volume.

Another point which we think open to discussion is whether the letters and diaries of Ruskin should not be brought together and published in one or more volumes, instead of being given in fragments in the various introductions.

City Development: A Study of Parks, Gardens and Culture Institutes. A Report to the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust. By Professor Patrick Geddes. With Plan, Perspective, and 136 Illustrations. Medium 4to. 232 pp. Edinburgh: Geddes and Co.; Bournville: The Saint George Press. 1904. 21s. net.



WHEN I entered Dunfermline I was aware of only one thing: an ancient Church forsaken and forgotten. And then I read Professor Patrick Geddes's fascinating monograph, and was astonished to find how differently one place could speak to two people. It had really never occurred to me that a man might set out to be an artist in

cities, and propose to create deliberately that civic beauty, structural and spiritual, which one has been accustomed to regard as the work of the gods and not of man. For the Church was the source of all civic beauty; and since she has been forsaken and forgotten, no beautiful thing, one had thought, could be engendered. The *genius* of a city is something greater and richer than any art conception can devise or any analysis reveal. *Nisi Dominus aedificaverit*, one remembered, *in vanum laboraverunt qui aedificant; vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere*. Well, Professor Geddes has got up very early in the morning, and has done all that can be done; and his book would have convinced me altogether, except for one dramatic circumstance. *Frustra*. They won't have it. You cannot give people a better city than they collectively deserve, and when they do deserve it, the *genius* of the city will manifest itself in its peculiar and appropriate forms of art. Very likely in just such a way as Professor Geddes has outlined; perhaps otherwise. You can make a city clean and healthy and convenient, but its appropriate beauty you cannot engineer. That beauty must come as the flowers come. As will be seen from our consideration of Mr. Geddes's scheme in detail, he prepares for a social culture and *ethos* that do not exist, and cannot be brought into being by the erection of the symbolic structures that might well be their natural and inevitable expression. But this is a mistake that is just now being made everywhere. There must be worship before you build your chapel rightly; there must be fidelity and pride and defiance before you can build your keep; there must be a spiritual city before there can be made a city that looks spiritual. We reverse the process.

Now every page shows that Mr. Geddes loves Dunfermline as men normally and historically have worshipped their cities; and it is just this normal and historic attitude that has made civic beauty. And for him, as for Aristotle, the whole end and purpose of the city is virtue—a spiritual perfection, a certain graciousness and valour of its people. It is altogether a religious attitude

SAINT GEORGE.

towards the *genius* of the place. Do not deride the *genius loci*. There are many kinds of spiritual presence, but few more subtle, more potent, more insistent than that which comes upon us as we enter a road or an old house or a city. The *genius* is a concrete individual; it has a character; its ethical and human qualities are just as real as its material qualities. It has "features"; our language speaks of it as we speak of a man; often, indeed, we perceive that it is in some way not less but more than human. There is nothing really unspiritual in the world. The child-mind knows this, or rather never questioned it; the new and richer child-mind, to which it is the inestimably good fortune of this generation (not without help from Mr. Geddes) to be returning, not only knows it but cannot be shaken from it, because the questions have come, and have done their best and their worst and have gone again, like a disquieting but salutary gale in the early year. Of this simple mind we may perhaps say that it has been "made whole," as contrasted with the mind which arbitrarily assumes some aspects of experience to be real and other aspects to be just no more than your and my private fantasy and fugitive emotion. So, if you lift up your eyes to the hills from whence is your help, nothing is really gained by the perverse and futile pretence that the hills are not the breath of courage just as truly as they are masses of stone. If some presence still moves in ancient gardens in the cool of the evening (as you very well know that it does) then why not say so? And if your city seems to you more than a fortuitous aggregation of houses—seems rather a vision of many wonderful virtues and achievements and failures, the voice of a heart that speaks to your heart, the wisdom of an immemorial experience that has been nourished by innumerable lives and now nourishes your own, then know that this is your city indeed, and set up an altar to the *genius loci*. That is what Mr. Geddes meant to do.

Of course, this sense of the reality of our experience of places and of cities and of natural prospects—that is to say, this sense

of the fundamentally spiritual constitution and significance of the world that we call "without," has never forsaken the artist or the mystic or the symbolist. This it is that gives the impulse to all landscape and figure painting. It is absolutely at the heart of all poetry. It is under the burden and in the freedom of this sense that the greater novelists, such as Tolstoi and Hardy, have worked. Very notably is it shown in Mr. Robert Hichens's *Garden of Allah*, in which the merely personal tragedy, immense as it is, seems to be no more than a glimpse or a hint at a more exceeding passion and a more tremendous catastrophe that *are* the desert and the desert cities; and only so can be fully represented in all its pity. But most of all, it is of the very essence of religion—of all religion, I mean, that has not declined upon a mere system of rationalism tempered by muddleheadedness, under which a conventional morality is sought to be reinforced by sheer sentimentalism. The religions of Thebes and of Zion, of Athens and of Rome, and that of Rome again, are all exuberant with myth and symbol, if in any way they may reveal how the generations of men are not alone nor unregarded, and how our poor judgments of worth and of beauty are not stultified by ultimate reality. And in these mythological systems (no one will be afraid to call them so who realises that except in myth there is little truth) the city holds a first and wonderful place as the symbol of the god, and his workmanship, and his delightful treasure.

That in the midst of a city, then, and especially of a city anciently of great political and ecclesiastical pre-eminence, there should be set a palace symbolising its dignity and meaning through all vicissitudes of time, seems to be a worthy conception. Mr. Geddes has drawn up a scheme for such a building, and has elaborated it with endless ingenuity. Its long and irregular plan begins with a stairway from the most imposing street in Dunfermline, Monastery Street, up to a Cloister representing Celtic history, and thence, through a Round Tower such as that at Brechin, to the Mediæval Building. A short extract at this point

SAINT GEORGE.

will show his peculiar methods of symbolism, which have been already exercised in his Outlook Tower in Edinburgh, and elsewhere.

“Here we enter the larger building needed to give due expression to mediæval Dunfermline and Scotland. We may first enter its Great Gallery, a long hall, partly lit from the north by a large round-arched window, recalling those of the ruined abbey and of its kindred cathedral of Durham; its timbered roof pierced with an adequate series of small garret windows in triple tier, so as to keep the wall space for decoration and give vertical lighting without the resort to roof lighting of an ordinary picture-gallery, which, besides being too ample for our purpose, is incompatible with the style in keeping with this. At the north end, or rather in a recess at its north-east corner, the plan shows the statue of St. Margaret. We next space out the walls into four or five large spaces on each side for permanent decorative panels, each representing some characteristic scene, at once of Dunfermline and Scottish history, with pedestals between, on which statues (or it may be suits of armour) may be placed. The two sides may, again, be allotted to the spiritual and the temporal powers—the material and ideal events which have made or marked our history. Leaving for a moment the allocation of these panels, save to note that these may suffice for the two centuries from Malcolm and Margaret to Wallace, this gallery opens between paired columns into a smaller central hall, with two main recesses upon its north-eastern side for our two national heroes of the successive Wars of Independence—Wallace and Bruce. These may be represented by separate statues merely, or by groups, say, of three—Wallace with Douglas and Sir John the Graeme; and Bruce with Randolph and his brother Edward, or his own queen. Above them stands fitly the Central Tower. Its Crown, so characteristic of our Scottish architecture, is surely doubly appropriate here.

“From this Hall of Independence the gallery again runs on, with its panels and pedestals, till, at the southern end, on either side of the large rose window which should here fill and adorn its high-pitched gable, should stand in dramatic contrast the two figures with whom mediæval Scotland ended: Queen Mary on one side, Knox on the other. The former statue (or group) may be recessed, more or less as was Queen Margaret's, the latter placed just beyond the gallery in the recess of the South Tower shown in the main elevation, thus architecturally balancing the Culdee Tower at the opposite end of the building, and both in their simplicity contrasting with the richer

Central Tower and Crown, which, as we have seen, are appropriate to that culmination of national and architectural individuality with which the fourteenth century opened in Scotland no less than in other lands.

"The return from more ornate architecture to severity appropriate to the Reformation, its renewal of Culdee simplicity, as also that especial contact with the French rather than with the German or English reformers which the very name of Calvinism commemorates, are also expressed in the architecture of this Reformation Tower, since at this period the long French alliance of Scotland culminates with Mary, and comes to an end with the Reformation.

"From tower to tower along the front of this mediæval building, and on the same level as the triple hall we have just described, runs an open Cloister walk, its columns more ornate than that above the Bee-Alley wall, since in keeping with the richer architecture of the abbey itself, once and again so great, as chronicles and surviving ruin alike proclaim. This twofold range of cloister walk would thus afford in itself a beautiful and attractive ambulatory, with shelter in all weathers—a changing succession of views, also, of garden and buildings, abbey and park beyond, each well framed within its cloister columns. The capitals of each cloister arch would, again, afford admirable scope for varied and appropriate design, and for working out more fitly the historic succession of architectural and decorative styles, of events, and of symbolisms. And if any fear that in thus affording a (too rare) field and opportunity for designer and carver excessive expense may be incurred, it may be well to recall here the fact that in the construction of the Oxford Museum—and of later buildings, in which such freedom has been allowed the artist and workman—the actual expense of carving has positively fallen below that customary for the mechanical repetition of a single design throughout an arcade! For the carver can only put spirit and energy into work which interests him, and which puts him on his mettle—in short, which treats him as an artist working for a result, and not as a copying machine for wages.

"Viewing now more in detail this great Hall of Mediæval History, we must now consider the pictures it should include, say rather the main events it should commemorate—first, from Malcolm and Margaret to the Wars of Independence, and then from these to the Reformation. Broadly allotting, as in the Celtic cloister, opposite sides to the temporal and the spiritual evolution of our country, as far as these may be distinguished, a worthy series of scenes may readily be suggested.

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SAINT GEORGE.

"In this way we should have a Gallery of Scottish History such as scarcely as yet exists in or for any city or country. For though noble commemorative halls, nobly decorated also, might be named—notably, for instance, the Coronation Hall of the ancient German Empire at Aachen—no such continuous outline of any national history, on both its temporal and its spiritual side at once, has as yet been attempted.

* * * * *

"Can any doubt the inspiring value of such a scheme, and this primarily to the people and to the young, for whom, as I am not for one moment forgetting, this Trust primarily exists? The inspiring value of our existing monuments, even of the modern Abbey Tower with its colossal modern inscription, despite its more than questionable art, is not to be denied; but greater, of course, is that of the patriotic monuments of Stirling and of Edinburgh; and greater still would be the appeal of the present edifice, with its statues and pictures gradually worked out, as they would be, at that higher level of painting and sculpture which so many Scottish artists have fully attained, and to express which they only need such opportunity and encouragement, such place and scope as I am here proposing."

From the Mediæval Building we pass to the Renaissance, and thence to the Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Century Buildings, the last being the Tower of Outlook, each with its appropriate halls, statues and pictures; and as the plan indicates the process of time, so the elevation represents the increasing complexity of political organisation and of human interests by the addition of storey after storey on the descending slope of the site. Thus:

"The comparative isolation and unity of the Celtic world is represented by its simple cloister, but our Mediæval building requires three storeys—for Dunfermline, for Scotland, and for Europe, in which England was too often the most foreign of nations.

"With the union of the English and Scottish crowns, indicated at the beginning of our Renaissance building, a new storey is introduced—that of English history, henceforth fundamental to Scottish, at any rate far more important to us henceforth than the general whole of Europe remaining upon the storey below.

"With the eighteenth century a new storey appears, that of general World-policy and even politics, which not only the broader philosophic

outlook of Scotland expressed, but even her economic expansion, her far-sighted though ill-fated Darien policy.

"With the nineteenth century a new storey is again introduced—that of Empire; while in the tower with which the nineteenth century ends, the twentieth begins, yet another storey is inserted—that one devoted to the United States, with which our fortunes, Imperial, British, Scottish, and even Civic, are henceforth so indissolubly associated.

"But, before leaving the question of elevations, note that, as such an architectural composition reasonably demands, the great Round Tower seems to conclude the buildings, as it brings us fully up to date, and even beyond. For this Twentieth Century Tower may well serve as a home and centre for our best thought and work, individual and civic, Scottish and other, in the period now opening; as a stimulating thinking-house, which our rising generation would increasingly value and learn to use, their mental perspective widening from the noble landscape around, through an ever-deepening consciousness of an enlarging world of intelligent interest and social action, expressed storey by storey, from personal outlook to City, and thence to Scotland and Britain, to Empire and Language, to Europe and World.

"Such an actual laboratory of thought, in the hands of even a single intelligent observer and indexer, would soon become a centre of reference and inquiry of real and ever-increasing value to the city and its visitors, and of still wider suggestiveness. Nor has any university or college, any school of social or political science, yet hitherto supplied so definite, yet so intelligible, a centre of preparation for whoever would conscientiously fit himself, through social inquiry and interpretation, to take up that personal responsibility for a share in the direction of social evolution on every level which is the increasing birthright of every man and woman, but which our political developments so far fail adequately to educate, or even awaken.

"Is not this outlook one from which we may both educate and prepare for the man for whom Emerson calls:

'Who to his native centre fast,
Shall into Future fuse the Past,
And the world's flowing fates
In his own mould recast.'

But this History Building is only one of many in Mr. Geddes's scheme. There are Social Institutes, a Nature Palace, an Art Institute, a Music Hall, an open-air Arena for the representation

SAINT GEORGE.

of plays, garden and park improvements, and many other well thought out and laboriously illustrated and mapped suggestions for developing Pittencrieff Park, presented to Dunfermline by Mr. Carnegie, into a place for the recreation and instruction of people—who do not after all exist. It is indubitably in every way desirable that they should exist; but they certainly do not exist now. This book, most carefully and ingeniously prepared by Mr. Geddes, is the last word of the *Illumination*. It is the legitimate fruit of the Encyclopædists, and the greatest of them would have been proud to have conceived it. And as such, and especially as a most rounded and complete type of our contemporary thought and methods, both political and philanthropic, for the illumination of our general life, I advise the reader to consult it. These things may come again as the spontaneous flower of awakened spiritual life, as they remain in ruins from the time of the old religion; but, meanwhile,

VANUM EST VOBIS ANTE LUCEM SURGERE.

GEORGE SANDEMAN.

Problems of a Scottish Provincial Town. By John Howard Whitehouse, sometime Secretary to the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust. Birmingham: The Saint George Press, Ltd. 1905. 3s. 6d. net.



ROAD made the country and man made the town, but as to who is responsible for the country town there would appear to be some question. Tennyson suggests His Satanic Majesty. In any case there are many country towns which have lost all the charm and simplicity of the country and, without engendering any of the keen municipal spirit of the large towns, have engendered some of their ugliest abominations.

Dunfermline is a country town. It has a splendidly healthy situation, but it is not a healthy town; it has plenty of open space round it, but its population lives in congested tenement-dwellings and it has rookeries that would disgrace Ancoats or Walworth; it plays a great rôle in Scottish history and has grand historic buildings, but it has to be stopped by influential memorialists from pulling them down, and it has alongside them one public house for every 300 inhabitants.

It is not better nor worse than other country towns, it is probably typical. But it has had a splendid chance such as no other country town ever had. Two years ago Andrew Carnegie, a native of the town, gave half-a-million pounds in Bonds of the United States Steel Corporation to be held by trustees, and the revenue to be administered for the benefit of the town. He gave at the same time as a public park, a glorious piece of land, with fine woodland trees and southward-sloping meadows, with an old mediæval house, gardens and conservatories, and above all a deep-cut glen, not unlike Hawthornden, where a brawling burn winds between steep and shaded cliffs into the open country beyond. Here was the chance—£500 a week and (presumably) the most public-spirited citizens to administer it. Was the favoured town to take the tide at the flood and become, in very deed, a city set upon a hill, an ensample to all others, or was she to remain bound in her shallows and her miseries, with unlimited facilities for toping in her streets and unlimited squalor in her tenement substitutes for home?

This little book written by the first secretary of the Carnegie Trust is a record of what might have been. It sets forth, if we are not mistaken, the ideals that the first secretary took with him to his work, ideals which he was never allowed to carry out. There is not a word of bitterness, of reproach, even of irony from cover to cover; it is dedicated to "my friends, the working men and women of Dunfermline": but there is through it all the sadness of Eurydice melting into thin air, the "might have been and is not."

SAINT GEORGE.

"He that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay."

Here is an instance of what the reformer had to cope with :

"In the summer of 1904 a crowd of happy children were to be seen each day wading and playing about a circular pond in the north-west corner of Pittencreeff Park. The pond was twelve inches deep, fed by fresh running water, and there was no happier sight in the Park than this of child-joy. The privilege was suddenly withdrawn, the reasons given being that the children made a mess, and that their mothers would be grateful that they were prevented from getting wet."

This also is typical. Better the most desolate old brickfield, and liberty therewith, than the primmest of parks under such straitlaced Bumbledom as this. Had there been a few mothers on the Trust, or even a few intelligent nursery maids, things would have been done better than this.

Though it deals with the social problems of a special town, this book, like Mr. Rowntree's *York*, is of general interest because the problems are, in one degree or another, the problems of all towns, and they are treated on broad and statesmanlike lines. In treating the Drink question, for instance, Mr. Whitehouse not only advocates reduction of licenses, but shows how the public house may be met on its own basis by social clubs not associated with alcoholic. The problem is approached on those constructive lines which promise best results, and there is a practical little hint that all licenses should be renewed on condition "that the existing opaque windows should be replaced by windows of plain glass, so that the interior rooms on the ground floor would be open to inspection from the street." This is precious; it reminds one of the advertisement, quoted by Professor James, wherein a certain Austrian tradesman offered a reward of so many Gulden to anyone who finds him at any time in a beerhouse or restaurant.

The book speaks at length of the work that might be done by a Civic Union in such a small township, especially in regard to housing. Mr. Whitehouse's Bournville experience stands him in

good stead here, and his chapter on housing forecasts the results, legislative and practical, which we may hope to accrue from the forthcoming exhibition at Garden City ;—the *imprimis*, the overhauling of the Bye-laws ; the abolition of the fetish-parlour and the addition of a third bedroom ; the building of country houses of wood, iron, and concrete (which bids fair to reduce by more than 30 per cent. Mr. Whitehouse's estimate of £230 for a brick cottage, without reducing the accommodation) ; the sunk bath in the scullery, not forgetting those other household fittings in kitchen and bedroom, the lack of which does so much to stultify and nullify the instruction given at great public expense in Cookery and Domestic Economy Classes at school. As the author says, "private enterprise is responsible for the present state of affairs, and offers no solution of the existing evil ;" this is therefore just the sort of work for a Civic Union to undertake, if with the necessary capital they can only combine a modicum of what Dr. Paton so well calls "commonsense redemption."

Mr. Whitehouse is best on the Boys' Club. He devotes two chapters to it. He realises that city life is specially hard on the young. He realises that if society is to be reformed, it must "organise round the child." He shows how such a club may be organised, vitalised, humanised. He does not forget that the members of it will learn the secret of true club patriotism by doing something for their club ; it must be "give" as well as "get" ; and the training that comes through responsibility for others is not forgotten. The Boys' Club Camp may develop into a Town Camp at the seaside, in which every young fellow who loves God's out-of-doors and a cleanly life, may have a chance, at least once a year, to escape the sordidness and narrowness of the wynds,

"And bathe the wearied soul and worried flesh,
And bring it clear and fair."

These are samples of the author's method. There are many good things on which we have not touched, practical hints for the making of the public library into a real educational instrument,

SAINT GEORGE.

hints for the elementary schools, the most important of all our public institutions. We have perhaps said enough to indicate both the scope and method of the book. It is the method of the "practical mystic" who has hitched his wagon to a star, but still treads the common earth and is not too good for human nature's daily food. This is the sort of man whom the time needs, the idealist who has been at close grips with actualities; the enthusiast who is also a specialist. The book is a footnote to sociology, but he is no student who skips the footnotes. *Rêver c'est la bonheur, attendre c'est la vie*, says Victor Hugo. Dunfermline waits, we all wait.

J. L. PATON.

Daumier and Gavarni. With Critical and Biographical Notes by Henri Frantz and Octave Uzanne. Edited by Charles Holme. 143 Illustrations. London: Offices of the "Studio." (The "Studio" Special, Autumn, 1904.) 5s. net.



STUDENTS and lovers of art already owe much to the proprietors of the *Studio*, and their debt has been immensely increased by the publication of this selection from the work of Daumier and Gavarni. Excellent as was the volume devoted to the work of Corot and Millet, the present one should prove still more acceptable in England. The work of the Barbizon School has long been widely known and appreciated in this country, and has had its influence upon our art; but the work of Daumier and Gavarni and of the many other French artists of kindred aims and methods of the second third of the nineteenth century has been far too little known and, when known, too frequently misunderstood. This special number of the *Studio* is at once a memorial of two great artists, a vindication of the taste of those who admire them, and an education for the prejudiced and for those to whom they are still unknown.

REVIEWS.

As in all its predecessors, the illustrations are accompanied by short biographical and critical essays. Daumier is treated by M. Henri Frantz. The task was no easy one. Daumier's character was strongly individual (you see that clearly in the portrait, by Loys Delteil, excellently reproduced as frontispiece), his artistic range was wide and found its expression in many forms of graphic art, his fecundity was phenomenal and upon all its products there is the unmistakable stamp of great genius. His work in caricature is of a kind very different from what we are accustomed to in England ; and its peculiar nature is, doubtless, largely responsible for the comparative neglect which he has suffered here. It is instinct with marvellous intensity and power both of conception and execution. It seems to combine, in some subtle way, the different appeals of picture and drama, and the conflicting elements of tragedy, satire, and farce. At first sight it seems based merely upon a ferocious and remorseless contempt for the race ; but as we study it with increasing care and understanding, we can see that beneath it all there is human sympathy. We must, of course, regard Daumier primarily as artist pure and simple ; and regarded as such, his place among the great artists of modern times is secure. It is with reason that M. Frantz says :

“ He stands alone ; and is perhaps more nearly akin to some inspired genius of the middle ages, whose ardour and impassioned faith are all his own. Even within the restricted field of lithographic art, Daumier is always huge and immoderate ; we feel that he could as easily undertake some gigantic task, could cover a building with colossal frescoes ; and we understand the complete justice of Balzac's pronouncement when he said : ‘ There is something of the Michael Angelo in this man ! ’ ”

But few modern artists have put their art so wholly at the service of political and social reform ; and if it be argued that its tendency is always destructive, never constructive, the reply is easy : it was produced in an age which, more than most, invited a liberal use of the scourge, and a wholesome and correcting scourge it was.

The essays on Gavarni are from the pen of that indefatigable

SAINT GEORGE.

searcher after artistic impressions—M. Octave Uzanne. Too tolerant, perhaps, of the weaknesses of Gavarni the man, but doing full justice to the great artist he was, they are, on the whole, models of what such essays should be. The claims he makes for Gavarni have long been generally conceded.

The volume (which unfortunately reached us too late for review in the January number) contains a great wealth of illustration. The numerous plates have been selected and printed with all the care and skill that we have come to expect of the publishers.

E. McG.

*Old Houses in Edinburgh. Drawn by Bruce J. Home. Part I.
Edinburgh: William J. Hay. 1s. net.*



LD Edinburgh is the subject of many able and interesting volumes, and this publication, which reflects infinite credit upon both artist and publisher, bids fair to hold a distinct and honourable place among these. Mr. Home is well-known to an ever-increasing circle as an enthusiastic and reliable authority on all that pertains to Old Edinburgh; and that he views it with far more than an antiquary's eye is evident from these able and sympathetic drawings. The present part of his work contains drawings of the house of Sir Archibald Acheson, Lady Stair's House (in process of alteration), and Plainstane Close (now demolished). Whether they are viewed from the architectural or from a more purely artistic point of view, the drawings are exquisite. We may have something more to say of Mr. Home's work as it nears completion (it is to contain seventeen parts). At present, we would simply commend it to our readers and record our opinion that it forms one of the best memorials of the quaintness and the beauty that have disappeared from Old Edinburgh, and one of the strongest pleas for the careful preservation of what still remains.

REVIEWS.

The History of the English Corn Laws. By Professor J. S. Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d.

PROFESSOR Nicholson's volume is a valuable addition to the "Social Science" Series. It is based on a set of lectures given in the University of Cambridge on the Gilbey foundation in the May Term of 1904. Its "principal object," the author states in his Preface, "is to show that the history of the Corn Laws can only be understood as part of the general economic policy of the country." Its four chapters deal respectively with The Interests of the Consumer, The Interests of the Producers (landlords, farmers, and labourers), The Interests of Public Policy, and General Results. Professor Nicholson gives a clear and comprehensive account of his intricate subject, and his volume is eminently readable and timely. It contains the gist of all that can be said both for and against the Corn Laws; and not the least of its merits is the temperate and reasoned spirit which pervades it from beginning to end. Mr. Chamberlain's followers will find little comfort in such passages as these:—

"The general conclusion may be expressed in one proposition—namely, that the history of the Corn Laws strongly supports the negative argument for Free Trade." . . . "The Corn Laws, like the other expedients of the mercantile system, proved to be either useless or hurtful as regards the attainment of their proposed objects." . . . " . . . a protective duty on corn is a wasteful mode of raising revenue, and it presses most severely on those who are least able to bear it."

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

THE CRISIS
IN RUSSIA.

The events which turn the attention of all of us towards Russia to-day are of a very different order from those which culminated in the death of Alexander II. The Nihilist movement was not in any sense a national movement. It had a national aim, but it was begun, and was carried on throughout the whole period of its development, by a handful of men and women to whom the evils of autocracy and their own heroic readiness for personal self-sacrifice were as a justification for the violent removal of all who stood in their way. The methods they employed were rather the result of the forces of circumstance than of conscious choice. It has often seemed as though their own lives and the lives they violently took had been lost in vain; and that the only result of the movement was a strengthening of the power of the bureaucracy, and a further oppression of the Russian people. That this was a mistaken view is clear enough to us to-day. We have got to appreciate these men and women better now-a-days, for Stepniak, Kropotkin, and others have told us much about them, and the internal condition of Russia has become better known to us. We see that the order of things they sought to establish was as yet impossible, and that they were mistaken and often cruel in their methods; but we are also alive to the human sympathy and the heroism that moved them. They lived and acted a generation too soon; and the present movement—the continuance and the development of theirs; its national form—goes slowly mainly because it has few leaders possessed of their intellectual power, and their capacity for organisation. Condemnation of them is easy and partly justified. Their best defence is contained in the combined vindication and manifesto—one of the most striking documents of modern history—which the Revolutionary Committee issued after the murder of Alexander II, and in the influence their movement has had upon the present struggle for popular freedom.

We make no plea for Nihilism. We regard it simply as an inevitable result of certain conditions of national life; to be

judged along with these, not in itself as an isolated fact. Its judgment lies in the province of the historian rather than in that of the criminologist. Its eradication involves the reform of the politician rather than the exile or the execution of the Nihilist.

The Russian movement has not gone very far yet; its end and issue are uncertain; but it already possesses the sublime pathos and inspiration which characterise all national struggles for freedom. Whether its immediate result be success or failure we may confidently look to it for at least two things: the drawing together by a common sympathy and aim of all the sections of the Russian people who labour under political oppression, and an impetus to the many movements throughout Europe which have international peace and social well-being for their end.

Russia is too vast a country to be submitted to the absolute rule of a single family. Its population is too mixed to permit of a uniform code of laws being productive of good results. The ignorance of the Russian people proper has hitherto maintained the former anomaly; and pan-Slavists have taken advantage of their submissiveness to the established rule and of their overwhelming numerical superiority to make the latter almost an accomplished fact. Finland, Poland, Georgia, have each hitherto been isolated in their opposition to pan-Slavism; but now their struggle has entered upon a new phase. The Russian himself is in revolt.

Russia will doubtless make her revolution in her own way. Every nation does. The moment for an upheaval of all the national elements—the decisive moment of revolution which will declare whether the accumulated reactionary forces of the past or the new and progressive forces of the present are to be the dominant forces of the future—does not seem to be at hand. What has been accomplished is that the long-oppressed non-Russian has been keenly stimulated to a renewed struggle for autonomy, and that the Russian worker as distinct from the peasant—the class, that is, whom the revolutionists of the 'seventies sought most to inoculate with the ideas of the West—has passed from mere consciousness of his oppression to organised and open endeavour

SAINT GEORGE.

towards its complete removal. The final issue of the present war in the Far East, whatever it may be, cannot but have direct and important bearings upon the national movement—bearings probably in the direction of stimulus rather than of repression. The decisive factor, however, is the peasant. Isolated in little groups by the vast extent of the country; ignorant, and narrow in his outlook and interests; docile; conservative; the easy victim of the bureaucracy, of the church, and of his own unreasoned reverence for the distant Tsar, he is at once the mainstay of the established order and the hope of the reformers. Passive or active, the course of the future lies much with him.

We have referred to the influence which the Russian national movement will have upon other movements in Western Europe. That influence is already seen and felt. Western Europe is now able to discriminate with greater clearness and justice between the Russian bureaucracy and the Russian people: increased hatred and contempt for the former has been accompanied by increased sympathy and respect for the latter. In France, a few prominent writers and publicists have for years past applied a solvent—invective and brilliant satiric wit—to the Franco-Russian alliance. They are now leaders of a popular movement for its final abrogation, at least in its present form. But its greatest influence is rather in the direction of giving a new impetus and a bond of union to the many separate movements which seek to oppose respect for nationality to the wanton spirit of imperialism, which make for popular liberty and well-being as opposed to mere territorial aggrandisement, for permanent peace as opposed to a condition which at its best is but latent war.

AN
INTERNATIONAL
CHAMBER OF
AGRICULTURE.

In these days of universal tendency of man towards the cities, and of consequent need for the rehabilitation of rural life and industry if social well-being and progress are to be maintained, King Victor Emmanuel's proposal for the establishment of an International Chamber and

Institution for the benefit of Agriculture throughout the world must meet with a cordial welcome. The scheme has not originated with the Italian king. It is the invention of an American (Mr. Lubin), but its adoption by King Victor is another proof that he is determined to procure the salvation of Italy by other means than his unfortunate predecessor pursued. An approach towards national bankruptcy, vital as well as financial, was the result of the naval and military policy of the one; a reinfusion of life into the people and a complete reorganisation of industry is the policy of the other, and good results are already apparent.

But the scheme is one which affects Great Britain in a peculiar degree. Here, more than anywhere else, agriculture suffers from a hopelessly antiquated land-system. It is pinned down and has the life crushed out of it by the dead weight of a huge fossil. The weight has been lifted a little in recent years by the establishment and the wide-spread usefulness of agricultural organisation societies, of agricultural co-operation, and by the movement for small holdings; but progress is slow. We may look for the movement which King Victor has inaugurated to carry the British farmer beyond the limits of his parish and to make him more of a free citizen of the agricultural world.

Viewed internationally, from a wider point of view than that of agriculture, the scheme is still more important. It is a significant and far-reaching element in that greater movement which seeks to establish international peace; and this point of view has fortunately been pressed in the scanty notice the proposal has met with in the leading papers.

No details of the scheme have yet been published; but all interested in the social and political developments of the present will look forward with keenness to the international conference which the Italian Government has proposed should meet at Rome in May.

JUVENILE
SMOKING.

Some striking statistics were quoted by Mr. T. C. Horsfall at a meeting in Manchester held to press for Parliamentary legislation against the use of tobacco by children

SAINT GEORGE.

under the age of 16. The average of infant mortality in France for children suckled by their own mothers is 39 per cent., but the average mortality for children whose mothers work in the tobacco factories at Nancy, and who return to their work in the factory before their children are weaned, reaches the astounding figure of 99 per cent. These figures are based on the investigations of Dr. Mutrel, and were quoted from an article in *Soziale Praxis* for February 5th, which bears the significant title, "Tobacco as Child-murderer." These investigations bear out Dr. Drysdale's investigations in Vienna. What they amount to is that the nicotine poison in the mother's milk means practically certain death to a child in the first year of its life, and suggests the inference how injurious the same poison must be to the human organism all through the period of its growth—a matter which, strange to say, seems to have altogether escaped the author of *Adolescence*. And yet the doctors as a profession have not spoken out, the teachers have not spoken out; they are dumb dogs all, and the officials of the Exchequer cherish a secret pride—Sir Michael Hicks Beach told us so himself—that they have discovered the exact figure of taxation which brings in the best return, in other words that puts cigarettes within the purchasing power of the street boy's weekly penny, and secures at the same time the largest increment to the revenue. A typical instance of the pseudo-political economy that John Ruskin fought, the "cupidity from heartless schools," as Wordsworth says,—

"That to an idol falsely called 'The Wealth
Of Nations' sacrifice a people's health."

The dust is steadily accumulating on the Report of the Committee on Physical Deterioration, as on so many of the Bluebooks that preceded it. How long?

A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHILDHOOD AND ADOLESCENCE.

[NOTE.—This is the first portion of a list which for the present will appear quarterly, with a view later to detailed classification for separate publication. It is not proposed to attempt a complete bibliography of the subjects in question, but to submit a selected list of books for the help and guidance of those engaged in education and other work amongst the young, or of students of these subjects. We invite criticisms and suggestions in order that the list may, as far as possible, be fairly representative of those works which have proved useful in practice.]

BOOLE, M. E. THE PREPARATION OF THE CHILD FOR SCIENCE.

Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1904. 1 vol. 1/6.

Very essential for teachers of science.

BOSANQUET, BERNARD, LL.D. (TRANSLATOR). THE EDUCATION OF THE
YOUNG IN THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO.

London, Cambridge University Press. 1900. 1 vol. 2/6.

A most scholarly translation: not only accurate but attractively written. Contains those parts of the *Republic* which cover the period of childhood.

BÜLOW, BARONESS VON MARENHOLTZ. THE CHILD AND CHILD NATURE.

London, Sonnenschein & Co. 1900. 1 vol. 3/6.

BÜLOW, BARONESS VON MARENHOLTZ. HANDWORK AND HEADWORK.

London, Sonnenschein & Co. 1900. 1 vol. 3/6.

The authoress is the leading German exponent of Froebel: these books are translated by Miss A. M. Christie.

BUXTON, SYDNEY, M.P. OVERPRESSURE IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

London, Sonnenschein & Co. 1885. 1 vol. 2/-.

CAMPBELL, FRANCIS. TWO QUEENSLANDERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

London, Alexander Moring, Ltd. 1904. 1 vol. 3/6.

A description of pathetic and humorous scenes in the life of two little children in the Australian bush. Originally appeared in the "Westminster Gazette."

SAINT GEORGE.

DRUMMOND, W. B. THE CHILD: HIS NATURE AND NURTURE.

London, J. M. Dent & Co. 1901. 1 vol. 1/- net.

An introduction to the study of the physical and mental development of the child; the bearing of the results of child study on the education and care of children is also considered.

GILMAN, CHARLOTTE PERKINS. CONCERNING CHILDREN.

London and New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901. 1 vol. 2/6.

The contents are indicated by the title. The subjects dealt with include Teachable Ethics; A Place for Children; Unconscious Schooling, etc.

GUNN, JOHN, M.A. THE INFANT SCHOOL, ITS PRINCIPLES AND METHODS.

London, T. Nelson & Sons. 1905. 1 vol. 3/6.

An admirable practical manual, dealing with the infant school in all its aspects, based on a wide experience of modern methods. The chapter on "Prophets of the Infant School" has a good summary of the practical bearing of the teaching of the chief reformers, especially Froebel and Herbart.

HALL, DR. STANLEY. ADOLESCENCE: ITS PSYCHOLOGY AND ITS RELATIONS TO PHYSIOLOGY, ANTHROPOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, SEX, CRIME, RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

London, Sidney Appleton. 1904. 2 vols. 32/-.

This book, by the President of Clark University, will probably prove to be the most important work yet issued on the problems of adolescence. Every side of the subject, physiological, mental, moral, and religious, is dealt with, and the book is not only a vast storehouse of facts but is a guide to method and policy for the future, being throughout constructive in its treatment. Henceforth no student of the subject can neglect this book.

HAYWARD, F. H. THE EDUCATIONAL IDEAS OF PESTALOZZI AND FROEBEL.

London, Ralph Holland & Co. 1904. 1 vol. 2/-.

One of the text books which appeared when this subject was set for the Certificate (1906). It is a very stimulating and suggestive essay; possibly a little too critical and dogmatic for those who are not already in possession of the "ideas" criticised.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY.

HENDERSON, C. HANFORD. EDUCATION AND THE LARGER LIFE.

Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902. 1 vol.

A noteworthy book by an American writer. He discusses the problems of education from a very noble standpoint, and seeks through all the proposals he sets forth a system of education which will more directly mould character for the highest ends. The passages relating to home training are specially valuable.

HUGHES, JAMES L. MISTAKES IN TEACHING.

London, G. W. Bacon & Co. Ltd. 1 vol. 2/-.

Discusses mistakes in Aim, School Management, Discipline, Method, and Moral Training. Adopted by the Educational Councils of Canada and the United States.

JEFFERIES, RICHARD. BEVIS: THE STORY OF A BOY.

London, Duckworth & Co. New Edition, 1904. 1 vol. 6/-.

A study of boy nature in the open air. Treats of make-believe camping, desert island, etc. There is no longer any need to praise this writer's insight, his powers of observation, and his style.

MACCUNN, JOHN, LL.D. THE MAKING OF CHARACTER: SOME EDUCATIONAL ASPECTS OF ETHICS.

London, Cambridge University Press. 1900. 1 vol. 2/6.

Is justly recognised as the best accessible treatment of the subject by most trainers of teachers, and recommended by the Board of Education to certificate candidates.

MEYNELL, WILFRED (EDITOR). THE CHILD SET IN THE MIDST.

London, Field & Tuer. 1890. 1 vol. 3/6 net.

A collection of poems on childhood.

MICHAELIS, K. THE CHILD.

London, Duckworth & Co. 1905. 1 vol. 3/6.

A psychological study of the child mind. The author is well known in Denmark, and this book, under the title *Andrea*, has been widely circulated there, and in Germany.

MOSSO, DR. A. (PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, TURIN). FATIGUE.

London, Sonnenschein & Co. 1904. 1 vol. 4/6.

A scientific study of the symptoms and causes of fatigue, illustrated by an extensive series of measurements.

SAINT GEORGE.

SMITH, NORA A. CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE.

Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898. 1 vol. \$1.

The interpretation of the spiritual side of the Kindergarten. Not a technical book.

THRING, EDWARD. THEORY AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING.

London, Cambridge University Press. 1883. 1 vol. 4/6.

A thoughtful, original, and valuable work by the late Headmaster of Uppingham School. Addressed primarily to teachers. Full of inspiring and suggestive matter. Its characteristic intention is to destroy the knowledge-idol.

TREVELYAN, REV. W. PITT. SOME RESULTS OF BOARDING OUT POOR LAW CHILDREN.

London, P. S. King & Son. 1903. 1 vol. 2/-.

Contains a history of the cases treated by the Calverton (Bucks) Boarding-out Committee, with extracts from letters afterwards received from those who had been boarded out.

URWICK, E. J., AND OTHERS. STUDIES OF BOY LIFE IN OUR CITIES.

London, J. M. Dent & Co. 1904. 1 vol. 3/6 net.

Deals chiefly with the life and environment of working boys in London, their homes, employment, earnings, clubs, etc. An attempt to give a view of the whole problem of boy life.

WARNER, FRANCIS, M.D. A COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE GROWTH AND MEANS OF TRAINING THE MENTAL FACULTY.

London, Cambridge University Press. 1890. 1 vol. 4/6.

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS, AND SMITH, NORA A. THE REPUBLIC OF CHILDHOOD.

Boston, Mass., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895. 3 vols. \$1 each.

An exposition of the modern American adaptation of Froebel's philosophy. Vol. I deals with Froebel's Gifts; Vol. II, Froebel's Occupations; Vol. III, Kindergarten Principles and Practice.


SAINT GEORGE.

No. 31. Vol. VIII.

July, 1905.

THE SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION IN POLAND.

By KAZIMIERZ LUTOSLAWSKI.

HE Series of "Special Reports on Educational Subjects" gives the English Democracy knowledge of different educational systems ; it shows examples to be followed, or to be avoided, in the reform work of English Education. There are excellent descriptions of what has been done by the Germans, the French, the Swiss, the Swedes, and the Americans, and so forth, in the field of Education, but there is no mention of Poland. The "Report on Technical Education in Poland" describes German and Russian schools in different parts of Poland ; but even the schools under Polish administration in Galicia are little else than German schools conducted in the Polish language by Polish people : the methods are German. The reason for this is simply that there are no Polish schools now anywhere, the whole of the Polish nation in German, Russian, and Austrian Poland alike, being instructed according to German methods in the German, Russian or even Polish languages.

Nevertheless, there is a Polish method of Education, and a very instructive one. It is not used nowadays, but it was used in the

SAINT GEORGE.

Republic of Poland, and let us hope it will shortly be applied again in Galicia at least. To sketch this method is my task. It may be perhaps considered as only an example taken from past history, but there are exceptional reasons for associating it with the living examples given in the series of Special Reports. The educational spirit of Poland was and is very distinct, very characteristic and interesting. It was active some 120 years ago, but it still lives in the mind of the Polish nation, and can thus be considered to be quite modern, because much in advance of its time. Thus, the problem of teaching Hygiene in schools (mentioned by Lord Londonderry some months ago as yet unripe for solution) was solved by the Polish Education Department 120 years ago. The experience of mankind on Education is shewn largely in the different national systems adopted. Even the Greek and Roman systems have contributed some important elements to our modern schools, to be found in some instances in Germany or France. It is the Polish system alone which remains unknown and unapplied by the civilised world, though it deserves special attention. The Greek and Roman national spirits have been severally incorporated in the systems springing from them as so much dead material, but no living national spirit such as the Polish can be incorporated in any social body except its own. The reasons for this are partly political, but they are partly due to the difficulty and limited spread of the Polish language. The different methods of solving educational subjects peculiar to each nation we can understand by studying existing Schools. All such national systems we can study, but not the Polish system, for it has no present existence, not because it does not deserve it, but because the entire Polish national spirit is deprived of the only field suitable for the expression of its social ideals and of its social organisations. These exceptional conditions force us to the exceptional course of studying this one system historically instead of contemporaneously in actual working, in order to complete the list of studies already published of the actual present day work of mankind in Education.

EDUCATION IN POLAND.

The system, which it is my privilege to describe, was established by a special Government Department of the Republic of Poland, elected by the Diet in Committee in 1773 to form a Commission or Board of National Education.* The most eminent members and officials of it were: Joachim Chreptowicz, Ignacy Potocki, Andrzej Zamoyski, Adam Czartoryski, Hugo Kollataj, Grzegorz Piramowicz. They were all well acquainted with modern science and culture, and especially with the work of the French Encyclopædists and pseudo-classics, and Rousseau undoubtedly had a certain influence on their educational ideals; but they perfectly understood the differences between France and Poland, and therefore they started an eminently national system.

In a pamphlet, published 1785, which had a considerable influence on the work of the Commission, a well-known reform leader, Stanislaw Staszic,† explains the principles of the system.

“Any education,” he says, “must be in accordance with the constitution of the Fatherland; people ought to be educated for that community in which they will have to live and to work. It is a specific quality of men a country wants for its development, and for specified social work; it is the task of schools to supply such men, and not others. Hence any system of public instruction must be under the care of the Government.”

The Commission was created to be the special organ of the National Government for supplying the men that the Government wanted for the reform of the country and the nation. The type of man aimed at was supposed to be the “citizen-knight,” a term introduced by Staszic, which means a man of the strongest character, of the highest devotion to the common welfare of his nation, prepared to support the law of his country and the ideals of justice and faith, a man trained in service for organised activity, a man of freedom in thought and obedience in deed. This ideal

* It may be of some interest to know that this Commission was the first Ministry of Education made in Europe.

† St. Staszic: *Uwagi nad zyciem Jana Zamoyskiego*, 1785; re-published in Cracow 1861.

SAINT GEORGE.

of a man is a Polish one and is now the common ideal of the Polish youth.* The public schools governed by the Commission of National Education had to educate in this direction.

The first task of the new Department was to bring order into the field of education in general and to organize the training of teachers who would be able to work out the general scheme and to put its excellent theories into practice. The Statute which created the Commission gave it the management of more than half the Secondary Schools in the country, for the whole property of the Jesuits, who were abolished by the Pope in 1773, was simultaneously conferred on the Commission, and the Jesuits were at that time the chief educational order in Poland. The Commission secured at once jurisdiction over all their own Schools, but they got also the right of supervision of all Schools throughout the country, and even of private education.

The training of teachers for Secondary Schools, as introduced by the Commission, was very thorough. Candidates had to be proposed by the head masters of their respective Secondary Schools. They had to be chosen among the abler boys only. They had to pass one year's trial at one of the universities of the country (Cracow and Wilno), and, if successful, remained there for a course of study of three years. The trial-year was open to any boy of eighteen years of age recommended by his head master. The first six years of tutorial practice after the close of the university course had to be spent in a school under the Commission, without salary, as a reward for the free education supplied; such junior-tutors were subject to the direction of the head master, and only in the seventh year of this training did they become independent and get a salary for their services. All secondary teachers were organised to form a kind of Order, called the "Academic Order" ("Stan Akademicki"). This organisation extended all over the country; everyone was subject to a higher

* See the pamphlet of Balicki:—*Egoizm narodowy* (National Egoism)—Lwow 1903; the works of Szczepanowski, etc.

and so more experienced colleague : the teachers of a school to its pro-rector, the pro-rectors of a district to the rector of the district school, the rectors of one of the two provinces to their respective university-senate. The advice of the senate, the rectors and pro-rectors, was based on very detailed reports sent in by each member of the profession to his superiors. These reports are published now by Mr. Wierzbowski in Warsaw, and are full of most interesting psychological and pædagogical observations. The higher members of the professional organisation had to report not only on their own work, but also on the conduct of colleagues entrusted to their care. The teachers of one school formed a community, and constituted not only the governing body of the school, but also a kind of moral and scientific society. They had to live a common life, and the chief feature of every community of teachers and of the whole order was a spirit of public service and devotion. The excellent statutes of the Commission* lay great stress upon this moral influence of the teachers' community.

The Primary Schools were at that time mostly private schools of the greater landlords. The Commission gave them every assistance, issued instructions for their management, and made provision for the erection of special training colleges for primary teachers.

The next thing was to organise the instruction and to compile model curricula. The careful selection of men was a guarantee that the pupils would be educatively guided and trained. For their instruction scientific advice was needed. The classical definition of the aim of education, given by Piramowicz,† was: to make the man happy, useful to others and able to perform the duties of citizenship; so the definition of the aim of books and instruction was: to be of practical service to the life of the community. As such the Commission dealt with religion and morals,

* Ustawy Komisji Edukacji Narodowej na szkoły wydziałowe i podwydziałowe w Koronie i Litwie przepisane, 1783; re-published by Mr. Wierzbowski in Warsaw, 1900. (Statutes and Regulations for Secondary Schools.)

† Piramowicz—*Speeches* (Mowy, 1776-1787), re-published in Cracow, 1889.

SAINT GEORGE.

knowledge of the Fatherland, national legislation, and "the sciences most useful to the community"—rather a striking order of subjects, if compared with modern curricula!

The regulations of the Commission prescribe that the teacher, when starting with a new subject, is to explain to the scholars its applications and use in practical life; and that this explanation is to be repeated when he closes the course in any subject. General principles as to the method of teaching are laid down in the regulations. Concrete, simple, easy and tangible things are to precede all complicated, abstract, difficult and general facts, conclusions and considerations. Chief stress is to be laid on the thorough understanding by the boys of what they learn, rather than on the learning by heart. The teacher has to train the scholars in independent thinking and arguing, in observing and considering facts. Therefore, the scholars have to write essays on all subjects they learn, not merely for style and language practice, but for the better understanding of all sciences. They have to write them in their leisure time. All dry, indifferent, and too complicated subjects are to be avoided as themes.

The Commission was not able at once to abandon the Latin language, then in common use in Poland, but it tried to render its knowledge more useful by extending the Latin reading of the scholars not merely to literature and art, and to word-knowledge, but by prescribing special extracts from Latin authors grouped for different sciences: when learning history, morals, natural science, horticulture, hygiene, passages of Latin authors were read illustrating the ancient views on the respective points.

The curriculum was divided into six stages: in each of the first two the pupils (normally boys of 10 and 11 to 12 years) were taught by one teacher, who taught Polish grammar, arithmetic, morals, first notions of geography and natural science. It was thought better to entrust the younger sets exclusively to one tutor rather than to expose them to the different personal influences of several teachers. The next stages, of which the fifth was a two-

years' stage, were taught during five years by four different teachers in special subjects: the teacher of rhetoric, of mathematics, of physics, and of morals and law. Their curricula were: for the teacher of rhetoric: Polish grammar compared with Latin grammar, the Latin language, theory of rhetoric and poetry; for the teacher of mathematics: arithmetic, geometry combined with geodesy, algebra, logic; for the teacher of physics: practical knowledge of natural science, *viz.*: natural science of horticulture and agriculture; physics, mineralogy, botany, hygiene and a special and very characteristic subject: "the history of art and handicrafts;" lastly, for the teacher of morals and law: ancient history, national history and geography, general principles of law and morals, and the national legislation.

The methodical principles laid down for each subject of the curriculum form the most interesting part of the statutes. Geometry was to be taught chiefly as geodesical practice, practice of measurement, of the use of instruments, and of the sketching of maps and plans. Logic was to be systematically applied to practical questions of everyday life and of morals. Natural history was to start with the better-known subjects, as horticulture and agriculture, and the resulting doctrines were to be applied again to these practical sciences. Hygiene was to be taught as an explanation of the régime of the school, and of the physical training of the boys. A special chapter of the statutes is devoted to this matter. The Commission requires the parents of the young generation to be very careful with the health of the children in their early days, as mistakes made at that time remain often irreparable. They explain that the health of the children is the basis of the health of the citizens, and of the strength of the nation as a whole. The regulations for the maintenance of the health of the scholars are quite modern in their principles: every day a special time must be set apart in every school curriculum for games and the physical training of the boys; they have to play in the open air. The mental work has to be restricted

SAINT GEORGE.

to twenty hours a week; two free afternoons every week have to be set apart for games and fresh air parties. Military and social games of every description are specially recommended, as they play an important part in the moral education of the children. "Every citizen of every country is born to defend his country, but especially a citizen of a Republic is its born-soldier and defender." Military games, if carefully watched and directed by the teachers, will show clearly the differences between real courage and bravery, uprightness of mind, and strength of soul and body—and arrogance, pride, and idleness. Courage and character have to be praised and recompensed in contrast to cowardice and timidity.

"The history of art and handicrafts" was a kind of object lesson of a higher type—a lesson of practical life-knowledge. It was included in the curriculum of the highest stage and had to fit the boys about to leave school with practical knowledge of the general principles of the home-market, with notions about prices of different things, about the value of things in common use, their usual adulterations, etc.

In teaching physics as well as morals, teachers are recommended to avoid any complicated speculations, and to give only simple trustworthy facts and principles which can be of use in real life. Simplicity and order have to be the chief features of both subjects as taught in Secondary Schools. Subtle investigations of dogmatic questions are of no use for faith and practical morals, and the best basis for moral teaching is the moral example, the true piety of the teachers, not bigotry, which is an obstacle to the performance of social and Christian duties.

Moral science has to be taught in close connection with the laws of the Republic, which is a practical application of morals, and with history, which, if well understood, is a proof of the truth of our moral principles. Practical conclusions for everyday life and severe criticism of history are to be connected with the moral teaching. When teaching history, the teacher has carefully to avoid any misrepresentation of facts, as our understanding of historical

EDUCATION IN POLAND.

facts is the true foundation of our political and moral opinions. Therefore, say the statutes, the teacher has to criticise even deeds wrongly considered to be brilliant and glorious; actions contrary to justice, humanity, and honesty are to be freely denounced. "The teacher shall never give the name of Statesmanship, which should mean 'ability to govern,' nor of Heroism to anything characterised by craft, treason, vice, violence, outrage, invasion or misappropriation of anyone's property." General moral maxims are to be well understood by the boys, such as: "no community can exist without laws and government;" "the welfare of a nation depends on the justice of its laws;" "every citizen owes obedience to his government, and the government to the laws;" "every country must be secured against any hostile attempt of foreign powers;" "for the sake of its own happiness every nation must have reasonable aspirations."

The same principles have to be applied in the education of girls and in the curricula of Primary Schools. No brilliant superficial knowledge is necessary for girls; they have to acquire necessary knowledge in writing and reading, arithmetic, needlework, morals and history, especially national history, and they ought to be prepared for their future duties. Reading of idle books is of no use and ought to be avoided.

The model curriculum of Primary Schools comprises: Christian morals, reading, writing, arithmetic, elementary measurement and the measures, weights and coins in common use, practical horticulture and agriculture, the geography of the parish and district, hygiene and elementary knowledge of the diseases of domestic animals, practical knowledge of the commerce of the district, and of the proper use of such things as are commonly wasted in towns and in villages, *e.g.*, rags, cinders, etc. At the end of the moral science course general knowledge should be given of the laws of the Republic which regulate the actual duties of government and citizens. General and free education for all children from 8 to 10 and even to 12 years was suggested by the Commission.

SAINT GEORGE.

To meet the absolute lack of books adequate to the new programmes the Commission nominated a learned body of well-known pædagogues, called the "Elementary Books Society," to whom they entrusted the providing of the necessary books. They issued an international appeal* to all scientific men to compete in this task. Prizes were offered for the best books. In this appeal the Society laid down the general features of the books required. Detailed schemes of the works intended were to be presented by the competitors for the approval of the Society. Approved schemes were returned to the authors or entrusted to other people for elaboration. The books, when ready, were then discussed by the Society, translated if necessary, and, if accepted, were approved by the Commission of National Education itself as prescribed School Books. Many Polish and foreign scientists took part in this learned competition, and in the course of ten years the Society published, with the approval of the Commission, the following books, some of them in many and corrected editions: *Elementarium* (first reading and writing book), by Kopczynski; *Moral Science*, by Poplawski; *History of the East and of Greece*, by the brothers Skrzetuscy; *Polish-Latin Grammar*, by Kopczynski; *Extracts from Classic Authors* (Latin reading books), referring to the different sciences; *Latin Dictionary*, by Kozminski; *Dictionary of Antiquities*, by Piramowicz; *Rhetoric and Poetry*, by Piramowicz; *Arithmetic, Geometry and Algebra*, by Lhuillier (in Polish translation); *Zoology and Botany*, by Kluk; *Introduction to Physics and Mechanics*, by Hube (in Polish translation); *A Manual of Hygiene*; lastly, the Commission approved of the *Logic* written for them by Condillac (and translated into Polish), which, however, was published only in 1808.

Many other books were in course of preparation when the activity of the Commission was suspended by the dismemberment of the country. Many schemes had been disapproved; and some books were published which had not obtained the approval of the

* Published in Polish and Latin in Warsaw, 1776.

EDUCATION IN POLAND.

Commission. These, however, were good, though not quite in accord with the general programme. The competition proved very useful and successful. All the books of the Commission are excellent from the systematic and methodological point of view. This attempt to create the necessary books, instead of waiting for private enterprise to do so, and meanwhile using books of minor quality, is a very remarkable fact.

If we now summarise the leading features of the Polish system of Education we can do it very briefly. The aim of the moral education was to create by means of the schools strong characters in healthy bodies. The aim of the instruction was to equip the pupils with useful practical knowledge, aiming not at a very high scientific standard, but at a rational standard of common sense. The tendency of the Commission was to enforce this system throughout the country, to support exclusively schools working in that direction, and to secure a distinct influence on the formation of all future generations of the nation. The system in itself laid stress on the national character of education as well as of instruction, and on the devotion of the pupils to the community.

The political fate of Poland brought the work of the Commission to a premature end after only 20 years of continuous efforts to complete the reform. Nevertheless, a careful study of the history of Poland at the end of the XVIIIth and during the first 30 years of the XIXth Centuries shows quite clearly the immense value of the Commission's work in producing the following fruits: devotion to the Polish nation; high military virtues in Napoleon's army and afterwards in the Polish Army of 1830-31; sound social work in the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw and in the Kingdom of Poland after 1815; and scientific and literary production of the highest order. Every earnest student of the matter must agree that the system, though of such short duration, proved very successful in the life of the three succeeding generations. Its principles are so sound, so clear and firm, that they can even now form the basis for many useful reforms in the educational systems of the world.

LANDOWNING IN THREE ISLANDS.

By the HON. ROLLO RUSSELL.



ENGLAND, Scotland, and Ireland have suffered for centuries under a system of landownership which has done more than anything else for the degradation of the peasantry, the suppression of a healthy independent life in the majority of the people.

The consequences are now reaching their climax in the artificial growth of large towns, which destroy the British race, and in the desolation of the country, reserved for rich game preservers, native or foreign, as a holiday luxury. The people are, as a matter of fact, being killed off for sport and pride.

The several Land Acts passed for Ireland in response to vigorous agitation in that country have come too late to serve the greater and stronger part of the nation, which has fled to America, but they will, if well carried out, produce a measure of happiness in the remaining peasantry who will show what a loyal and contented people they naturally are, if only governed with justice.

In England and Scotland there is scarcely a mitigating influence against the fatal, the murderously cruel system of large estates, which, where it prevails, allows no Englishman and no Scotchman a freeman's life on his native soil.

There are many good landlords, with model estates and well-built cottages, but very few who consider themselves as trustees for the strong development of a free peasantry, with multiplied holdings, and sure dwelling-places. In all counties the system has caused cottages to be pulled down where they do not pay, and small farms to be thrown into large ones, and labourers to be made scarce, where game is plentiful.

The effect of laws in destroying or creating a peasantry may be well illustrated by taking the case of certain islands lying off

LANDOWNING IN THREE ISLANDS.

Scotland, England, and France, respectively, all under the British crown.

The Hebrides in particular showed the English-Scotch land system at its worst, but that system has just failed in having the worst effect, seen in some Scotch counties, namely, entire depopulation.

The terrible wrongs suffered by the crofters of the Hebrides turned the attention of Parliament to their misery and destitution, and the Crofter Commission has saved them from the fate of multitudes of the Scotch people who suffered and died in silent submission to their traitorous chiefs.

In the island of Lewis thousands were evicted from their homes, and most of those who remained were driven to little patches of bog and barren moor, while the country which their forefathers had made fertile by their labour was given over to sheep. Now even these little patches, where they had been turned into cultivated plots, and so worth taking, were made over to the landlord, while the people were expelled to barren strips of sea-coast. The heath was set on fire, also the houses, barns, mills, and sheds built by the tenants or their fathers, the cattle were starved, and many of the people died of cold and hardships. In South Uist, not only were trout and game forbidden to the people but even the sea-weed thrown up by the sea could only be gathered by leave of the agent, and was then grabbed by starlight "with the hideous intensity of starvation."

In Tiree and Eriskay a similar process, sanctioned by the majesty of the law, took effect: hard work for life, eviction, redemption of fresh and worse ground, eviction again. What theft, and what murder, can be compared with these legalities?

No wonder the people who remain in the Hebrides "have largely lost the ease of manner and frankness characteristic of these islands. They seem to have acquired some of the qualities of those who are crushed body and soul." The same thing, in a less acute but very chronic form, may be seen in Sussex: landlord and agent

SAINT GEORGE.

crush out the native mind and worth. These crushed islanders had been, as landlords joined in reporting, "a nursery of good workers, and good citizens for the whole Empire." Apply the British land system, and the "nursery" is burnt down.

Under fair tenure for long terms, or under a state system like that which has brought contentment to the poorest districts of Ireland, the people of Lewis, however poor, would flourish in security. They are even now reviving under a more kindly administration.

The crofter, or semi-independent Scotch peasant, though tolerated in only a few places, is a strong element in the nation, enjoying, as Lord Napier declares, "an uncommon share of vigour and longevity." Next let me turn to a southern island with a better climate, gentler landlords, and an excellent market. The Isle of Wight is well fitted by nature for the maintenance of a numerous and happy community, living on and by the land, cultivating in small farms or gardens plenty of produce for their own consumption and for neighbouring towns. But it has the British semi-feudal system for its curse, and as a matter of course we find no peasant-proprietary, hardly any small holders, no general well-being on the land, few productive gardens, orchards or small farms. The land looks desolate, few farms and few cottages are to be seen. Wide open spaces of field and down testify to the expulsion of the people by the large estate and large farm. The value of land, considering the position and climate, is very low, and the rents for large farms do not approach the sum which would be received from small farms under something like the French system, with long leases instead of ownership. Several health-resorts round the coast, and the towns a few miles off across the Solent would easily maintain a population of market-gardeners. But the fatal system drives the trade to France, Holland, Denmark, and even further. There is no independence in the Isle of Wight.

Thirdly, without leaving British territory, but leaving British landlordism, let us cross to the island of Jersey, or, if preferred,

LANDOWNING IN THREE ISLANDS.

Guernsey. Here the climate is slightly, but only slightly, better than that of the Isle of Wight or the coast of Devon and Dorset. The soil was poor, but has been enriched by the system of small proprietorship. The British land laws here do not exist, and their blight has no operation. The system closely resembles that which maintains the French peasantry in the country. The land consequently is ten times more valuable than on the British mainland, and can be let at ten times the rent, where let at all. There is a fine independence, thriftiness, and vigour in the people, which is most refreshing after experience of the timidity of Sussex and Kentish labourers. They are, each family, small landowners, and work the land themselves in perfect security, knowing that work and value put into the land remain their own in perpetuity. Holdings generally are from four to ten acres. No wonder that loyalty and contentment are pre-eminent in these islands.

The British race is rapidly declining. If we desire to preserve an Empire, not only of territory, but of sturdy, capable men and women, our first object must be the restoration of the people to the land under fair conditions, with easy, fixed, and secure tenure.

IN MEMORIAM: FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

By J. S. COTTON.

[The following address was delivered at the funeral of Mr. Franklin Richards on 17th April last. We believe our readers will be glad to have from the pen of his oldest surviving friend this tribute to one whose personality was in part revealed to them through the scholarly and valuable articles he contributed to *Saint George*. Franklin Richards lived the quiet life of a scholar. He was little known in the market place. But no one who knew him could fail to be impressed by the great nobility of his character; his unbounded tolerance, his heroism under suffering, his large-hearted sympathy to all who approached him. He had a genius for friendship, remarkable and rare; and the writer of these words recalls with gratitude deeper than he can here express, its exercise towards himself during days of calm and days of stress. The writer is only one of many men who would desire to place on record their indebtedness for the inspiration of his life; for the wise counsel of his richly stored and beautiful mind; for his friendship that never failed.—General Editor, *Saint George*.]



FRANKLIN Thomas Richards was born at Kensington, on 18th March, 1847, being the eldest son of Thomas Richards, well-known as a London printer, and as the friend of many literary men for whom he printed. His mother was a sister of Canon J. R. T. Eaton, who was at one time Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford. There were two other sons, each of whom (like himself) gained two first classes in classics, which forms, I believe, a unique record. He was educated at King's College School, then in the Strand, under the headmastership of the Rev. Dr. G. F. Maclear. In after life he used to say that he had not been well taught. Certainly he did not bring with him to the University the

IN MEMORIAM: FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

standard of classical scholarship which is frequently shown by boys from the larger public schools; but it is probable that nothing was lost by late maturity. After one or two disappointments, he was elected to an open scholarship at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1866, and came into residence in the October term.

From his freshman's year, when I first knew him, his character was already such as it remained to the end. Devotion to work, simplicity of life, and sympathy with friends of differing tastes were even then its dominant notes. Though he belonged to one or two literary societies, where we used to read juvenile essays to one another, I do not remember that he ever spoke at the Union. It was in long Sunday walks, rather than at social gatherings, that his early friendships were formed. As was natural, many of these were within his own college, where Professor Sayce, Dr. H. B. Donkin, C. W. A. Tait, H. C. Irwin, and the Rev. Dr. Redpath sat with him at the scholars' table; while among the commoners C. D. Haigh and Henry Wimble may specially be mentioned. Of outside friends, I think the most intimate were E. W. B. Nicholson of Trinity, F. Y. Edgeworth of Balliol, J. W. Browne and A. C. Hamilton of University, J. Rhys of Jesus, S. Dill of Lincoln, and, somewhat later, Grant Allen of Merton. I dwell on these names, because they indicate an important feature of Oxford life in those days. There was then no predominant school of thought, philosophical or religious, in the University; nor any conspicuous teachers, except perhaps at Balliol. What we learned was mainly from private reading, not from lectures, and from intercourse with one another. "Iron sharpeneth iron; and a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

To one so concentrated upon work, success in examinations came easily. Having made himself an accurate rather than a brilliant scholar, he was mentioned as *proxime* for the Hertford in 1868, in company with his brother. Earlier in the same year he had been placed in the first class in classical moderations; and with little more than twelve months' reading he overtook some of his seniors,

SAINT GEORGE.

and obtained a first class in *Literis Humanioribus* in 1869. Immediately afterwards he was elected to a fellowship at Trinity, which he vacated on marriage. A short interval was spent at Glasgow, as assistant to Professor G. G. Ramsay. But Trinity was glad to re-appoint him to an official fellowship, as soon as the reform of the statutes permitted; and there he remained in harness for twenty years, giving up to the college the better part of his life.

It is probable that the position of a don was not altogether congenial to him. In addition to lecturing, it involves supervision over the academical life of all sorts and conditions of undergraduates, and also co-operation with other members of the governing body. For university business, which occupies so large a portion of the time of most Oxford residents, he had a positive distaste. But when the turn of his college came round, he did not refuse the office of Proctor, but conscientiously performed its multifarious functions. After becoming a tutor, he never examined in the Schools. His work was not limited to the academical year of three short terms. Every long vacation he took with him to the seaside—for he was a lover of the sea and its cliffs—a small reading party of Trinity pupils, to whom he gave of his best without fee. It was then that they learned not only what he had to teach, but also what manner of man their teacher was. This private coaching, which was formerly more common at Oxford than it has now become, was the really fruitful portion of his tutorial work; and by it Franklin Richards will be gratefully remembered by many generations of Trinity men, who think themselves fortunate in having been selected to share his companionship.

Apart from his teaching at Oxford, which took up so much of his time, I must say something about his personal work, to which his whole life was devoted, to the very last. This work lay in the domains of philosophy, ancient history, archæology, and botany. With regard to philosophy, he belonged to no school,

IN MEMORIAM: FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

but had read widely in all. For metaphysics proper he had little sympathy, since the tendency of his mind was scientific, and he preferred concrete facts. Plato and Aristotle he regarded as the only proper material for teaching philosophy, though he would encourage his pupils to read modern books as widely as he did himself. But, in truth, with him philosophy was not a subject to be learnt or taught, but a rule of life to be practised. It was the foundation of his own character, and the constant guide of his conduct. Never since Marcus Aurelius—whom he greatly admired—has there lived a more consistent Stoic. Ancient history he preferred to philosophy, because it presented him with the concrete facts that he liked. His erudition in this department was immense, and it was all recorded accurately in the pigeon-holes of his mind. It is the more to be regretted that he published so little, and has left in his note-books nothing, I fear, in a fit state for publication. Archæology first attracted him as supplying the materials for ancient history; but the fascination of the subject in itself grew upon him, and helped to develope the æsthetic side of his nature. In later years, nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see with his own eyes the excavations at Rome, or to visit the galleries of the British Museum. His interest in botany came, I think, from his intimacy with Grant Allen, though they looked at the subject from different stand-points. To Grant Allen, the how and the why, as revealing the secrets of evolution, were everything; while Richards confined himself to the study of local Floras and the identification of species. For many years this was the chief amusement of the hours that he reserved from his books, and it induced him to journey, often on foot, over the larger number of the English counties. It satisfied his love of orderly classification and precise knowledge; but he never formed any collections, nor wrote on the subject, except to assist fellow botanists. The natural charm of the study was appropriate to his simple disposition, and many of his friends will like to remember him in this connexion.

SAINT GEORGE.

I may mention a few lighter features of his character. Though he was a wide reader, it would not be true to call him omnivorous. For some of the standard works of English literature, especially of English poetry, he had little taste ; and where he had no taste, he never forced his inclination. French and German were absolutely familiar to him ; but his visits to Italy came too late to enable him to take pleasure in the language of Dante. Novels he devoured, particularly French novels. At one time he was a great admirer of Swinburne ; latterly, I believe, he turned more often to Matthew Arnold. He was extremely fond of the theatre, though not of the orthodox drama. In music he cared only for tunes, such as he could have repeated to him on the piano. Travel and sight-seeing were his two chief pleasures.

It is with no little hesitation that I feel bound to touch upon his attitude towards religion, or rather towards theology. Religious he was assuredly, if religion be the conscientious performance of all our duties to our fellow-men. But it would be idle to pretend that he was ever orthodox. In his early days he belonged to that school of thought represented by John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Huxley, which had to fight a battle (now won) against clerical obscurantism. He was himself, however, never aggressive, and his natural tendency was in favour of reticence, though not in favour of cowardly concealment of the truth as he saw it. As years passed by, I fancy that he underwent some change, like most of us. But the change was not altogether on his side. The two hostile forces of free-thought and supernaturalism have now to a large extent agreed upon a truce, and have come to understand that what they had fought over were not essentials. In his own case, deeper study and wider experience doubtless contributed to the same result. Philosophy, science, and history alike teach the lesson of continuity in the affairs of mankind, as in the laws of the universe. He came to recognise that each successive generation must be what their ancestors and their environment have made them. In this

IN MEMORIAM: FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

connexion, it is significant to remember that the only little book he published was one dealing with the condition of the Roman Empire on "The Eve of Christianity," in which book there is not a word that could offend the most simple believer. I would also call to mind that among the Fellows of Trinity of his time no less than three are now bishops, and that with each of these he was on terms of cordial intimacy, without any suppression of convictions on either side. I venture to say that he would have felt no objection to having the funeral service of the Church of England read over him, if only it could have been read by a friend, though the words would not have meant the same to him as they do to most. The following lines from an Oxford poet of a generation older than our own fairly embody his creed, or rather his rule of conduct.

"*'Hath man no second life?' Pitch this one high!
'Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?'
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
'Was Christ a man like us?' Ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"*

There remains one more feature of his character about which I must speak. Outwardly reserved to the point of austerity, he had within him a heart of gold. Courteous and considerate to everybody, especially to women and children, it was only to a few that he extended the privilege of intimate friendship. To none did he unlock his secret soul, for that was not in his nature. But with him, more than with any other man that I have known, the interchange of the sweet offices of friendship was an ethical obligation, which probably drew some of its sanction from ancient philosophy. It is hardly too much to say that in him the duty of friendship took the place which in others is filled by the dictates of religion. While it was to his early friends that this aspect was most strongly manifested, there are many of a younger generation, especially among his pupils at Trinity, whose lives


SAINT GEORGE.

have been enriched by the example of "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control" which he set before them. It is thus that he would himself desire to be remembered, and remembered he will be as long as any of his friends survive.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame—nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a *life* so noble."

HOMES AND LODGING HOUSES FOR WORKING BOYS.

By CHARLES E. B. RUSSELL.

O one who has studied the street life of a great city can have failed to notice how regular is the supply of fresh youthful recruits to the large number of lads and young men who appear habitually to obtain their living by hawking small wares and papers in the busiest and most central streets; and any such student must also have noticed that many of these street sellers possess every indication of belonging to what is known as the loafing class. This being so, it may be well to consider from whence the continual flow of recruits to the existing army of street sellers comes, and what measures it may be possible to take to check the supply of fresh materials for a calling which seems almost invariably, as the years go on, to lead to a terrible demoralisation of character.

Where are the homes from which these street vendors have come? How is it they are not following a more regular form of employment? Is it owing to the nature of the home, or is it some difficulty in early education, or some flaw in character which has led to these youths escaping from the ordinary ranks of labour?

In the first place, I would say without hesitation that no more fruitful source of evil, so far as young people are concerned, exists than the Common Lodging House. It is a blot upon the social life of our great cities that too often it is the case that a youth between 16 and 19 years of age, thrown upon his own resources through some cause or another, and having to leave the home of his childhood, can find no place in which to rest other than the Common Lodging House,—a place which, while it may not further harm men who habitually resort to it, is yet fraught with danger of the very worst kind to youths who have to make

SAINT GEORGE.

use of the shelter it affords; for it is the case that the overwhelming majority of youths living in Common Lodging Houses are young people who are not in regular employment but make their living by street peddling of various kinds, who have, it would almost seem, an inborn distaste to early rising, and who rarely leave the Lodging House Kitchen before 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning to commence their wanderings in the city and their more or less strenuous efforts to obtain sufficient for the day without the least thought for what is to happen on the morrow. Let a lad for the first time come to such a house with a fixed intention when he enters it to be up early in the morning and search for work. Let his efforts to obtain employment be fruitless, and in a few days he will, it is sad to notice, begin to be attracted by the life of those who share his lodgings, and acting on their advice and unable to stand their continual chaff at his efforts to obtain work, will decide to throw in his lot with them, and endeavour to find amid the hurly-burly of the streets a livelihood for himself.

Now if such a lad were to seek, with a few pence in his pocket, any home other than the Common Lodging House, could he find it? To the writer's knowledge no other home or lodging house of any kind exists for boys placed in such a position. If younger, there are excellent institutions all over the country which would take charge of him and shelter him. If a man, he can also, as a rule, obtain food and shelter in some of the many institutions provided by the charitable, and can, by the expenditure of some effort in chopping wood, obtain the means of keeping body and soul together for some short time. It is not a good thing to offer to a young lad of sixteen such a work as wood chopping. Too frequently it will cause him to imagine that he has sunk to the bottom of the social ladder, and instead of rousing him to renewed effort will deaden within him any hopes of rising to something better; and the writer's purpose in penning this paper is to urge the importance of the provision of suitable Lodging Houses for boys of this class, Lodging Houses strictly speaking and not

HOMES FOR WORKING BOYS.

Homes : for after all *family* life under good and clean conditions is what is most necessary and desirable. It should surely be possible for houses to be provided on a basis which should not preclude altogether the possibility of their being self-supporting Lodging Houses, houses where such boys might go on payment of the usual price of 4d. per night, and be provided with exactly what the ordinary Common Lodging House sets out to give its patrons; but yet houses which should be managed by men who have some knowledge of the trade requirements of the district, who should be able to suggest to a boy where he might obtain work; and should further be so much more than Lodging Houses that they should offer to a lad who was actually penniless, shelter for the night and breakfast the next morning, with a chance of again returning to the House at night in exchange for house work of many kinds which he might do in the afternoon when his efforts to obtain work during the morning had failed. More than this, it should be the function of the manager to see that a boy did not become a permanent lodger, but to find for him after he had obtained work a home with some decent family, a home indeed in which his own weekly contribution would be of great assistance in adding to the comfort of the family, and in which he would enjoy all the comforts of a family life which a home on the communal system can hardly be expected to give.

Again, there is a grave danger in taking lads into a "home" for a lengthy period; for while they are protected and shielded from evil in the "home," there is a considerable risk that the protection is only as it were a scaffolding within which the walls have been but carelessly built, with the result that as soon as the scaffolding is removed, at the first gale or stress of weather, the whole erection falls with a crash. It may happen that a boy kept in a "home" largely freed from the ordinary temptations of the every-day family life as lived in a working-class district, may, when he has to leave the home, for leave it he must eventually, fall an easy victim to outside temptations from which for years

SAINT GEORGE.

he has been shielded. That this is so can be seen to some extent from the fact that Industrial School and Reformatory boys frequently, so far as the writer's experience goes, drift back to reckless and unworthy modes of living, even within a few months of their leaving a Training Ship or Industrial School after a four or five years' sojourn, during which their conduct has been as good as one might desire. The long period of training has not enabled them to resist the temptations of their old-time life, and so it happens that there is grave danger that a boy kept in a permanent home is not being fitted in the best way to overcome the temptations which he is bound to have to face. I would therefore urge the provision of Lads' Lodging Houses of the type already referred to. Of course the question may well be asked here: If a boy who, we will assume, has lost his parents, and is turned into the streets, comes to such a House and asks for shelter and expresses a wish that he may be found work, how is he to be maintained if he, with all the best intentions in the world, is not able to find employment within a few days? There is really only one thing that can be done in such a case, and that is to provide that so soon as the lad obtains work (and lads ought never to be out of employment for long), he should set to work to repay the cost of his maintenance. For instance, he may have obtained work at 12/- per week after being two weeks in the house. The cost of keeping him will probably have been say 7/- per week, so that the House will have incurred an expense of 14/- on his behalf. He should be kept in the Lodging House paying 11/- per week until the weekly difference between the actual cost and what he has paid comes to the total expended on him in the first instance; and then, but not till then, should an effort be made to obtain for him a home in some private family.

Boys from Industrial Schools, who have *not* come from the city in which the school is situated, are most excellently dealt with in Homes of the type of the Ardwick Green Industrial School Old Boys' Home in Manchester. But here, as in other cases, however

HOMES FOR WORKING BOYS.

attractive it may be to keep in close touch with boys who have been well-known to the heads of such institutions for years, it is surely wiser and in the best interests of the boys themselves to secure their admission as soon as possible into thoroughly respectable families which could be visited regularly at stated intervals, and from the head of which a report might from time to time be received shewing the general progress of the lad who had been committed to their care.

The writer feels convinced from no little experience that if decent Lodging Houses of the description given were provided, large numbers of youths who at present drift into a loafing, if not criminal, life would be saved from such a calamity; and one of the sources from which the "unemployable" springs would be tapped at its head and, to some extent, diminished. The writer would like to add that were such Homes or Lodging Houses generally provided in our larger cities it should be a condition that lads on leaving Industrial Schools should, instead of being sent immediately to their own homes, go for a probationary period to one of these voluntary homes, on the model of the Manchester Industrial School Old Boys' Home, and so *gradually* come to a full possession of their liberty. The sudden change from the discipline of the school to the freedom and often license of a home in a very poor district is so great that many youths are not strong enough to resist the temptations of a daily life so attractive in many ways to them, and yet so utterly at variance with all they have learnt in their respective schools.

Were these Homes provided, however, a fresh problem comes to the front, for not only would admission to them be sought by those who have had no experience of the Common Lodging House or a life of street selling and loafing, but numbers of youths, habitual lodgers at such Houses and regular frequenters of the busy streets of a city as a means of picking up a precarious living as best they may, would also apply for admission. The question therefore at once arises—should lads of the latter class be brought

SAINT GEORGE.

into the close contact with the former which must necessarily ensue from their living in the same House? It may, perhaps, be well for a moment to endeavour to trace the causes of the latter being the street loafer that he is. One or two reasons stand out prominently. They are these. In the first place, a young boy commencing to earn his livelihood in the streets is most frequently the son of dissolute and idle parents, parents who have neglected his education, who have forgotten what their duties to their child really were, who have allowed him from his earliest years a liberty and license which have almost been complete, and who, when the boy has shown signs of rebelling against the restraints of a possible first employment to which he has been put, have raised no objection to his throwing up such work and endeavouring by selling papers, or by running errands, or by carrying bags, by selling matches, or by peddling other small articles, to bring in his weekly quota to the family purse. Time goes on and the lad almost inevitably falls a victim to gambling and other vices; and frequently enough by the time he is 15 or 16 makes up his mind to work entirely on his own account, leaves his home, such as it is, and spends his nights in one or other of the many Common Lodging Houses. It is quite a mistake to suppose that many very young street sellers are without parents. In the case of youths of 17 years of age thrown on their own resources this is frequently the case, but in the writer's experience the *young* street seller is what he is largely by his own deliberate choice.

Another and fruitful origin of the street boy loafer is the utter aversion many youths have to rising sufficiently early to be at any regular kind of employment at the hour required, coupled in many instances with an insatiable mania for gambling in any form. These lads will play pitch-and-toss or cards at any hour of the day for any odd coppers they have obtained; and so terribly strong does the habit become that the writer has known boys who have refused to accept regular employment because, they said, they could not possibly give up the indulgence of the many opportunities

HOMES FOR WORKING BOYS.

for gambling their free and unrestrained life in the streets afforded. How can such boys be dealt with?

The writer agrees entirely with Sir Robert Anderson that no boy in his teens should be allowed to live in idleness in the streets, and that Society should make it unlawful for any able-bodied youth who has no means of subsistence to make the streets his home. Whether public sentiment is ripe enough for this is another question; but the writer feels sure that if boy loafing is ever to be done away with, the cure lies in this direction. Boys of this class admitted to such Homes as those proposed would rarely prove satisfactory. If work were found for them, they would probably leave about the time of a more than usually attractive race meeting or at any particular period of public excitement; and many of them, unfortunately, are not too scrupulous in dealing with their employers' goods. The writer is of opinion that the Homes he suggests should, at any rate experimentally, be closed to boys of this class, and that so far as these are concerned the reduction in their numbers should come about by legislation directed against juvenile street loafing.

THE IMPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT IN PAINTING.

By EDWARD MCGEGAN.

IN a brief essay on "Dilettantism," with which Huysmans opens his stimulating volume of art criticism, *Certains*, the following passages occur :—

"One of the most disconcerting symptoms of our time is promiscuousness in admiration. . . . The seeing and the would-be admiring of works, utterly different from and hostile to each other, imply a largeness of spirit, an elasticity of artistic case, truly flattering." . . . But "the truth is, you cannot understand art and love it truly if you are an eclectic, a dilettante. You cannot be sincerely enraptured before Delacroix if you admire M. Bastien-Lepage ; you do not love M. Gustave Moreau if you admit M. Bonnat, or M. Degas if you tolerate M. Gervex. . . . You cannot have talent if you do not love with passion or hate with passion ; enthusiasm and contempt are indispensable to the creation of a work ; talent belongs to the sincere and to the passionate, not to the indifferent and the cowardly."

These words touch one of the great problems in æsthetic appreciation and criticism : the orientation of the individual in the world of art. The problem remains finally insoluble to all of us. What appears to us as a cipher to-day may seem ten to-morrow, or the ten of to-morrow may seem one or nothing or a hundred a year hence. The only means by which we can reach an approximate solution of the problem is by taking care that our power and extent of vision constantly increase, and that our faculty for comparison keeps pace with this.

The cultivation of the æsthetic sense is the giving of free scope to our emotions and to our intuitions rather than to (though far from exclusive of) our intellectual and reasoning faculties. Being primarily emotional, the æsthetic sense, no matter how ardent it may be, has necessarily an element of vagueness in it ;—what might be called an infinite largeness and breadth. Science, on the other hand, being primarily the exercise of intellect, a search for

THE IMPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT IN PAINTING.

intellectual truth, is necessarily more exact ; must, indeed, avoid vagueness as far as is possible. Science is thus infinitely more capable of definition ; therefore, we should imagine, more liable to be dogmatic. That it can be and is dogmatic, we know too well. But with all its dogmatism, the great virtue of science is the virtue of the open mind ; the tolerance that not only permits of progress but accelerates it ; the virtue by which it is willing to re-examine its beliefs whenever a new theory of fundamentals is propounded.

Huysmans's method—the application of strong but limited sympathies, and of equally strong but more extensive prejudices : applied earlier by Ruskin and resulting, with him, in (for example) that lamentable chapter on Claude and Poussin—has often furnished some of the most fascinating pages of æsthetic criticism ; but whether the subject be art or literature it tends to tell us more of the nature of the critic than of the subject—person or product—dealt with. The method is eminently preferable to that pursued by the critics of our daily journals : the acceptance of everything from chipped flints to the latest society entertainer provided by the Academy ; but it becomes increasingly evident that æsthetics should reverse the common process of politics : it should enquire and understand before it becomes either fixed or fluid. “The business of intelligent criticism is to be in touch with everything.” To have our emotional nature always susceptible to new impressions and to the deepening of old impressions ; and at the same time to have our intellectual nature so responsive to the call of our emotions, and yet in itself so alive and reasonably critical that it will cast out, at once or gradually, what is weak or mistaken in these, and retain for ever what in them is strengthening and productive of higher emotion and thought and action, is the only constant care and aim worth having in æsthetics.

The advent of a new school or of a strong and original personality in art or in literature invariably shows the necessity for such a care and aim. The long and checkered history of Impressionism

SAINT GEORGE.

shows it with singular clearness and force. Impressionism was scoffed at and ostracised from the first, save by an exceptionally clear-sighted few. It was regarded as a riotous alien in the realm of art. It was persecuted as an impious destroyer of the True, the Beautiful and the Good (for a kind of devilish power was early perceived in its higher criticism of the æsthetic Trinity). For fully twenty years war was waged against it. Banished from the *Salons*, it was forced to eke out a precarious existence on the proceeds of private exhibitions, or of direct and scarcely remunerative sales to dealers and collectors.* But Impressionism had a courage equal to its genius for revolution. It sustained the attack of all the forces—and they were many—that were brought against it; and though the war is not over even yet and Impressionism still largely remains outside the sphere of official art, all the honours are indubitably on the side of the Impressionists; and we but paraphrase the words of some of those who do not love it much, when we say that all landscape art of the future and all art aiming at the treatment of contemporary life must inevitably take account of Impressionism.

In giving a brief account of the Impressionist movement in painting, we do not propose to deal with all that may be classed under the name of Impressionism in the art of to-day. Impressionism, in the widest sense, was invented long before the Nineteenth Century; and Impressionism, in the narrower sense, as applied to the work of a small group of French painters, united by a common search after new points of view and new techniques, has widened, and has so influenced the art of our time that a study of modern Impressionism would really be a study of nearly all contemporary art that seeks to escape from the tyranny of tradition. We shall deal, then, only with the ideas and the

* The following significant passage from a letter (dated 1875) of Manet to Théodore Duret is quoted by Mr. Wynford Dewhurst (*Studio*, July, 1903):—"I went to see Monet yesterday. I found him quite on the rocks. He asked me to find someone who would buy from him (at his own choice) from ten to twenty pictures at 100 francs apiece. . . . I had thought of some dealer or collector, but I foresee the possibility of a refusal. . . ."

THE IMPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT IN PAINTING.

personalities of that small group of painters who changed the contemptuous nickname of Impressionist into the accepted and honourable designation of the most original and fruitful movement in recent and contemporary art.

Impressionism was but one manifestation of a wide æsthetic and intellectual movement: the gradual overcoming by the spirit of positivism of the vague humanitarianism of "189" and the romanticism of "1830." These had run their course and achieved their purpose; and still earlier ideals could be no more than sign-posts by the way. In philosophy, Comte, Taine and Renan had each given a new and more definitely scientific basis for construction or criticism. In literature, romanticism was dying out. Hugo had shown that he was not untouched by *Parnassien* tendencies; Gautier had confessed that he was a classic at heart, and he had, besides, already anticipated the poetic creeds of both Leconte de Lisle and Baudelaire; Balzac had constructed his *Comédie humaine*. It was the turn of naturalism, guided by Flaubert, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, and Zola. In painting, Courbet had set up a frank, even brutal, realism against both romanticists and the Barbizon School; and Manet had left the studio of Couture to find inspiration for the treatment of contemporary life in the earlier naturalism of Hals, Velasquez and Goya: and around Manet as their fighting chief, though not as the most characteristic exponent of their art, the Impressionists were soon to be grouped.

Impressionism was thus born in a time of change. The artist had become more concentrated in the sights and the life of his time. These appeared to him as full of interest, and their transcription under certain conditions worthy of all his skill and vision. The past was still attractive, but not so much in itself—and certainly not as a thing to be revived—as for the light it could shed upon the present. Impressionism thus marked a change in the artist's point of view, and to express this properly, with satisfaction to his artistic conscience, a new technique had to be invented.

SAINT GEORGE.

First, then, as to the point of view.

The schools based upon tradition had arbitrarily set up distinctions between beauty and ugliness and between noble subjects and *genre*. The Impressionists refused to recognise these. Their heterodoxy was not due to any innate indifference towards beauty or nobility, but solely to their recognition that these are abstract terms, that no absolute division between them and their opposites is possible, and that every object, in itself or as treated by the artist, may be (if art *must* have a purpose) a witness to beauty and nobility. This does not imply that they took the universe and all its visible contents for their province. Far from it. Their interests were, indeed, limited. They made no claim to universality either of vision or of power. They extended the field of art, and sought to obtain complete mastery over what within it attracted them most—that is all. They substituted for the conventional ideals of beauty and nobility, as the principal aims of painting, the treatment of the poetry of light and that special individuality or character which resides in and is reflected by all things and which, if rightly observed and rightly rendered, may form the subject of a work of art worthy of being called beautiful and noble. In other words, beauty and nobility were still sought for, but in spheres outside the recognition of official art—in luminous phenomena and social phenomena, and in a spirit of realism as opposed to the idealism (mainly false) of their time.

All were attracted by the immediate vision of the fleeting aspect of things, by that constant change in the colour and form of things which constitutes so much of the poetry of light. Most of us really see form with impressionist eyes. We can recognise a scene or a building already known to us long before we are near enough to perceive the details of its parts; and we can recall it to our mind's eye whenever we choose, and know that what we see mentally is that building or that scene, and no other. And yet, if we try to draw it from memory, we find, do

THE IMPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT IN PAINTING.

we not, that the details have escaped us, and that what we have really made our own is simply an impression which has seized and retained more or less of the distinctive character of the scene or building; and if the recognition of this makes us regard it more closely on other occasions, we shall find that our impressions may be indefinitely varied, because we begin to see that form and colour are intimately associated and that they vary with conditions of light. And we are still less susceptible to variations of colour. We do see colour, of course, but usually with a subconscious recollection that certain things have certain almost invariable colours; and this prevents us from perceiving the infinite changes and gradations of colour which result from varying conditions of light, whether natural or artificial. The Impressionists made it an important part of their study to observe and note these variations of form and colour; some—Monet, Pissarro, Sisley and others—made this their main pursuit. For these latter, light became, in Manet's words, "the principal person in a picture;" the object it revealed was secondary: not because the object in itself was a matter of indifference, but because, as it is light that reveals form and is the procreatrix of colour, if the light were faithfully rendered, it followed that the object it played upon would receive its true value.

So far, then, Impressionism is a form of painting which tends (we quote M. Gustave Geffroy)

"towards phenomenalism, towards the appearance and the signification of things in space, and which regards the synthesis of these things as consisting in their momentary appearance."

The broader divisions of the day had been rendered by earlier painters, but the separate hours had never sounded in art. They sounded now, sometimes stridently and false in number at first; but, later, confidently and with a rare and subtle timbre. And these fleeting aspects were not observed by the Impressionist with the unimpassioned method of the scientist. His pulse did not

SAINT' GEORGE.

measure the seconds of the hour he painted. He was not a mere extension of the handle of his paint-brush ; nor was he that passive piece of colour-photographic apparatus which Mr. Brownell has mistaken him for. ("What," he asks, "does a canvas of Claude Monet show . . . ? . . . It is more truthful, but not less impersonal than a photograph ;" a statement which, presented, as it is, as the conclusion of a study and interpretation of the actual achievement of Monet's life-work, appears to us to be as superficial and unsatisfactory as the average politician's study and interpretation of a social problem.) It was, indeed, the very intensity with which the Impressionist observed and sought to render on canvas the effects and the poetry of light, that the outcry against him was so loud and so long sustained. It was this intensity too which sometimes made the outcry justifiable, for it was directed, at times, towards effects which, if faithfully rendered, resulted in crudeness, in the unpictorial. But, on the whole, even in their early experimental days, the Impressionists were guided by a true regard for decorative and pictorial effect ; and later, when they had completely understood their point of view and mastered their technique, their work was almost invariably superbly pictorial.

While some of the Impressionists limited their studies almost exclusively to the treatment of luminous phenomena, others were more powerfully attracted by the study of social phenomena. This difference of preference has led some critics to confine the designation, Impressionist, to the former only ; but as the latter were equally sedulous in escaping from the traditional treatment of light, and as some members of the group dealt with both luminous and social phenomena, it is confusing and uncritical (and savours of prejudice) to separate them. Indeed, if it were not for this new and distinctly modern treatment of light, this form of Impressionism would, save for its greater comprehensiveness, be little more than a continuation of the art of the Dutch School and of Chardin.

The beauty and the nobility of the official schools ; historical and mythological subjects ; and all deliberately literary and

THE IMPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT IN PAINTING.

symbolical elements, were rejected by these painters simply because they found in the aspects of contemporary life all the emotional stimulus and all the material for pictorial skill and style that a painter could desire. That what they rejected still remains for other painters to treat, is obvious ; that the rejection was made with too much heat and passion, is true ; but the important thing to note is that by going direct to contemporary life for their inspiration, and by treating this in a spirit of reality and with the means it demanded, they have made a distinct, original, and valuable contribution to painting.

Just as Daumier and Gavarni treated certain aspects of the life of their time, so have Manet, Degas, Raffaëlli and others presented a pictorial record of the life of a later generation. But the similarity between them goes no farther than this. The former, though skilful painters, were primarily artists in black and white and in colour-lithography ; the latter are, above all, painters. Satire was the aim of the former ; whereas realism admitting, at the most, of a slight vein of irony, is the aim of the latter.

Their conception of realism is no mere slavish copying of the facts presented by life. To an extraordinary skill in draughtsmanship, Degas and Raffaëlli (it is now a commonplace in art criticism to compare the former, not unfavourably, with Ingres as a draughtsman) have added a gift of selection, an insight into the essential character of what they treat, a perception of light and a handling of colour, which have placed them in the front rank of the artists of our time. Whether they treat ballet-girls—which have furnished Degas with the subject of some of his greatest works : a poor and insignificant if not unworthy subject, it might seem, yet one which, under Degas' hands, is clothed with a beauty and nobility (and perhaps even adorned with a moral) which might well mollify the prudish, even though Venus were no longer admitted to the Academy—or the desolate sights and the pitiful figures of a Parisian working-class suburb (the peculiar province of Raffaëlli), the result is almost invariably a work of astonishing truth and of

SAINT GEORGE.

splendid pictorial quality. Could any subject be more difficult to treat? The stage or the green-room with its gaudy artificial lights; the unnatural dresses of the dancers, and their somewhat more than décolleté figures and their painted faces, all tempt the painter towards crudeness and garishness or towards ill-concealed sensuality; but these are treated by Degas with a justness and keenness of vision, with a perception of their pictorial possibilities which preclude his falling into the one mistake; and with a recognition of the underlying humanity, and with a touch of irony which may seem to you directed against the girls themselves or against those elements of modern life which have brought them into being as a class, which enable him to avoid the other. Similarly with Raffaëlli. All (save the jerry-builder, the local capitalists, and the majority of the inhabitants themselves) weep over the squalid condition of our working-class suburbs. Most painters of such scenes (few, alas, trouble about them) would present them with brutal realism or (the majority, these) would bespatter the canvas with fluent and surface-deep sympathy as though they were Parliamentary candidates in search of votes. But Raffaëlli sees them for what they are—as bits of the modern world, less romantically beautiful than others, but still with a beauty and a character all their own; and if his transcripts seem, before all, to be pictures, they are none the less eloquent of a sincere and beautifully restrained sympathy relieved by just a suggestion of well-merited irony. And if something more than triumphant victory over technical difficulties, and fine pictorial qualities allied to this, are demanded (these should be enough for all) to justify the works of these men, it will be found in the fact that this study of social phenomena has produced social documents of the greatest value: that these pictures may, if we choose, tell us much of Parisian life and, by implication, of city life in general. If you cannot admire them as art, use them (with Forain and Steinlen) as illustrations to the volumes of Mr. Charles Booth and Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell, and you will be astonished

THE IMPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT IN PAINTING.

by the way in which they increase the value—and relieve the unavoidable tedium—of these.

It need hardly be said that revolutionary points of view such as these involved the invention of a new technique. Indeed, Impressionism is regarded by many as above all else that characterises it, a technical revolution. This may be largely true of Neo-Impressionism and of Pointillism, but it is too extreme to be taken seriously when applied to the group we are considering. That the Impressionists were deeply interested in technique for its own sake cannot be disputed: they had the common failing (or is it not a virtue?) of all artists who have something new to express: a fondness for experimenting with their material.

To investigate much of what is implied by "impressionist technique" is obviously outside the scope of the present article. The Impressionist group is composed of artists each of whom possesses a strong individuality, which he has sought to express. The possession of kindred aims has brought and bound them together, but each has followed his own method of expressing his originality. They have many points in common, of course, just as the individuals of any school or period must have; but to confuse them or their works is to allow prejudice to warp our minds and dull our vision. We shall confine ourselves therefore to a few words on the technical revolution, effected mainly by Claude Monet, which is at once most characteristic, and most fruitful of embittered discussion and, probably, of importance for the future.

Monet has always been attracted by the study of luminous phenomena. The time was peculiarly appropriate for this. The discoveries of Young were being carried much farther by Chevreul and Helmholtz; and it was only natural that an artist detached, like Monet, from traditional views and methods, and working independently, from the painter's approach, towards a solution of these problems, should make science the handmaid of art. Monet's independent observation and experiment, aided doubtless (how far,

SAINT GEORGE.

it is impossible to say) by more or less direct acquaintance with the results obtained by Chevreul and Helmholtz, led him to discard all preconceived notions with regard to the fixity of local colour ; to record the varied play of reflections by taking due account of complementary colours (it is here that Chevreul becomes of importance in art—as an aid if rightly used and as an evil influence if allowed, as by Anquetin, to dominate—by his researches into colour contrasts in his laboratory at the Gobelins—pursued with much discomfort, doubtless, to the classic shades of Colbert and Louis Quatorze) ; to eliminate from his palette nearly all colours save those of the spectrum and black and white, and to obtain, by the skilful juxtaposition of unmixed touches of these, which the eye of the beholder will afterwards automatically reunite, the image of any tone in nature and the impression of that luminous atmosphere in which all things are bathed and which varies with the intensity of the sun's rays and with the time of day. Simultaneously with this—as part of its ultimate aim, indeed—Monet attacked the problem of giving, not the relative values of the scenes or objects painted—a scheme of colours the scale of which is only correspondent to that of the scene or object painted : in harmony with it but, because no artificial colours can reproduce the greatest light or the greatest dark of nature, pitched on a lower key ; nor the absolute values within a certain and fairly comprehensive range which Manet and others had achieved ; but the absolute values of natural scenes bathed in full sunlight. To many, the result is merely an astonishingly clever optical illusion and one obtained, moreover, only by the sacrifice of some of the main elements—form, tone, composition, etc.—of pictorial art : in other words, Impressionism, like everything new in art, has had to contend with conservatism, with the tendency of man to see and appraise the new in terms of the old. It is not because Monet's "absolute values" are much, if at all, more illusory than perspective or solidity, or that the means by which they are obtained are less justifiable or artistic, that his work has so often

THE IMPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT IN PAINTING.

been dismissed with contempt ; it is rather because we give absolute values to the elements of art and reject as contrary to them what is in reality a conscientious and wise enlargement of them. It may be readily conceded that the experimental stage of Monet's work both invited and deserved strongly adverse criticism : it received sufficient to strangle any painter not prepared to cling to what is really vital in the new with all the tenacity with which the Academies cling to what is mediocre in the old ; but since 1882, roughly speaking, the tone of criticism has surely if but slowly changed. Monet has not ceased to experiment (no great artist ever does), but his vision has become keener and clearer, and his command over his material such that experiment has been crowned with more uniform success, and has resulted in some of the greatest works of our time ; and, on the other hand, the prejudice of the public, both lay and professional, has given way before a clearer realisation of the true spirit of his art. We do not need to agree wholly with M. Gustave Geffroy* that

“the pantheist poem has never yet been written with such strength and emotion” as in “the incomparable work of one of the master landscape-painters of our own or of any time,”

nor with M. Camille Mauclair† that he attains

“a kind of grand, unconsciously lyrical poetry. He transposes the immediate truth of our vision and elevates it to decorative grandeur. . . . Thus interpreted by this intense faculty of synthesis, Nature, simplified in detail and contemplated in its grand lines, becomes truly a living dream,”

to perceive the significance of Mr. Brownell's admission in his condemnation‡ of the Impressionists in general (save Manet and Degas, who may or may not be regarded as Impressionists

* *La Vie Artistique*, 3e Série : Histoire de l'Impressionnisme. (Paris : E. Dentu, 1894).

† *The French Impressionists* (1860-1900). Translated by P. G. Konody. (London : Duckworth & Co.).

‡ *French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture*. (London : D. Nutt, 1892).

SAINT GEORGE.

according to the interpretation we give to the term) and of Monet in particular :

“Perforce he loses scale, and therefore artistic completeness, but he secures an incomparably vivid effect of reality, of Nature,—and of Nature in her gayest and most inspiring manifestation, illuminated directly and indirectly, and everywhere vibrant and palpitating with the light of all our physical seeing.

* * * * *

“No one hereafter who attempts the representation of Nature—and as far ahead as we can see with any confidence, the representation of Nature, the pantheistic ideal if one chooses, will increasingly intrench itself as the painter’s true aim—no one who seriously attempts to realise this aim of now universal appeal will be able to dispense with Monet’s aid. He must perforce follow the lines laid down for him by this astonishing naturalist. Any other course must result in solecism.”

To enter upon discussion of what are variously regarded as the qualities and the defects of Impressionism is impossible here. We have already dealt briefly with some of these ; we may deal with others on some future occasion. The common objections that Impressionism is anti-intellectual, deals with scientific truth rather than with the truth of art and with momentary and superficial appearances instead of with what is permanent, is the apotheosis of temperament and the rejection of the artistic experience of the past, have all been answered time after time and refuted or, where partially true, opposed to more than compensating qualities overlooked by its detractors. Impressionism is neither the first nor the last, neither the least nor the greatest, word in art. Individual Impressionists have been equalled by other artists, opposed to Impressionism, of their time ; but taken as a whole, Impressionism is, we believe, the fullest, finest and most fruitful expression of art which the last half-century has given. And who shall estimate the effect of the blow it has given to that academic ideal of art which stifles progress ? Never, perhaps, has it been more clearly shown than by the Impressionists that the functions of official academies

THE IMPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT IN PAINTING.

and schools are largely these: the incapacitation of the student for the treatment of modern life (and, we might add, the suppression of the spirit, the truth and the beauty of ancient myth) and the recognition of averages: average survivals from the past and average products of the present, never of forces which, because they seem strange and foreign to these, appear to have broken with both past and present and to tell of no future, but which are, in reality, necessary and unbreakable links in the long evolution of art.*

* Those who did not see the magnificent exhibition and vindication of the Impressionists organised in London by Messrs. Durand-Ruel and Sons, of Paris, in February, will find interest in a volume of selections from the works exhibited, recently published by that firm. The volume (which is issued at 2s. 6d.) contains 47 reproductions representing the work of Bondin, Cezanne, Degas, Manet, Monet, Mme. Morisot, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley. Few pictures lose so much in the process of transformation into black and white as do Impressionist pictures; but the excellence of these reproductions preserves much of the distinctive quality of the originals. The book is eminently one to keep at hand for constant reference—and delight.

RUSKIN AS A LETTER-WRITER.*

By WILLIAM SINCLAIR.



ANY one who reads Ruskin's delightful and touching letters in *Hortus Inclusus* sees him in his most playful and happy mood, while no interested reader who studies the varied range of subjects in *Arrows of the Chace*, *Time and Tide*, and *Letters to the Clergy*, can be in any doubt of the immense range of his intellectual activity, his broad and tolerant sympathies, his intense longing and work for "sweeter manners, purer laws." The diligent student also has a wide and fertile field of study in the unique work known as *Fors Clavigera*,—his letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain as he delighted to call them. All these and many more which could be named will give anyone sufficiently interested in the subject some idea that, as a correspondent, Ruskin is justly entitled to be named as one of the greatest letter-writers of the past century.

It would, in itself, be a very pleasant task to write of the early letters of Ruskin, and to trace, step by step, his opinions over a wide range of subjects, and to show how his books were composed from many notes and memoranda, and impressions recorded in letters and diaries. Anyone who has been privileged to look over the original writings in diaries and letters knows that Ruskin was a most laborious and painstaking writer, one who was always altering and adding to the first or original draft, to make his meaning easily comprehended and understood. Many people are under the impression that Ruskin wrote with ease and fluency, because his books are delightful to read; it was not so, and once more goes to prove the saying of Macaulay that easy reading is very hard writing.

* The writer is indebted to Mrs. Severn and Mr. Alexander Wedderburn for granting permission for the use of the letters in this article.

RUSKIN AS A LETTER-WRITER.

It is, of course, not my intention to treat my subject *in extenso*, or to attempt any severely critical delineation of the character of Ruskin as is to be found in the innumerable letters he wrote on every conceivable subject, whether in his books or elsewhere; this would be to write a volume instead of an article; my purpose is to treat of one book only and that a little volume of privately printed letters, issued in 1903, entitled *Letters to M.G. and H.G.* by John Ruskin, with a most interesting and sympathetic introduction by that scholarly politician—the Right Hon. George Wyndham.

The initials “M.G. and H.G.” may to many savour somewhat of a mystery, but it is explained by stating that they represent the names of the two talented daughters of Mr. Gladstone. For many years the former was one of Mr. Ruskin’s guides, comforters, friends, in days when he felt he needed the soothing sympathy of a kindred spirit, and the letters in this little volume give ample proof that she had a reward, an exceeding rich reward, in the admiration, respectful adoration and love of one of the intellectual giants of our time.

The chief interest that lies in the letters addressed by Mr. Ruskin to M.G.,* especially to students of his works, is the charming portrayal of their author by his own hand, and, moreover, they are valuable for their references of public interest and the glimpses afforded of Mr. Gladstone as host. For it was to his youngest daughter we are indebted for bringing Mr. Ruskin to Hawarden where we see him in the company of the Duke of Argyll, Canon Scott Holland and others. The first visit Mr. Ruskin made to Hawarden was in January, 1878, when he was accompanied by Canon Scott Holland, but this was not the first occasion he had met Mr. Gladstone, nor was it the last. Readers of *Præterita* will remember the reference to Ruskin at Lady Davy’s table, in the company of J. G. Lockhart’s daughter, of

* Miss Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Harry Drew).

SAINT GEORGE.

whom he was greatly enamoured, when he found she did not care for a word he said.

“And Mr. Gladstone was on the other side of her—and the precious moments were all thrown away in quarrelling across her with him, about Neapolitan prisons. He couldn't see, as I did, that the real prisoners were the people outside.”

When they met again it was under happier auspices, at Hawarden. The prospect, however, of Mr. Ruskin, as he drove with Canon Scott Holland from Broughton Station to Hawarden, was not a particularly bright one, and it is somewhat amusing to learn his view of the situation, as related by his companion. Mr. Ruskin it appears

“had the darkest view possible of his host, imbibed from the ‘Master’ Carlyle, to whose imagination he figured apparently as the symbol of all with which he was at war. Ruskin was therefore extremely timid and suspicious, and had secured in view of a possible retreat, a telegram which might at any moment summon him home; this telegram loomed largely the first day, and we were constantly under its menace. But as hour by hour he got happier, the references to its possible arrival came more and more rarely, and finally it became purely mythical.”

There is also an interesting description of Mr. Ruskin as a talker, by an anonymous diarist in the little book in question, which substantiates the view of Mr. Frederic Harrison's references to Ruskin's indescribable charm of manner as a conversationalist.

“Then—*absente magistro*—a quick tangle of remarks followed on his manifold pleasant ways; his graceful and delightful manner—bright, gentle, delicately courteous; the lyric melody of his voice—more intensely spiritual, more subduedly passionate, more thrilling! than any voice I ever heard. He is a swift observer and acute. Not talkative, but ever willing to be interested in things, and to throw gleams of his soul's sunlight over them; original in his dazzling idealism. For ever ‘thinking on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report,’ etc.; *annihilating*, in the intense white

RUSKIN AS A LETTER-WRITER.

heat of his passionate contempt and hatred, all vile, dark hateful things. They are not—cannot be. They are lies, negations, blanks, nonentities, ‘God is—and there is *none else* beside Him.’”

Interesting as is this glimpse of a great man seen at close quarters unburdening his soul in all that makes for righteousness in congenial company, we have a companion picture from the pen of Canon Scott Holland which is drawn in loving manner :—

“He came up to one so confidentially, so appealingly, with the wistful look in his grey-glinting eyes, which seemed to say, “I never find anybody who quite understands me, but I still hope and think that you will.” How quaint, the mingling of this wistfulness in the face with the spotted blue stock and the collars and the frock-coat, which made him look like something between an old fashioned nobleman of the Forties and an angel that had lost his way. The small, bird-like head and hands and figure had, nevertheless, a curious and old world pomp in their gait and motions. The bushy eyebrows gave a strength to the upper part of the face which was a little unexpected, and which found its proper balance in the white beard of his last years. He, somehow, moved one as with the delicate tenderness of a woman; and he felt frail, as if the roughness of the world would hurt and break him; and one longed to shelter him from all that was ugly and cruel.”

The conversations of the illustrious host and the unrivalled guest—Gladstone the statesman-theologian, of consuming moral energy in practical affairs;—Ruskin teacher, preacher and the diviner of the Beautiful, are valuable and attractive and show their respective points of view in matters of personal interest. Ruskin, for instance, assured Gladstone that he made it a rule for at least twenty years to know nothing of any doubtful question,—nothing but what was absolutely true and certain. He did not attach any importance to opinions, to speculations of which the truth was doubtful. He was only concerned to know things that were true and there were enough of them to take up one’s lifetime to learn. When Mr. Gladstone spoke of round towers in Ireland, Mr. Ruskin answered that he took no interest in the subject because it was a controverted one, and therefore he took no part in it.

SAINT GEORGE.

He was evidently more interested in seeing a newspaper which would be absolutely truthful and could be faithfully trusted. In newspapers he contended that the most infamous people were forced upon the reader's attention and all manner of abominations and villainy were published daily, whereas newspapers should tell of the people best worth knowing—the gentlest, purest, noblest of mankind—believing that there was no fear of spoiling the good people by publishing their virtues and bringing them into prominence. They are the last people whom editors, pious or otherwise, think of referring to; it is not in their day's work. Mr. Ruskin, as is known, subscribed to the newspaper that was written for gentlemen by gentlemen—the *Pall Mall Gazette*—and its one-time famous editor, Mr. Stead, once told me that he thought he possessed as full a collection of Mr. Ruskin's letters as anyone, for it was to him many of them were addressed on the important public questions which from time to time engaged his attention.

When Mr. Ruskin expounded at length his scheme for the enforcement of social responsibility for crime, Mr. Gladstone listened attentively with a look of puzzled earnestness, doubtless wondering how it could be carried out in a judicious and judicial manner to satisfy the ends of justice. Ruskin held that the inhabitants of every place should be held responsible and guilty of the crimes done in their neighbourhood. Every one should be made to feel the crime as his own.

Again, he discoursed on domestic virtues. Mothers ought not to expend their love upon their own children only, but while making that love the central care should also love all other children; especially the poor and suffering.

“To be a father to the fatherless is the peculiar glory of a Christian.”

On marriage he was no less forcible, although it is a subject on which one would imagine he had no right to preach; but his many-sidedness is his great charm. A woman should not venture to hope or even think for perfectness in him she would love, but, on the

RUSKIN AS A LETTER-WRITER.

other hand, *he* should believe the maiden to be purity and perfection; perfectly faultless.

“Women are, in general (he said), far nobler, purer, more divinely perfect than men, because they come less in contact with evil,”

—a most charitable judgment and so like Ruskin in his passionate idealism. But coming to more practical matters he mournfully admitted the failure of his road-making at Hinksey, believing it was owing to the lack of earnestness in the students. They played at work.

“It is only one of the many signs of the diabolical condition of Oxford.”

When we visited Hinksey on a recent occasion, when the landscape was bathed in sunshine, the students' roadway was scarcely discernable. We had to ask the villagers the exact place, for it appeared to have disappeared altogether.

Oxford has many charms as one of the two enchanted cities in the United Kingdom; and to the visitor who loves to linger by the banks of the Isis, especially in the glory of midsummer, when the house-boats are a blaze of colour, it is a scene not soon to be forgotten. But Ruskin held that racing on the river was utterly ruinous, and the racing-boats were the destruction of the river's charm and beauties; he would rather that racing be discouraged and riding encouraged at Oxford, although the horse was ruined by racing—a distinction with a difference, for he spoke as an artist of its beauty ideally. Many people are ready to controvert opinions such as are here given, and in talking over the question with a student at Oxford, he insisted that while it might be true too much time was given up to sport by students, he was more inclined to say that too much thought was certainly devoted to sport at Oxford. This by the way. It is more interesting to think how Mr. Ruskin's hearers would be both delighted and astonished at his opinions on things in general. Over a wide range of subjects he,

SAINT GEORGE.

“Socialist, Aristocrat, dreaming Idealist, hater of modern ‘Liberty,’ of pride of wealth, of bastard ‘Patriotism,’ lover of the poor and the laborious, toiling multitude; . . . detesting war and its standing armies,”

declared at Hawarden his opinions in no uncertain tones, while the host good-naturedly was ready to accept his principles even if he would differ as to their practical application, and the Duke of Argyll, in his usual impatient manner, responded by saying—

“You seem to want a very different world from what we experience,”

and Ruskin, who knew the Duke at the Metaphysical Society, where he used to be so grim that he never ventured within the table’s length of him, now met him, at closer quarters, with the naive reply—

“Yea, verily, a new heaven and a new earth, and the former things passed away.”

Canon Scott Holland, in his charming sketch of Gladstone and Ruskin at Hawarden,* tells how the learned host tried to lead the conversation where there would be as little chance of contention as possible. Mr. Gladstone discussed Homer and the *Iliad*, and here, it was thought, they would meet on common ground, so to say, but alas! even here they were not found to agree. When Mr. Gladstone proceeded to show how in a certain passage it was clear that even Homer had some knowledge of the principles of barter which modern economic science would try to justify, Ruskin regretfully responded by saying—

“And to think that the devil of Political Economy was alive even then.”

Yet again, Mr. Gladstone, on another occasion, brought Sir Walter Scott to the front as a subject likely to be cause of no disagreement between them, and one that would surely appeal to

* Printed along with the letters to M. G. and H. G.

RUSKIN AS A LETTER-WRITER.

Mr. Ruskin's heart and head. When Mr. Gladstone began an impassioned reference to the works of Sir Walter and all they had done for Scotland, he ventured the remark that

“Sir Walter had made Scotland.”

At this Mr. Ruskin wished to know what was meant by the remark, and so, brought to bay, Mr. Gladstone held forth on the immense improvement in the means of communication and travel in Scotland since Scott's time, and spoke of the isolation of life, especially in the Highlands, and the number of excursionists now conveyed all over the country with speed and safety. This was evidently too much for Mr. Ruskin, for he exclaimed :

“But, my dear sir, that is not making Scotland, that is unmaking it.”

This is only another reminder of his trenchant remark, in a letter written years before when he refused an invitation to dinner by the Caledonian Society,

“I never go to public dinners ; and if steam ploughs are to be used in Caledonia, no dinners will preserve the memory of Burns.”

If it was for nothing else than his fearlessness in his treatment of cherished opinions, we cannot but agree, or agree to differ, with the charming frankness of Ruskin's views. The references in the private diary of Mr. Gladstone make it clear that while they might differ in their views there was a deep-rooted affection which no difference of opinion could quench.

“We had much conversation,—interesting of course, as it must always be with him. . . . In some respects an unrivalled guest, and those important respects too. . . . No diminution of charm. . . . Mr. Ruskin developed his political opinions. They aim at the restoration of the Judaic system and exhibit a mixture of virtuous absolutism and Christian socialism. All in his charming and benevolent manner.

And in referring to the conversations which he was privileged to listen to at Hawarden, Canon Scott Holland writes :—

SAINT GEORGE.

"The amusement of the meeting of the two (Gladstone and Ruskin) lay in the absolute contrast between them at every point on which conversation could conceivably turn. The brimming optimism of Mr. Gladstone, hoping all things, believing everybody, came clashing up at every turn with the inveterate pessimism of Mr. Ruskin, who saw nothing on every side but a world rushing headlong down into the pit. They might talk on the safest of topics, and still the contrast was inevitable."

Readers of *Fora*, in the LVII letter, are aware of a blank in the page which is significant, for it is stated that

"the passage now and henceforward omitted in this place contained an attack on Mr. Gladstone, written under a complete misconception of his character ;"

and the blank space is left

"partly in due memorial of rash judgment."

In this connection it may be stated that we owe this change of opinion to Miss Mary Gladstone, for it was she who brought Mr. Ruskin to Hawarden, where he had a fuller opportunity of knowing the nobility of character of the Statesman and Scholar, and understood him in his earnestness. Writing to "Dearest M.," in his first letter (January 18, 1878), he says :—

"How is it possible for the men who have known him long to allow the thought of his course of conduct now, or at any other time, having been warped by ambition, to diminish the lustre and the power of his name? I have been grievously deceived concerning him myself, and have *once* written words about him which I trust *you* at least may never see. They shall be effaced henceforward (I have written to cancel the page on which they are). If ever you see them forgive me, and you will know what it *is* to forgive."

And not less generous are the following words written a little later :—

"It was a complete revelation to me, and has taught me a marvellous quantity of most precious things—above all things the rashness of my own judgment (not as to the right or wrong of things themselves, but as to the temper in which men say and do them)."

RUSKIN AS A LETTER-WRITER.

While Mr. Ruskin made confession of his error of judgment to his fair correspondent, he did not depart from Hawarden without making an equally generous confession to Mr. Gladstone himself. Standing on the hall steps he begged publicly to recant all that he had ever said or thought of his unrivalled host, and so the victory was a complete one. We are prepared to be told of the joy of the discovery; but Ruskin, we are informed, was naturally

“a little nervous as to how he was going to explain it to ‘the Master’ when he got back to Chelsea.”

All this is very delightful to learn for the insight we gain into the generous good nature of Mr. Ruskin, for it must never be lost sight of that no writer of our time was so generous in his sincere appreciation of greatness wherever he found it, just as no one was so severe a critic on his own errors of judgment and sins of omission and commission. Anyone who cares for proof of this statement has only to read, for example, the annotated edition of the second volume of *Modern Painters*, issued in two small volumes in 1882. But further, while this is true, and we read of Mr. Ruskin in his first letter to M.G. writing,

“I thank *Fors* and your sweet sister very solemnly for having let me see your Father,”

it is not to be concluded that Mr. Ruskin was always in the same solemn mood. Whenever he was deeply moved he wrote in strong and forcible language, whether it was a question of spoiling beautiful natural scenery or the so-called restoration of our ancient cathedrals; the one for the sake of dividend-hunting company promoters, or the other to gratify the ambition of some obscure clergymen: all alike merited the righteous indignation and severe condemnation of the Seer of Coniston. For, as Mr. Frederic Harrison in his monograph on him in the *English Men of Letters* series, writes,

“vehement language was with Ruskin a literary intoxication rather than a moral fault. He has paid a bitter penalty for failing to overcome

SAINT GEORGE.

the tendency. To paraphrase an absurd epigram about Oliver Goldsmith's talk and his books, it might be said of Ruskin that he talked like an angel and wrote as if he were one of the Major Prophets."

It is necessary to bear this criticism in mind while we refer to an apparent change in Mr. Ruskin's opinion regarding Mr. Gladstone, and the explanation which he gave, afterwards, of his position. In this connection we have only to remember his famous letter to the students when he was prevailed upon to allow his name to be put up as independent Candidate for the Rectorship of Glasgow University in the three-cornered contest in 1880. This led to some correspondence, and when asked if he sympathized with Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone he replied,

"What, in the devil's name, have *you* to do with either Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone? You are students at the University, and have no more business with politics than with rat-catching. Had you ever read ten words of mine with understanding, you would have known that I care no more either for Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes with the drones going by steam, but that I hate all Liberalism as I do Beelzebub, and that, with Carlyle, I stand, we two alone now in England, for God and the Queen."

This was, surely, rather a severe blow to give to students who were fond of playing at politics; but the fact that, on election day, in the three-cornered contest, and standing as an independent candidate, he polled and received support of three hundred and nineteen students, is proof that his strongly-worded protest had been taken in a fair spirit, and with an appreciation of his work in the literary world. While this can be said for the students in Glasgow, another view of the situation is obtained when we remember that the words very naturally gave offence at Hawarden, where he had such a generous welcome and fairly favourable opportunity of knowing Mr. Gladstone and his opinions, political and otherwise. We are therefore prepared to learn of a break in the continuity of the letters to his fair correspondent at Hawarden, on whom he was fond of bestowing many pet names. But in

RUSKIN AS A LETTER-WRITER.

justice to Mr. Ruskin and his memory, we are now in possession of the knowledge of the manner in which his position was logically clear to himself, and of how he made it clear to his correspondent. For this purpose I cannot do better than quote the letter:—

“Amiens,
“23rd October, 1880.

“My Very Dear M——,

“I only did not answer your first letter because I did not think it was in woman’s nature (being in the noble state of a loving daughter) to read any syllable of answer with patience, when once she knew the letter was mine. I wrote a word or two to F——; and now, if indeed you are dear and patient enough to read, I will tell you why *that* letter was written, and what it means. Of *course*, it was not written for publication. *But* it was written under full admission of the probability of being some day compelled to allow its publication. Do not for an instant admit in your mind the taint of a thought that I would privately write of any man—far less of one whom I honoured and loved—words which I would not let him hear or see, on due occasion. I love and honour your Father, just as I have always told him and you that I did. As a perfectly right-minded private English gentleman; as a man of purest religious temper, and as one tenderly compassionate, and as one earnestly (desiring to be) just.

“But in none of these virtues, God be praised, is he alone in England. In none of these lights does it seem to me, is he to be vociferously or exclusively applauded, without *dishonour* implied to other English gentlemen, and to other English politicians. Now for the other side, my adversary side (that which, surely, I candidly enough always warned you there was in me, though one does not show it ‘up the lawn nor by the wood,’ at Hawarden). I have always fiercely opposed your Father’s politics; I have always Despised (forgive the Gorgonian word) his way of declaring them to the people. I have always despised, also, Lord Beaconsfield’s methods of appealing to Parliament and to the Queen’s ambition, just as I do all Liberal,—so-called appeals to the Mob’s—not ambition (for Mobs have not sense enough, or knowledge enough, to be ambitious) but conceit. I could not have explained all this to my Liberal Glaswegian Constituents; I would not, had I been able. They asked me a question they had no business with, and got their answer (written between two coats of colour which I was laying on an oakleaf, and about which I was, that morning, exceedingly

SAINT GEORGE.

solicitous, and had vowed that no letter should be answered at all)—and in my tired state, ‘le peintre ne s’amuse (mais point du tout !) à être ambassadeur.’ The answer, nevertheless, was perfectly deliberate and meant, *once for all*, to say on the matter the gist of all I had to say.

“After the election is over—and however it goes—all this will be explained in another way; and you shall see every word before I print it, though there will, and must, be much that will pain you. But there will be nothing that is even apparently discourteous; and, in the meantime, remember, that if your Father said publicly of me that he cared no more for *me* (meaning Political and Economical *me*)—than for a broken bottle stuck on the top of a wall—I should say—only—well, I knew that before—but the rest of me he loves, for all that.

“I meant this letter to be so legible, and so clear and quiet—and here it is, all in a mess, as usual. . . . Perhaps you’ll like it better so; but mind, I’ve written it straight away the moment I opened a line from my niece saying she had seen Mr. Burne Jones, and that you *might* be written to! And, my dear, believe *this, please*—if you care to believe it—that I never in my life was in such peril of losing my ‘Political independence’ as under my little Madonna’s power at Hawarden. And I am, and shall be ever, her loving servant,

“JOHN RUSKIN.”*

Surely this was indeed the *amende honorable* and does credit to the spirit of the writer, as well as to his friends at Hawarden, as the following letter proves:—

“Amiens,

“28th October, 1880.

“My Darling Little Madonna,

“You are really *gratia plena* (don’t be shocked, I’m writing about the Saints all day, just now, and don’t know when I’m talking quite properly to my pets), but it is unspeakably sweet of your Father and you to forgive me so soon, and I’m inclined to believe anything you’ll tell me of him after that; only, you know, I’m a great believer in goodness, and fancy there are many people who ought to be canonized who never are; so that—be a man ever so good—I’m not idolatrous of him. (If it’s a . . . Madonna, it’s another thing you

* [This letter (28th July, 1879) was written in answer to one from M. G. in which she informed him that his name had been taken in vain by the newspapers, and quoting the paragraph in question. (She thought this was the best way of punishing him.)]

RUSKIN AS A LETTER-WRITER.

know), but I never for an instant meant any comparison or likeness between D. and your Father—they merely had to be named as they were questioned of. On the other hand, I know nothing about D. whatsoever, but have a lurking tenderness about him because my own father had a liking for him and was in great grief about my first political letter—twenty (or thirty?) years ago—which was a fierce attack upon him.

“I do trust nothing more will ever cause you to have doubt or pain, I can’t get what I have to say said ; I’m tired to-day—have found out things very wonderful, and had—with your letter at least—more pleasure than I can bear without breaking down.

“Dear love to your Father—Ever your grateful,
“ST. C.” *

Letters, such as the foregoing, surely prove that while he in no degree departed from the position he originally had taken—in giving a perhaps too forceful expression to a deep-rooted conviction—he nevertheless was fully convinced in his own mind of the truth of his opinion regarding Mr. Gladstone from a political standpoint, and only regretted that the expression of the opinion should have come under the notice of those immediately concerned at an earlier date than he would have conveniently liked, and thereby caused doubt or pain, inasmuch as it may have affected their feelings of regard for him as a friend or caused them to have doubts as to his sincerity and regard for them. This was the only difference of opinion, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the only speck on the horizon of love that Mr. Ruskin experienced with his charming and accomplished correspondent. His love was too sincere for his friends at Hawarden to allow any differences to separate them, and it is borne out in the whole series of letters written by Mr. Ruskin that his last words are expressions of love to Mr. Gladstone and all his family. Nothing did so much to cheer Mr. Ruskin in his fits of despondency as to have M. G. play to him. So much, at times, was he affected by her playing that he could not find words to express himself, and would content

* (St. Chrysostom (St. John the Golden-mouthed) the name given to Mr. Ruskin by his friend, Mrs. Cowper-Temple.)

SAINT GEORGE.

himself by saying again and again—"Thank you, thank you." Reference to letter XI, in *Time and Tide*, expresses his opinion on the power of music.

"Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures ; it is the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of men—helpful from the nurse's song to her infant, to the music, unheard of others, which so often haunts the deathbed of pure and innocent spirits."

Mr. Ruskin was always keenly devoted to music and was a music lover to the end of his days. Nothing delighted him more than the ballads of the "North Countree," which Mrs. Severn often sung to him. It will be remembered also that he took special pleasure in the Cathedral at Christ Church, in which he often roamed about alone listening to the magnificent organ. In one of his letters to M.G., referring to Browning, he says :

"He knows much of music, does he not? but I think he must like it mostly for its discords,"

—a remark with which many will agree to differ and think of it as one of Ruskin's perversities. While he wrote thus of Browning to Miss Gladstone it is well to remember that he praised him in his books (in the *Elements of Drawing* and Vol. IV of *Modern Painters*),

"For every sentence he wrote of the Middle Ages is always right and profoundly true."

Miss Gladstone pleased Mr. Ruskin greatly by thinking of him in Browning's words ; the words used by Paracelsus in regard to Aprile had, she thought, a significant application :

"How he stands
With eve's last sunbeam staying on his hair
Which turns to it as if they were akin ;
And those clear smiling eyes of saddest blue
Nearly set free, so far they rise above
The painful fruitless striving of the brow,

RUSKIN AS A LETTER-WRITER.

And enforced knowledge of the lips, firm set
In slow despondency's eternal sigh!
Has he too missed life's end, and learned the cause?"

Those who were privileged to see or visit Mr. Ruskin are not likely ever to forget "those clear smiling eyes of saddest blue." They were remarkable in a high degree and always arrested attention. A story is told of Mr. Ruskin on one occasion visiting a sick child; he bent over her and, he says,

"who wasn't usually by way of paying me compliments *did* once say 'Those eyes,' after looking into them for awhile."

The child was giving but brief voluntary expression to child-like wonder at a sight which never failed to arrest the attention of children of a later day. Even in his old age his eye was not dim, but was as clear, beautiful and bright as it had been in other years.

In his Lecture on "Burne-Jones and Watts," delivered at Oxford on 12th May, 1883, Mr. Ruskin refers to the portrait of Miss Mary Gladstone which the former had finished

"in subdued pencil light and shade, and in which you will see the painter's best powers stimulated to their utmost, and reaching a serene depth of expression unattainable by photography, and nearly certain to be lost in finished drawing."

In writing to M.G., Mr. Ruskin, in returning thanks for a copy of the drawing, says—

"He never did anything else like it."

The reproduction of this portrait, as seen in the little book, is remarkable alike for the beauty of drawing and the expression of the eyes particularly.

Although we find Mr. Ruskin writing to his correspondent as

"'My darling M.——,' and saying, 'you know good writing and feeling as well as I do, and we are not likely to differ a jot about anything else,'"

SAINT GEORGE.

it is the fact they did differ about something else, and it was on the occasion when M. G. wrote and told Mr. Ruskin she was about to get married and, of course, asked for his blessing.

The following is his humorous reply :—

“29th December, 1885.

“Darling M.———,

“Bless you? Blest if I do; I’ll give you absolution, if you come and ask it very meekly, but don’t you know how I hate girls marrying curates? You must come directly and play me some lovely tunes,—it’s the last chance you’ll have of doing anything to please me, for I don’t like married women; I like sibyls and children and vestals and so on. Not that I mean to quarrel with you, if you’ll come now and make it up. If you can leave your father at all—sooner or later by a day or two doesn’t matter, or a day or two out of what you have left (I had rather you waited till crocus or anemone time, for we’re about ugliest just now). As for F.———, she was a horrid traitress, but *you* have been very faithful to me through all my wicked sayings about papa (I can tell you there would have been a word or two more if you hadn’t been in the way). As for the poverty and cottage and all the rest of that nonsense, do you think you’ll get any credit in heaven for being poor when you fall in love first? If you had married a conscientious Bishop, and made *him* live in a pig sty—*a la bonne heure!*”

“Ever your loving and too forgiving,

“ST. C.”

And again by way of explanation :—

“I didn’t mean, and never have thought, that girls were higher or holier than wives—Heaven forbid. I merely said I liked them better, which, surely, is extremely proper of me.”

And, finally, writing of Carlyle to M. G. in February, 1881, and his belief in a brighter world, another life than this, he uses these beautiful words :—

“The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps, also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for not having enough loved him in the days gone by, is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this and all other moments.”

RUSKIN AS A LETTER-WRITER.

To conclude. Ruskin, writing in the preface of *Arrows of the Chace*, remarks,

“I never wrote a letter in my life which all the world are not welcome to read if they will,”


and this, it may be said, was no idle boast. Of few great writers can the same claim be made, for some of the saddest chapters of literary history are composed of letters which should never have been penned, or at least published. Letter-writing is nowadays, it is to be feared, a lost art; for really great letter-writers must be men of large leisure. Ruskin had the saving grace and virtue in that he wrote only when he had something to say; thus it is, read where you will in his letters and books, you will always find interesting and stimulating thought on matters of the most profound character, on art and morals affecting the highest interests of life. For this fact we cannot be too proud nor can we emphasize it too strongly: Ruskin never prostituted his great gifts to serve any ignoble or unworthy end. Born in circumstances peculiarly fitted to nurture a great and gifted spirit, he early found his work in the world, and steadily pursued it to the end; to make for others a world better to live in and full of hope; forever

“thinking on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report.”

His message, whether we find it in his letters or in his books, was, is, and will be found helpful to all who read and study aright, for like the prophets of old he held his great gifts as a sacred trust for the advancement of God's Kingdom.

REVIEWS.

The Works of John Ruskin. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. Library Edition. Vol. VII. London: George Allen. £1 1s. net.

HE latest volume in the collected edition of Ruskin's works contains the fifth and concluding volume of *Modern Painters*. The third and fourth volumes originally appeared in 1856, the fifth appeared in 1860, and the four intervening years were crowded with many diverse activities which appeared to Ruskin more important at the moment than the completion of *Modern Painters*. Mr. Cook's *Introduction* contains a careful account of these activities, and records his travels and studies in Switzerland in 1856, in France and Scotland in 1857, in Switzerland and Italy in 1858, and in Yorkshire, Germany and France in 1859. The extracts from letters and diaries give a fair idea of Ruskin's interests and studies during these travels, and the dominant feeling must be one of wonder and admiration at his extraordinary capacity for work. He did indeed plan many books which were never written, but those which he completed would have been a monument to his industry had he passed his life at them in his study, whereas they represent only one aspect of one of the fullest of lives. During the four years the *Introduction* to the volume under notice deals with (1856-1860) Ruskin's activities included, in addition to his studies and sketches abroad, the preparation and delivery of many important lectures and addresses, which included the *Political Economy of Art*, the *Work of Iron*, *Imagination in Architecture*, and many others; the writing of *Elements of Drawing*; the great task of arranging the Turner bequest at the National Gallery, and the writing of this fifth volume of *Modern Painters*.

In drawing to a conclusion the scheme of *Modern Painters* Ruskin had intended in the final volume to deal with Beauty of

Water, of Vegetation and of Sky, and then with Ideas of Relation. But in order to finish his task within one more volume a considerable modification of the scheme was necessary. The section on Sea Beauty was given up, and the others were greatly curtailed. Ruskin frequently said, quite truly, that the work had no conclusion. We cannot within the limits of the present notice follow in any detail the contents of the fifth volume. But one or two points should, perhaps, be emphasized.

Between the appearance of the first and of the last volumes of *Modern Painters* seventeen years intervened. The mission Ruskin had set out to accomplish had been amply fulfilled before the book was completed. The greatness of Turner was acknowledged, his fame vindicated. And the man to whom this result was due had attained an incontestible position, not only as the interpreter of the genius of Turner, but as a philosopher who applied the principles of beauty to influence every-day life and conduct. It is in this latter respect, it appears to us, that the greatest value of the book lies. The vindication of Turner becomes insignificant before the greater achievements of the work;—the interpretation of so much of the beauty of the earth, the personal application of its lessons for the influence of human life and conduct, the noble and wise teaching conveyed in language of perfect purity with which every chapter of the book is charged, the inspiration the author gives to every national, as to every individual impulse for good, the solemn warning, as of the old seer, of the evil tendencies of the times, the results of which he saw so vividly.

Many passages in *Modern Painters* seem to possess a special significance to-day in view of many national movements. Could not the following, for example, be considered with great advantage in connection with the noisy disputations which mark our party politics of to-day?

“The choice is no vague nor doubtful one. High on the desert mountain, full descried, sits throned the tempter, with his old promise—the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them. He still calls

SAINT GEORGE.


you to your labour, as Christ to your rest;—labour and sorrow, base desire, and cruel hope. So far as you desire to possess, rather than to give; so far as you look for power to command, instead of to bless; so far as your own prosperity seems to you to issue out of contest or rivalry, of any kind, with other men, or other nations; so long as the hope before you is for supremacy instead of love; and your desire is to be greatest, instead of least;—first, instead of last;—so long you are serving the Lord of all that is last, and least;—the last enemy that shall be destroyed—Death; and you shall have death's crown, with the worm coiled in it; and death's wages, with the worm feeding on them; kindred of the earth shall you yourself become; saying to the grave, 'Thou art my father'; and to the worm, 'Thou art my mother and my sister.'

"I leave you to judge, and to choose, between this labour, and the bequeathed peace; these wages, and the gift of the Morning Star; this obedience, and the doing of the will which shall enable you to claim another kindred than that of the earth, and to hear another voice than that of the grave, saying, 'My brother, and sister, and mother.'"

We look forward to the time when much of the teaching contained in *Modern Painters* will be rendered more accessible to the multitude. This will hardly be accomplished to the degree we wish by even very cheap editions of the complete work, for there is much in it to repel the layman in art, or the reader whose general mental equipment prevents him travelling in step with his great guide. Nor would a series of short extracts from the book—"purple patches"—meet the end we have in view. What is wanted is perhaps for certain phases of Ruskin's teaching to be brought together and issued separately. One instance may suffice. Volume VIII contains a chapter entitled, "Of Vulgarity." It is one of the noblest that the work contains, full of lessons of highest importance to all. It is complete in itself, and could be taken from the context without loss to itself. It is such passages as these that we should like to see made generally accessible instead of remaining in large measure the joy of the cultured student, and we believe that their general knowledge would constitute an influence for good of incalculable importance.

The illustrations to Volume VIII are unusually numerous, comprising 36 plates and over 100 woodcuts. Of special interest are the photogravure reproductions of Dürer's "Knight and Death" and "Melancholia," with Ruskin's suggestive interpretation of their symbolism. The *Introduction* is by Mr. E. T. Cook, and is marked by the scholarly care which has characterized all his editorial work in connection with this monumental edition.

Model Factories and Villages: Ideal Conditions of Labour and Housing. By Budgett Meakin. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1905. 7s. 6d.

 HIS book contains an account of the steps which have been taken in America, England, and at a few places on the Continent, by certain private firms to promote the welfare of their employés. It is in many respects a useful and suggestive book. It relates what has been done to improve conditions of labour during recent years in the matters of Social Relations, Buildings, Meals, Recreation, Education, etc. It is a delicate task, and must appear a somewhat ungracious one, to criticize the influence of a book which deals enthusiastically with such subjects as these; and to avoid misunderstanding let us hasten to say that for the most part we feel nothing but admiration for the efforts which this book records for the improvement of the conditions of factory life. No friend of labour can do other than wish God-speed to all wise and genuine attempts having such an object.

But the book in question must be considered in relation to its own purpose,—the description of "ideal" conditions of Labour and Housing,—and it is here that it fails. It is hard to resist the conclusion that the author in describing the improvements

SAINT GEORGE.

introduced into their factories by a comparatively few firms, here and abroad, has lost sight of the greater labour movement, and sees in the example of these firms the solution of all our industrial troubles. The point of view from which the book is written is that of one who regards the present system of private ownership of the industries of the nation as the normal, right, and eternal order of things. The workpeople are to be well housed and fed and to work under healthy conditions, but their final business in life is to be the factory "hands," just as it is the capitalists' to be the owners of the factory and to take the profits. We have reached a higher view than this to-day; and whilst gladly welcoming every step calculated to make our factory life healthier and happier, we look forward to that greater emancipation of labour, already begun, when the suffering and despair, the poverty and cruelty, possible under our present industrial system, shall have been swept away before a fuller national life; when the workers will have received a fair partnership in the fruits of their labours; when industrial co-operation, in a broad and true sense, shall have been substituted for a system under which the workers are invariably exploited by the capitalist and the investor.

There is no adequate reference in the book to the social and educational work of the Co-operative Societies, nor to the example afforded by the various enterprises in which the workers are joint sharers in the profits. But our strongest criticism must be directed against the author's tone towards Trades Unions. He entirely fails to recognize the great work these have accomplished for the cause of labour. A comparatively recent movement, with the removal of great evils as its main objective, must inevitably give rise at times to trenchant and well-merited criticism. But the influence of the Unions has been, on the whole, nobly used for the best interests alike of the worker and the nation, and the critical attitude adopted towards them by the author reveals what is the great weakness of his book—the fact that it is written entirely from the employer's standpoint, and that therefore the

picture it gives us is neither complete nor adequate. Mr. Meakin, for instance, gives us an account of the relations of the National Cash Register Company of America with their Union workpeople, and relates a story of tyranny on the part of the latter, which is obviously one-sided. It is the account supplied by the Company. Before we are asked to judge, the account of the Trades Unions and men concerned should be given.

We must note, too, that reference is made in the book to the protection given by the Unions to the idle and incompetent by fixing a limit for output. It is time that this argument, the hollowness of which has been exposed again and again, was abandoned. The system of piece work means in many factories that the worker has to perform a mechanical task at a feverish and unhealthy pace in order to earn a small wage and retain his post. Where Unions have introduced a limit to output, it has been with perfectly honest intentions to protect the health, even the lives themselves, of the otherwise weak and defenceless.

We turn with more satisfaction to the account which the author gives of Industrial Housing, and for the most part we support his proposals. Where, however, a village is founded by private enterprise, it should be a free village—as, for instance, Bournville. We cannot endorse the sympathetic account which is given of Port Sunlight, where the people engaged at Messrs. Lever's works live in cottages provided for them and pay a much smaller rent than these are worth. If, however, a man leaves the factory for any cause whatever, he has to clear out of his home also. It needs not many words to shew how such an arrangement may place the workman at the mercy of his employer.

Mr. Meakin has brought together a great quantity of valuable information, and it is our deep sympathy with the movement he chronicles which leads us to make these criticisms. His book is both timely and useful.

SAINT GEORGE.

Life, Letters and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse. Edited by his wife. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1905. 2 vols. 17s. net.

THE author of *John Inglesant* lived a quiet and for the most part uneventful life. The account of it which is now given to the world by Mrs. Shorthouse must possess a considerable interest to the lovers of one of the most beautiful philosophical romances in the languages. We are given the record of the quiet life of an English gentleman, who, prevented by delicate health from engaging in public life, devoted his leisure hours mainly to his favourite studies of theology and philosophy, and to the writing of his stories. It can hardly be stated that the book gives us a very much fuller revelation of the character and personality of Mr. Shorthouse than is contained in *John Inglesant*, for his character and teaching found their highest and best expression in that work, and the result may be that some disappointment will be found in this record of his life. It has however been prepared with loving care, and it avoids the mistake of many modern biographies of being unduly long. The actual narrative of the life occupies, comparatively, only a small portion of the first volume, the bulk of which is devoted to Mr. Shorthouse's letters. Of these, perhaps, too many are given of insufficient interest to warrant their inclusion. Others, however, are of real value in helping us to a fuller understanding of the man and his work.

Until the publication of *John Inglesant* Mr. Shorthouse was unknown save to the circle of his friends and acquaintances. The book brought him instant fame. It appealed to the most divergent minds and all gave it enthusiastic appreciation. Mr. Gladstone and many other eminent men of the day made his acquaintance. He found himself a notable and admired writer. Mrs. Shorthouse makes no attempt to give any criticism of *John Inglesant*, or any account of its teaching, or any analysis of the

reasons which caused it to make so wide and immediate an appeal. She merely records the facts as to the publication of the book. But the letters which are given from Mr. Shorthouse to the many correspondents who wrote to him about the book in part meet this omission. Some of them enable us to realize better what the author meant to teach in a book capable of more than one interpretation. His dominant idea was to exalt culture and to protest against every kind of fanaticism, "including the fanaticism of work; to exalt the unpopular doctrine that the end of existence is not the good of one's neighbour, but one's own culture." Here we have a reflection of the author's own outlook on life. He had an antipathy against what is ordinarily understood as public life. Social schemes and work interested him hardly at all. In some measure his book marked a re-action against the social atmosphere of his day, and like the results of all re-actions it went to another extreme. The danger of the philosophy of *John Inglesant* is that it tends to make Christianity too much a matter of intellectual belief, too difficult to be understood by ordinary folk. After all, one may think too much of his soul, with the result that he regards dogmatic belief as of chief importance. Surely there should come first the test of a man's conduct and deeds—the test of what he is. For our own part we are content for many theological and philosophical disputations to go by, and for men to seek instead to do the duty which lies at their hand, concerning which there need rarely be doubt. But whatever personal view we may take as to the philosophy of *John Inglesant* can affect in no degree our love for the book. The purity and grace of its prose, the dramatic interest of the story itself, the wide and scholarly research shewn on every page, the naturalness of the historical atmosphere, the human interest of the character of Inglesant, the spiritual elevation at which the story is written, all these qualities have deservedly secured for *John Inglesant* a great and enduring place in English literature.

SAINT GEORGE.

Albert Durer. By T. Sturge Moore. London: Duckworth & Co.
1905. 7s. 6d.



R. Sturge Moore has made an interesting and valuable contribution to Durer literature. He has obviously made a long and loving study of Durer's complex character and varied work, and has strenuously sought to understand, interpret and evaluate these without bias or hero-worship. He has, moreover, avoided anything like that merely popular appeal which characterises so many recent books on art. The growing popular demand for works on art is one of the most cheering signs of our time. It is a natural result of higher education—acquired independently, for the most part, for our schools and universities do but little to form or foster it; and of a natural reaction against the materialism of modern life—a reaction kindred in its ultimate aim—the satisfaction of the higher nature of man—to that which has produced the recent unprecedented output of works on nature and gardening. The weakness of the demand is that it seeks for books instead of immediate and personal contact with art or nature, and that its appetite for books is more conspicuous by its voracity than by its discriminating taste. Mr. Sturge Moore's book is both a stimulus to direct personal study of art and a corrective to the reading of the uncritical studies of others—as such alone it would be valuable.

Mr. Moore informs us, in his Preface, that his work “is not the result of new research; nor is it an abstract resuming historical and critical discoveries on its subject up to date,” but “an appreciation of this great artist in relation to general ideas.” Could any prefatory statement make one more eager to read his book? We have had more than enough of that indiscriminate research which has made Shakespeare its special object—the search for the unimportant conducted from points of view, deliberately chosen, from which Shakespeare himself can be seen only on the extreme horizon; and there are quite sufficient resumé's of the current know-

ledge of most subjects to suit our present needs. Mr. Moore's intention of getting back to general ideas and principles, and of appreciating in the light of these what is most characteristic and vital in the life and work of Durer, is worthy of the highest praise, and commands our sympathy even where we agree with him least.

The sections into which Mr. Moore has divided his book will best indicate his method of treatment. It contains four parts : I—Concerning general ideas important to the comprehension of Durer's life and art (the Idea of Proportion and the Influence of Religion on the Creative Impulse) ; II—Durer's life in relation to the times in which he lived ; III—Durer as a Creator (a study of his pictures, portraits, drawings, etc.) ; IV—Durer's Ideas. All these sections are full of interest ; far from free, of course, from controversial matter—else the book would not be worth the reading—but possessing the somewhat rare merit of inviting controversy only, or at least generally, on what is of real importance. We do not propose to enter upon a detailed examination of Mr. Moore's presentment of his subject or of his opinions and judgments ; but a word must be said on what is, perhaps, the most valuable and original part of his book—his investigation of the idea of proportion and of the influence of religion on the creative impulse.

To Mr. Moore, art is not a matter of individual temperament, nor is it to be confused with science or with specialist enquiries into doubtful authorship. In judging works of art (and, by implication, in creating them)

“we must be governed by (the) sense of proportion, which measures how things stand in regard to reason ; that is, not merely intellect, not merely emotion, but the alliance of both by means of the imagination in aid of man's most central demand—the demand for nobler life.”

This, he continues,

“is the assertion of the sovereignty of the æsthetic conscience on exactly the same grounds as sovereignty is claimed for the moral conscience. Aesthetics deals with the morality of appeals addressed to the senses. That is, it estimates the success of such appeals in regard to the promotion of fuller and harmonious life.”

SAINT GEORGE.

This, at first sight, conveys the impression that Mr. Moore's ideal of a picture gallery is a kind of church wherein the sermon is seen instead of heard. We are almost prepared to hear next that the purpose of art is to point a moral. And yet we soon read that

"loyalty is the only virtue (art) insists on, loyalty in regard to her servants' experience of beauty; he may be immoral in every other way and she not desert him . . . ;" "that a man says what he really means—shows us what he really thinks to be beautiful—is all that reason bids us ask for . . . ;" "though (a work of art) have no more significance than a glass of wine and a loaf of bread, if the eye is rejoiced by gazing on the paint that expresses them, it is a work of art and a fine achievement."

These two apparently contradictory points of view are, however, related to each other in a very subtle and winning way. We gather that art is, to Mr. Moore, a matter of individual temperament in search of the beautiful, and controlled or refined by religion in the best and widest sense, and by a wise selection from the proven artistic experience of the past. We entirely agree with him in this. These two chapters are, indeed, so good, that we should like much if Mr. Moore would expand them and illustrate his ideas by a wider reference to the history of art.

It need hardly be added that Mr. Moore's book is well written: a poet is generally careful of his prose. It is pervaded by a sincerity and seriousness which are very winning though marred, at times, by a tendency to degenerate into dull solemnity or into a naïveté which somehow does not ring true and therefore approaches the commonplace.

The illustrations are numerous, wisely chosen, and, as in all Messrs. Duckworth's art books, excellently reproduced.

Racial Supremacy: Being Studies in Imperialism. By John George Godard. Edinburgh: Geo. A. Morton. 6s.

IF the British public were as eager to read what intimately concerns its welfare as it is to read what currently passes for (and caricatures) fiction, Mr. Godard's able book would certainly command wide sale and influence. He has no illusions on the nature and effects of Imperialism. He is steeped in the history and the polemics of his subject; but he is not overwhelmed by them: his eyes and his mind are clear. He possesses, moreover, the courage of his opinions and the power to express them with vigour and appealing conviction.

The volume is based on a series of articles contributed to the *Westminster Review*. These have been revised and expanded so as to constitute a new work dealing with the main aspects of Imperialism: its nature and products; Liberalism and Imperialism; Commercialism and Imperialism; Ecclesiasticism and Imperialism; the Ethics of Empire; the burden of Empire. The author claims that while each of these studies "is substantially independent of the others, their dominant thesis is the same, they are united by a continuity of purpose, and taken collectively they embody an attempt to present a fairly comprehensive survey of modern Imperialism." The author has succeeded in achieving this. His book is no mere exercise in vituperation. It condemns Imperialism in unsparing terms, but condemnation is everywhere based upon broad ethical principles and fortified by reference to concrete facts. The absolute sincerity of many convinced Imperialists is frankly recognised; and this partly accounts for the conclusiveness with which Mr. Godard disproves their contentions and the basis on which they rest. The author is also fully alive to the inadequacy of purely destructive criticism. He recognises that Imperialism, though it be wrong in theory and indefensible in practice, has entailed great responsibilities upon the modern world. A policy of immediate and absolute relinquish-


SAINT GEORGE.

ment of the authority exercised over subject races he rightly regards as impossible and likely to lead to still greater evils.

“If despotism is a bad thing, if benevolence neither justifies nor characterises it, obviously the only legitimate general aim is to secure its abrogation; and interim administration must promote this object. In other words, the best way to govern another race is to teach it to govern itself; to educate it (if not already sufficiently educated) up to the point of autonomy; to develop in it the capacity to appreciate, utilise and justify free institutions; and gradually to accord to it greater liberty until the last vestige of alien rule shall disappear.”

Mr. Godard's volume will doubtless serve as an authority of weight for many years to come.

Vers et Prose. Recueil trimestriel de littérature. Tome I. Mars, 1905. Paris: 24 rue Boissonade.

O any one at all conversant with recent and contemporary French literature this publication will prove of interest as an attempt to infuse new life into that Symbolist school which has produced so much excellent work during the last twenty years. The precursors of the school—Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Mallarmé and Verlaine—are all still too little known in England; and of the living writers of the school Maeterlinck alone may be said to have an English public. And yet Maeterlinck is only one of a round dozen of poets and prose-writers each of whom deserves equal attention. Some of these—Maeterlinck himself, Henri de Régnier, Emile Verhaeren, Jean Moréas, Stuart Merrill, Albert Mockel, and others—contribute to the present issue. No complete idea of the work of the school as a whole, or of the individual members of it (each of whom has a strong personality and a mode of expression all his own) can be obtained from one issue of *Vers et Prose*; but few could read de Régnier's *La Lampe*, Verhaeren's *A la Gloire du Vent*, or Moréas' *Prologue d'Ajax*, without feeling that it must be good to know more of these poets and their fellows. To such we

heartily commend *Vers et Prose*—together with a copy of the catalogue of the *Mercur de France* and of that excellent anthology, the *Poètes d'Aujourd'hui* (1880-1900), compiled by Van Bever and Léautaud. There is no reason why the Anglo-French alliance should be confined to politics.

We wish M. Paul Fort (whose position as an able and original poet is already firmly established) every success in his venture. If *Vers et Prose* continues to stand, as he declares it shall stand, for the "defence and illustration of higher literature and of lyricism in prose and in poetry": if it avoids, that is, the narrow spirit and the violent polemics which have too often rendered similar journals ineffective, the quarter-days will have a new interest and a new surprise for many.

Each quarterly part of *Vers et Prose* is to contain from 120 to 128 pages. The annual subscription is eight francs.

The House in the Woods. By Arthur Henry. London: D. Nutt. 1905. 5s. net.



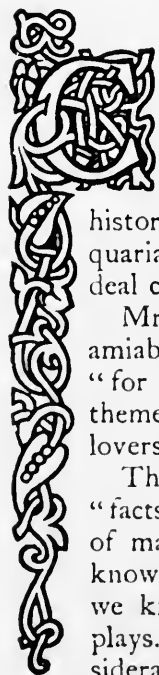
NATURE is taking a full revenge for past neglect. She has her literatures of power and knowledge and cant, and floods with them a penitent market. Most of the varieties can be illustrated from the American invaders. We catch the same shibboleths in very different tones—sometimes the deep call of earth, sometimes the falsetto of the man of letters. Sometimes we catch the real savours of the country, more often "the pouncet box of culture" which the author holds "betwixt the wind and his nobility."

This book has the first requisite of nature-writing—sincerity;—and the author is a true lover of his own countryside, his dog, and his fellow-men. It is the story of the realised dream of a town-dweller who longed for a country life. When his illusions vanished, they were lost in the sunshine of a happier day, which he was strong enough to bear and enjoy. The "rural retirement"

SAINT GEORGE.

proved at once impossible and selfish, and he learned to take his place in the new society. The author makes both country and people very real and attractive. His style has a simple refinement, seldom forced, while the occasional Americanisms add piquancy. Here and there an Englishman would be glad of an explanatory note—not many of us know anything about chores and chipmunks. The photographic illustrations are very effective in deepening the feeling of reality. The print and binding are admirable; altogether a first-rate holiday book.

William Shakespeare: His Family and Friends. C. I. Elton, K.C.
London: John Murray. 1904. 15s. net.



COMPREHENSIVE as the title seems to be, it does not give a fair idea of the contents of this learned book. It is a collection of antiquarian essays chosen from among the papers left by Mr. Elton at his death. Mr. Elton was a tireless student in dusty by-ways of history and literature: but with him as with most antiquarians the zest of collecting outweighed the impulse to deal constructively with the collections.

Mr. Andrew Lang writes a pleasant sketch of his friend's amiable and prosperous life, and ends with the belief that "for once his erudition and acuteness are expended on a theme which does not interest special students alone, but all lovers of English literature."

This belief we find ourselves unable to share. The "facts" about Shakspeare can hardly come within the interest of many lovers of literature, till some scholar comes with knowledge and power greater than that shown in any book we know, and shows their relevance to the writer of the plays. On the other hand, Mr. Elton's essays have considerable interest to the student in their memorials of

contemporary life; they give very reliable help in imagining the society of Shakspeare's day. After a careful summary of "facts and traditions relating to Shakspeare's early life," we get antiquarian collections relating to the places connected—by "fact and tradition"—with his name:—Stratford, Snitterfield, Wilmcote, Rowington. The interest of the remaining chapters will best be gathered from the titles: "Midland Agriculture and Natural History in Shakspeare"; "Landmarks on the Stratford Road, and in London, 1586-1616"; "Shakspeare's Descendants"; "Illustrations of Shakspeare in the 17th century" (a very interesting set of quotations from the *Epistolæ Ho-elianæ*, from Ward, Dowdall, Aubrey, etc.). The last section is devoted to the "Production of *The Tempest*," which is interpreted to include many details of theatrical history, only remotely connected with Shakspeare, but valuable in any attempt to reconstruct his epoch, and throwing many a useful sidelight.

If he had lived, Mr. Elton would no doubt have made these essays more than the "nucleus of an exhaustive work on Shakspeare": as it is they are hardly that, but rather the material which might, given a focus in his mind, have risen to the dignity of a "nucleus."

A word of gratitude must be added to the editor for the references, which must have involved considerable labour, and add greatly to the value of the book for the student or antiquary. The student of the Shakspeare "facts and traditions" is bound to verify his references, especially when his guides are always quarrelling. Most lovers of literature (*pace* Mr. Lang) will do well to leave them alone.

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

THE HIGHER
EDUCATION OF
WORKING MEN.

The following appeal has been issued for the Association recently formed to promote the Higher Education of Working Men. It requires no words of ours to commend it to the consideration of our readers.

"We invite your consideration of the aims, methods, and needs of 'The Association to Promote the Higher Education of Working Men,' which has during the past two years, by the aid of very limited funds and of voluntary assistance, supplied for the most part by working men and by their organisations, successfully accomplished work all but national in scope, and wholly national in character.

I.

"For many years past various agencies have been actively at work charged with the civic, economic, and technical education of the working classes. On the one hand there are the University Extension Movement, the National Home Reading Union, and the Working Men's Colleges; on the other hand there are the working class movements, such as the Co-operative, the Trade Union, and the Club and Institute. The working men who determined upon the foundation of the Association, were strongly impressed by the need for better co-ordination of these and similar movements for Educational purposes.

"We believe that the present time affords special opportunity for such co-ordination. There is an increasing evidence of the earnest desire on the part of working people for education, not only for technical education, but liberal education. Working people, in the several conferences organised by the Association, have pleaded not for 'bread and butter' education, but for 'Education for its own sake,'—liberal education.

"It must be admitted, however, that the great bulk of working people realise no need for education. Hence it is necessary for an effort to be made to awaken a sense of the need, and to stimulate the demand for liberal education. This is a work which is missionary in character, and which therefore requires a measure of independent financial support, but it is work which can only be done by those who have intimate personal knowledge of the circumstances bearing upon the problem.

II.

"The method of approach actually dealing with the local aspects of the problem is largely determined by Local Branches, which are representative of all the interests concerned, and act under the guidance of the Central and Sectional Committees. These Branches are organised by the working men themselves, in co-operation with University and other educationists. For example, the Branch at Reading, which has just completed a highly successful first session, was initiated by the local Co-operative Society. The Executive Committee consists of eight representative workmen acting together with the Principal of University College, and the Secretary to the Local Authority. The official statement of the aims of the Branch thus state the nature of the work which has been entrusted to it.

"The Association shall endeavour to realise the purpose of its foundation in the following principal ways:—

"(a.) By encouraging and supporting, so far as it is able, the work of the evening classes under the Reading Education Committee.

"(b.) By encouraging and supporting, so far as it is able, the work of the evening classes held at the University College.

"(c.) By endeavouring to stimulate and promote the interest of the working classes in liberal studies such as history, literature, art, science, citizenship, and music.

"(d.) By making such representations as may seem desirable to the local authorities concerned on matters pertaining to all forms of education.

"In organising this effort the Association shall take account of, and co-operate with, as far as may be possible, similar work carried on by the University College and other local educational institutions.

"The Association shall be definitely non-sectarian and non-political."

"Other and similar Branches have during the present year been organised, or are in the course of formation over a wide area, at such diverse towns as Derby, Woolwich, Ilford, Darwen, Bolton, Rochdale, and Torquay. A rapid extension of the work appears to be imminent.

III.

"The Association desires to establish—

"1. A Central Office, and to appoint,

"2. An Organising Secretary,

"in order that (a) an efficient link may be provided between the branches with a view to concerted effort and unity of aim; (b) That

SAINT GEORGE.

the work of propaganda, enquiry, and publication, may be efficiently carried on, and (c) That the poorest and least educated groups of workpeople may be brought into contact with the Association.

"Believing these steps to be necessary, we desire to endorse the Association's appeal for a guarantee fund of £500 per annum maintained over a period of five years. It is evident that a work of this magnitude and growing extent, cannot be wholly undertaken by an Honorary Secretary, who for the greater part of his time is otherwise employed. It must be remembered that the increase of Local Branches will, at the outset, prove a great, though necessary strain upon the finances of the Association, the more so as many subscriptions which at the outset were paid directly to the Association, will naturally be diverted to the Local Associations as the latter are formed.

"The success of the work of the Association depends upon a vigorous propaganda being carried on from the Central Office, and maintained for a period of years, freed from undue financial difficulty.

"It is desirable that its work should not, through lack of sufficient funds, be too narrowly restricted to those localities, where there are considerable numbers of working men in a position to contribute liberally towards its support. The propagandist work of the Association is especially needed in districts where there is at present less prospect of local support."

(Signed) MICHAEL E. SADLER.
SAMUEL BARNETT.
C. BIRMINGHAM.
THOMAS BURT.

"THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE" AGAIN. "With Ireland discontented, decaying, and despondent, the heart cannot be sound; and we appeal to all whose ideal is the permanence and progress of the Empire, to find a remedy for the disease gnawing at its core." It is good indeed to see so many eyes being removed from the ends of the earth (where, we are told on good authority, they gaze in sorry company). Specially good to see the appeal made to those whose standard of thought is imperial. Lord Dunraven has put the case for Ireland—as the Irish Reform Association conceives it—in a spirited pamphlet, which sets out in the most accessible form, the material for judgment of Ireland as she is:

with the proposals now better abused than understood under the name "devolution." With the detailed proposals we have at present little to do; they will at no distant date come into the arena of ordinary political discussion. So far their chief political importance has lain—the fate of all measures that concern Ireland's welfare, if they escape a quick oblivion—in the intrigues and quarrels of extreme politicians. It is part of Ireland's ill-luck that her past history and present needs should be too little considered, while her politics claim so unfortunately large a share of public attention. The Land Act of 1903 and the sympathetic figure of Mr. Wyndham have done much to redress both the actual grievances and the ill-balance of opinion. As to the attack on Sir Antony MacDonnell, an assailant in the *National Review* counts all but two out of twenty-one Under-Secretaries as "more or less traitors to the Ascendancy cause": a fact far more significant than the writer meant it to be. In truth moderate public opinion is steadily coming round to the view of nearly all the experts, that the present system of Irish government is both extravagant and unsuccessful. As Lord Dunraven's proposals are the only substitute at present formulated, it behoves all who care for the heart of the empire to be acquainted with them at first hand. Perhaps the most valuable part of the pamphlet is that which gives the statistics which show how rapidly Ireland is working out her unnatural process of the survival of the unfittest: a terrible record of wastage. It should surely give pause to those who are inclined hastily to judge racial characteristics, without knowing that the passing years leave their mark for good or evil on the development of a race just as of a man. Lord Dunraven is peculiarly well-fitted to appeal to the temperament of both countries. To the Irishman he proves that the present state of affairs is wrong; to the Englishman that it is bad business.

SAINT GEORGE.

"WRONG-
HEADED"
CRITICISM OF
SHAKSPERE.

Shakspere criticism continues to be wonderful both in quantity and variety. We have just read these words: "the average reader thinks of him as a gifted barbarian who took *Nature* as his model, and owed as little as possible to *art*." We had almost thought that the long series of great critics, from Coleridge to A. C. Bradley, had driven out even this modified version of the Voltairean dictum. The "artless" theory was simply the result of the application of petrified standards: its very gradual conquest by a true inductive criticism has been, roughly speaking, the main current of progress. We have before us an extreme example of the "artful" theory. It so happens that at the same time as our last number appeared with a eulogy of Prof. Bradley's *Shaksperean Tragedy*, the critic of the *Times* selected the same book as a sample of "wrong-headed" criticism. We should have been glad of the opportunity for a detailed examination of a judgment so contrary to our own, especially as it was ably done: but must be content with brief reference to its main contention. We are told that the great danger of "romantic" criticism lies in thinking of dramatic characters as real persons, and submitting their motives to the same kind of examination as we should "Napoleon or our second cousins." There is much truth in this, a real danger of separating the characters from their author. It seems difficult to discard a set of cast iron principles without unconsciously adopting others of material only less inelastic: the romantic critics on the whole retained the deductive methods of the classical school, though of course on a far higher plane. But it is going much too far to make an absolute opposition between *historic* and *dramatic* persons as being the results of "wholly different forces." The difference between the sets of forces is obvious: it is their likeness which has escaped the critic. It is true that Shakspere's characters are Shakspere, inspired by his genius, made out of his experience, bound by his limits. But the dramatist's brain is itself the result of the same race-development as are all real people, and he rises in the

scale of greatness only in so far as his experience embraces that of his race. His creative power is great only in so far as it is in accord with the facts of actually existing character, and its development in the real persons of the outside world. What the critic calls "confusion" between historic (or real) and dramatic, is not only inherent in the nature of things, but is the source of the significance of fiction. An inward concentration of race-experience (with its converse, insight into human nature) and the power to embody in fictitious characters, these are the ingredients of dramatic genius. This is nothing but the touchstone we apply in saying that such a character is "real," "convincing," and so on. Such characters will not be the same as any real personage, but they must be built upon the same principles. They are not only expressions of the dramatist, they are specimens of our race.

The character of Hamlet, chosen by the critic, is unfortunate for his case. One example will make the position clear. Mr. Bradley is chaffed for speculating "on what Hamlet was like before the curtain goes up." Whatever the truth and value of such speculations, it is pretty certain that for Shakspeare Hamlet existed before the rise of the curtain. He found in the character one of his most cherished outlets for self-expression: but it is unthinkable that his conception of such a character suddenly faced (as the curtain goes up) with hideous difficulties, did not contain as one of its minor elements the picture of the character in unclouded days. The poet's idea of his Hamlet's past is implicit in the poet's idea of his brief tragedy. The critic is content that Hamlet should act "absurdly" in order to allow Shakspeare "to express his many-sided self," too many sides at once. Professor Bradley is "wrong-headed" because he seeks to prove that these same actions are the right expression of another and greater side of Shakspeare, his power to materialise his interpretation of human character. Modern critics do well to maintain that Shakspeare was only human: they must not forget how human he was.

SAINI GEORGE.

G. F. WATTS. The Manchester Corporation have acted wisely and set a good example in organising a special G. F. Watts Exhibition. It follows fitly on the Ruskin Exhibition of last year. The Corporation is fortunate too in having on its Committee so capable a man as Mr. J. E. Phythian to set the Exhibition in order and edit the Handbook. A specialised exhibition of this kind does not baffle the mind by its largeness and variety; one does not feel on entering as though all the waves and the billows were gone over one: it is representative rather than cumulative, it is compassable in a single afternoon, and the impression it makes is all the deeper and more lasting because of its focussed unity and intensity. The exhibition covers the whole of Watts' artistic activity—it shows us the Wounded Heron, the first picture Watts exhibited at the Royal Academy when only 19 years of age, and it shows us the last just published work of that life which never shrank, as Robert Louis would say, from "beginning its folio," however few the days that remained, and never ceased to work its "utmost for the highest," never probably entertained the thought of giving up work any more than it entertained the thought of a baronetcy.

It is very suggestive at Manchester to pass from the masterpiece of Lord Leighton to these pictures of G. F. Watts. Both are consummate artists, both are wonderful colourists, but there is a contrast between the two which suggests at once the real power of Watts. That power in one word is aspiration. In Leighton there is perfect repose, serenity; what the painter wishes to say is said. With Watts one feels that the thought is greater than ever he can express. There are groanings that cannot be uttered, there are beauties and fair imaginings "that break thro' language and escape," there are thoughts that lie too deep for art. Lord Leighton was a Greek and painted men of flesh and blood; noble indeed but finite. Watts was a Celt and, as he himself says, painted ideas. It is this constant sense of the incarnation, if one may in all reverence use the phrase, which makes Watts great, which makes one, as one sees his pictures,

"To feel thro' all this earthly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness."

A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHILDHOOD AND ADOLESCENCE.

[NOTE.—This is the second portion of a list which for the present will appear quarterly, with a view later to detailed classification for separate publication. It is not proposed to attempt a complete bibliography of the subjects in question, but to submit a selected list of books for the help and guidance of those engaged in education and other work amongst the young, or of students of these subjects. We invite criticisms and suggestions in order that the list may, as far as possible, be fairly representative of those works which have proved useful in practice.]

ADAMS, J. HERBERTIAN PSYCHOLOGY.

London, D. C. Heath. 1 vol. 3/6 net.

The secondary title gives a better clue to the contents, which are "a series of essays applying the psychology of Herbart." They are distinguished by a brightness very rare in educational books: wit and humour have gained for "John" a wide popularity. The book is not a systematic exposition of Herbart, and is not troubled much by psychology in its ordinary sense: but is content to be acute and refreshing.

BLOW, S. E. SYMBOLIC EDUCATION.

New York, Appleton & Co. 1 vol.

The aim of this book is to give truer insight into the deeper meanings of Froebel's principles as illustrated by the Mutter und Kose Lieder. A most suggestive chapter contrasts the teaching of Froebel with that of Rousseau and Pestalozzi, and shows how Froebel realises the truth that the child must be trained as part of a great whole, and not merely as an individual.

BOOLE, M. E. LECTURES ON THE LOGIC OF ARITHMETIC.

Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1 vol. 2/-.

A suggestive book for teachers.

FINDLAY, J. J. PRINCIPLES OF CLASS TEACHING.

London, Macmillan & Co. Ltd. 1902. 1 vol. 5/-.

A careful and methodical study, based closely on practice. Its standpoint is in the main Herbartian, but modified by the requirements of English schools. It would be hard to find a better and more interesting example of English Herbartianism in practice.

SAINT GEORGE.

FROEBEL, FR. THE EDUCATION OF MAN.

Translated by W. N. Hailmann, A.M. International Education Series.
New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. \$1.50.

This gives us the theory on which Froebel's whole system is based. It shows the characteristics of child life in its different periods, and deals with man in earliest childhood, in boyhood, and as a scholar. Then follow, a discussion on the chief groups of instruction, the connection between school and family, and the methods of imparting instruction. The whole concludes with the statement of the aim of education, *i.e.*, all-sided development and creative freedom.

FROEBEL, FR. MOTHERS' SONGS, GAMES AND STORIES.

London, W. Rice. 1885. 1 vol. 2/6.

Collection of Pictures, Songs, Mottoes, and Author's Notes. The Pictures and Songs illustrate the life of a country child, and show how to use ordinary surroundings as means of education, based on the threefold relationship of the child to Nature, to Humanity, and to God. Froebel's explanations at the end are full of illuminating ideas, and show us something of the deep meaning of children's play. A series of enlarged pictures are published for use with the children.

FROEBEL, FR. PEDAGOGICS OF THE KINDERGARTEN.

Translated by Josephine Jarvis. International Education Series.
New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. \$1.50.

Froebel's own directions on the use of the first five gifts and the movement plays, beginning with a New Year's Meditation on the appeal "Come, let us live with our children," and ending with the story of How Lina learned to write and read.

HAYWARD, F. H. THE STUDENT'S HERBART.

London, Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1902. 1 vol. 1/6.

Hardly fulfils its title, but is a forcible introduction—at present the most accessible. Lays special stress on the ethical convictions which underlie the various forms of Herbartianism.

HERBART. SCIENCE OF EDUCATION.

Translated by H. and E. Felkin.
London, Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892. 1 vol. 4/6.

Contains Biography of Herbart, an explanatory Introduction by the translators, a translation of "The Aesthetic Revelation of the World

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

as the Chief Work of Education," and the "Science of Education," followed by chapters on the Aims of Education, the Government of Children, and why such government is needed, *i.e.*, to "create a spirit of order," the means to be used and dangers to be avoided, contrast of education with government, interest, the use of the old Greek stories, the formation of character, and the use of discipline.

HERFORD, W. H. THE STUDENTS' FROEBEL.

London, Isbister & Co., Ltd. 1896. 2 vols. 2/6 each.

A very useful book for those beginning the study of Froebel's life and work. It gives a clear account of both life and principles, and many quotations from Froebel's own writings. Vol. I deals with Theory; Vol. II with Practice.

HORSFALL, T. C. REFORMS NEEDED IN OUR SYSTEM OF ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

Manchester, J. E. Cornish. 1897. 6d.

Although published in 1897, and since that time some progress has been made in the direction of the reforms advocated, this pamphlet is still of value because of its wisdom and moderation. It was written with the idea of obtaining from the members of the Teachers' Guild an expression of opinion as to what alterations were necessary in order that the education received in our Elementary Schools might be such as to counteract the bad influence of the home and social life of so many of the children of the lower classes, and to give them nobler and more lasting interests.

KIRKPATRICK, E. A. FUNDAMENTALS OF CHILD STUDY.

London, Macmillan & Co. 1903. 1 vol. 5/-.

Clearly written and not overlaid with technical terms. One of the books on this subject recommended by the Froebel Society.

MARTINEAU, HARRIET. HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

London, Smith, Elder & Co. 1 vol.

Deals specially with the management of older children. The chief chapters are devoted to the Care of the Powers (Hope, Fear, Patience, Love, Veneration, Truthfulness), to Intellectual Training and to the Care of the Habits.

QUICK, R. H. ESSAYS ON EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS.

London, Longmans, Green & Co. 1898. 1 vol. 3/6.

This admirable book was first published in 1868, and met with no success except in reviews. But in America the book was appreciated,

SAINT GEORGE.

pirated by many firms, and achieved great success. In its English reprint it now has a wide circulation and influence. Most books on these subjects are badly written : Mr. Quick's engaging style makes his book as pleasant as it is profitable.

REIN, W. OUTLINES OF PEDAGOGICS.

Translated by C. C. and I. J. van Liew.

London, Sonnenschein & Co. Ltd. 1899. 1 vol. 3/-.

Professor Rein and his "pedagogic laboratory" at Jena are the centre of modern progress along Herbartian lines. This little book is an admirable systematic sketch of the position. It is a little unfortunate for English readers that the first half should be spent on an outline of the German educational system, especially in view of the changes in that system.

SADLER, MICHAEL E. IN WHAT SENSE OUGHT SCHOOLS TO PREPARE BOYS AND GIRLS FOR LIFE?

Birmingham, The Saint George Press, Bournville. 6d.

An essay full of the luminous wisdom, and beauty of style and thought, which has made its author the most widely inspiring personality in English educational circles of to-day.

SHIRREFF, E. A. E. THE KINDERGARTEN AT HOME.

London, 4, Adam Street. 1 vol.

A short simple work on the use of Froebel's methods in home life. Strongly recommended to teachers in families where there are young children, and to mothers.

SULLY, JAMES. STUDIES OF CHILDHOOD.

London, Longmans, Green & Co. 1895. 1 vol. 12/6.

This book shows, by examples of children's speeches and drawings, the child as linguist, artist, and draughtsman. The chapter on the child's fears, the description of the wise lawgiver, and the extracts from a father's diary are especially interesting.

SAINT GEORGE.

No. 32. Vol. VIII.

October, 1905.

MR. RUSKIN'S ATTITUDE TO SCIENCE.

Illustrated by Letters.

By SIR OLIVER LODGE.

IT is sometimes thought by readers and even disciples of Ruskin that his attitude to scientific investigation was one of loathing, and that he regarded the scientific discoveries of the century with contempt. His occasionally violent diatribes against machinery when used for improper purposes—for the production of bastard forms of ornament, for instance—and against the obliteration of restful scenery by the driving through it of a cockney railway, under the insanely plausible pretext of making the peace of the country accessible to crowds; his sarcasm at the jubilant and self-satisfied approbation of the over-populous restlessness which half-a-century ago used to be called “progress”; his lament at the hideousness of the overgrown towns which last century brought into existence like fungi; all these strengthened the impression of hostility to science. And certainly the purblind way in which our recently acquired power over natural forces was being utilised—the sacrifice of the spirit and higher feelings of humanity for the unripe fruits of partial knowledge, the crab apples of an uncultured growth—all this aroused his prophetic indignation, and he did not hesitate to express

SAINT GEORGE.

his disgust ; so it is not surprising that some misconception should exist as to his genuinely sympathetic admiration for the spirit of pure science herself, so far as it came within his ken.

That he was technically unacquainted with modern science is true enough, as it was true of nearly all the men of letters of his age and period, as it is true of most at the present day, and as it will continue to be more or less true until an acquaintance with the ordinary processes and phenomena of Nature, interpreted by competent teachers, is permitted to youthful minds at an age when they are eager to receive it, and who henceforward, though they may pursue it no further, will store such knowledge as a matter of course in the unconscious background of their minds.

But that he was hostile to science, whenever he was properly informed concerning it, is to some extent a popular fallacy, though it must be admitted that he shared the prevailing dislike to the teachings of Charles Darwin : his mental powers were analytic and perceptive to an extraordinary degree, as he himself has truly stated ; and without any substantial foundation or background of theoretic knowledge to guide him, he was a keen observer of the superficial aspects of Nature. The same extraordinary powers of observation and analysis which admittedly he brought to bear in the domain of Art generally—the same minute accuracy of observation and patience of study which he bestowed on the pediment of a pillar or the tracery of a window—were equally available when dealing with the outlines of mountain ranges, and with such productions of Nature as crystals, or leaves, or feathers, or clouds.

It was in connexion with Clouds that I had the honour of having some correspondence with him twenty years ago, correspondence of which I have received from his Executors permission to publish such portions as I may select. On the whole these letters seem to me likely to be of distinct interest, by reason of the light they throw upon the undeveloped scientific side of his mind—a side naturally unrecognised, save perhaps by his closest intimates : a side not even by them fully realised.

RUSKIN'S ATTITUDE TO SCIENCE.

It came about in this way. In the year 1884 I gave to the British Association, then meeting at Montreal, a lecture on Dust, which anyone interested will find reported in Volume xxxi of *Nature*, page 265. It so happened that about that time, in the midst of my enthusiastic browsing over the social and economic writings of Mr. Ruskin, I turned to some of his works which deal with Art, and there I found both in *Celi Enarrant* and in Volume V of *Modern Painters* that his notable observations of cloud-form and cloud-phenomena were accompanied by vague hypotheses concerning the cause of the phenomena, and by guesses which in a few particulars were definitely below the standard of the scientific knowledge of the time.

It happened that the chief of these questionable surmises related to features upon which I had touched incidentally in my Dust lecture at Montreal, where I had given some account of Mr. Aitken's discovery of the necessity for *nuclei* in the formation of mist, and had specially emphasised the reason why mist or cloud appears to float in air, though they are really always falling through it at a rate easily calculated from a mathematical theory of Sir George Stokes concerning the movements of solids through fluids; so I must have asked a friend who knew Mr. Ruskin well to send him a copy of my lecture, in case it might interest him. At any rate a copy was by this lady sent, whether at my suggestion or otherwise; and the first letter from Mr. Ruskin to myself, at the beginning of 1885, was the almost immediate consequence.

Well I was young and enthusiastic in those days, and I suppose I replied with reverence and a becoming sense of the distance between us; nevertheless expressing myself as very willing to give any assistance which my technical acquaintance with Physics might render possible, though always without troubling him with more trivial corrections of subject matter than he might choose to welcome: fully admitting, and still believing, that his observations and the unaided comments of his genius were of far more value than any second-hand correctness of scientific doctrine could be.

SAINT GEORGE.

The correspondence continued at intervals for some months, always under respectful protest from myself that he should not trouble himself about the matter further than it amused or interested him. It continued however until interrupted by his lamentable illness, the sequel to which shall be subsequently referred to.

At present we will deal with these matters of Cloud and Sky, and I had better first quote the beginnings of a few paragraphs in Volume V of *Modern Painters*, so as to indicate sufficiently the nature of Mr. Ruskin's felt and expressed difficulties in the subject of Clouds, and of the manner in which he tried to overcome them :—

§2. "Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are?"

"That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley . . . why is it so heavy?"

"Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks . . . why are they so light?"

"Or that ghost of a cloud which steals by yonder clump of pines"

"And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit . . . how is it stayed there . . . poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?"

§3. "I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered"

"It is one of the most discouraging consequences of the varied character of this work of mine, that I am wholly unable to take note of the advance of modern science. What has conclusively been discovered or observed about clouds, I know not; but by the chance inquiry possible to me I find no book which fairly states the difficulties of accounting for even the ordinary aspects of the sky."

§4. "First then, I believe we do not know what makes clouds float. Clouds are water, in some fine form or another; but water is heavier than air, and the finest form you can give a heavy thing will not make it float in a light thing."

RUSKIN'S ATTITUDE TO SCIENCE.

He then goes on to ask whether they are not, and says they *must* be, hollow globules with vacuum inside.

But in another passage he feels his way nearer to the truth :—

§6. “Minute division of rain, as in ‘Scotch mist,’ makes it capable of floating farther, or floating up and down a little, just as dust will float, though pebbles will not ; or gold-leaf, though a sovereign will not.”

Only in a foot-note he speaks of this effect of fluid friction as “buoyancy,” saying that buoyancy depends on shape : which is not true, except at a bounding surface of a dense medium.

He then goes on to consider the blue of the sky, asking :—

§8. “Is it the watery vapour, or the air itself, which is blue ?”

and very properly asks why, if either are blue, should the most distant clouds appear crimson or golden.

“And again, if blue, why are rays that come through large spaces of it red ?”

Only he jumps to the conclusion : “No one knows, I believe.”

Briefly the *facts* concerning cloud and mist globules are that they are not hollow but are drops of water just like any other drops, save that they are small ; and that they are falling by reason of their weight, which propels them through the air as fast as aerial friction will allow them to travel. Their rate of fall depends therefore upon their size ; when they are big, like raindrops, they fall quickly, because the weight of a growing sphere increases faster than its surface—when very big, like thunder drops, their rate of fall is excessive—and when very small, like fine water-dust, they are only able to settle down slowly ; yet always at the maximum speed due to the propelling force of their weight opposed by the friction of the medium in which they are moving ; much as finest sand or emery powder settles slowly down in water during the process of “levigation” with a velocity which for regular shapes without sharp edges can be accurately calculated mathematically on hydrodynamic principles. That clouds sometimes rise or soar in atmospheric space is simple enough, because

SAINT GEORGE.

an up-current of air can easily carry them up with it faster than they are falling through it. They can ascend *with* the air, but they never ascend *through* the air, nor do they “float” in the slightest degree. Being 800 times heavier than an equal bulk of air, any idea of floating or of buoyancy is quite contrary to truth, they are *sinking* as fast as they can, though by reason of the fineness of their sub-division and the amount of surface accordingly exposed, their rate of sinking, like the falling of impossibly fine cotton wool or feathers, may be distinctly slow.

These being the facts, here is the first letter :—

“Brantwood,
“Coniston, Lancashire,
“29th January, 1885.

“My dear Sir,

“I am deeply obliged to you for telling Miss Melby to forward your lecture to me, and there are as you felt many parts in it of immense interest to me: but assuredly it goes over far too much ground for one lecture—and leaves a great deal of what is most important in a state of mist without nucleus.

“The assertion that water molecules always fall is, as you know, new—and you do not explain how or why or when they *seem* to rise,—you do not *touch* the primary question in the whole matter,—what gives a cloud its boundary?—and the attribution of the blue colour of the sky to water* instead of air is not only left without proof, but without reference to some marvellous results of Tyndall’s a while since, in which he made small firmaments in tubes.

“May I trespass on you with more of such questions?—or is the lecture to be given in some expanded form which I should wait for?

“Faithfully and gratefully yours,
“J. RUSKIN.”

Leaving the semi-independent question of the colour of the sky for the moment, the next two letters relate to quantitative details concerning the condensation of vapour; they indicate a wish for a thorough treatment of the problem, and show a desire to get at the heart of it which is eminently characteristic of the scientific and analytic spirit.

* This is a misapprehension.—O.L.

RUSKIN'S ATTITUDE TO SCIENCE.

"Brantwood,
"Coniston, Lancashire,
"9th February, 1885.

"My dear Sir,

"Indeed I cannot at all enough thank you for your kindness in writing at such length—the less that I have never been able to get scientific men to answer me in this simple way. But *still* you go too fast for me a little . . . the only way for me is to begin quite at the beginning—may I hope—perhaps once a week—that your kindness would answer for me a carefully limited question—such as—for instance this.

"1,000 feet cube of dry—absolutely—air—at any temperature you choose to take above zero—confined vertically over a cubic foot of water in a close tube—1,001 feet high.

"What will become of the water—and by what kind of impulse or motion—and in what time?

"Ever believe me, my dear Sir,
"Your faithful and obliged servant,
"J. RUSKIN."

In reply I sent him a sort of condensed account of the chief feature of the kinetic theory of gases—the rapid movements of the individual molecules even in stationary air; and further explained the nature of evaporation and of condensation, as due to the same sort of imperceptible but rapid molecular movement and interchange of particles across the superficial boundary separating air and water.

"Brantwood,
"Coniston, Lancashire,
"16th February, 1885.

"Dear Professor Lodge,

"Some people say I have good command of language, but I have none in the least strong enough to thank you for the time and care you have given me. I trust however I shall be able to use the knowledge you give me—in a way that will please you, and enough (to) show my real respect for modern science in its proper function.

"But please do me the justice to believe that I did not suppose my question 'the most simple possible'—in itself—but simple only in the strict limitation of it—and I *meant* it to be more simple than you read it—I intended to say—but ill expressed myself—*Choose* your

SAINT GEORGE.

temperature—and suppose it permanent, with all the other conditions,—and what will be the permanent state of the tube contents?

“Your answer tells me many things more than this, and several things entirely new to me—namely: 1st, that quantity of evaporation does not depend on pressure of atmosphere—2nd, that it *does* depend on temperature and not on the capacity of air or other gas. 3rd, etc.

“But of all these new pieces of knowledge to me, the most wonderful is that the molecules of a liquid are always in rapid motion—my tacit assumption has always been that they were as motionless—unless affected by external force—as the balls in a heap at Woolwich.

“You may imagine therefore how entirely staggered and appalled I am at the idea of atoms ‘jumping out by their own proper motion—or by blows from below—&c.,’ and I do not feel capable to go on to the ideas of steam (water vapour) at the freezing point of water, rushing wildly about!

“Then, before I come to my experiments, will these mystic motions and rushing about produce any visible further changes to mortal eyes? This is all I ask in the present note.

“I answer at once—in gratitude alike—and astonishment—but indeed you have given me enough to meditate on for a month—so—only please answer this note at your perfect leisure and pleasure.

“Ever your grateful,

“J. RUSKIN.

“Professor Oliver Lodge, M.D., etc., etc.”

The omitted parts of this letter relate to quantitative questions about a column of air with water at the bottom, questions which I answered rather elaborately with diagrams and plotted curves, showing what was happening and giving the state of affairs after the lapse of considerable time.

“Brantwood,

“Coniston, Lancashire,

“18th February, 1885.

“Dear Professor Lodge,

“I am more obliged for your last note than for the rest, because it shows me you can see exactly what I want and sympathize with my difficulties.

“Difference between molecules and globules understood—all that ‘cæli’ chapter shall be supplemented and corrected accordingly.

“Of the molecular motion I thought yesterday till I was sick and

RUSKIN'S ATTITUDE TO SCIENCE.

giddy and could eat no dinner. I can't read any books upon it, nor do I ever concern myself about anything that I cannot see, touch, or feel with my heart. I come to *you* to give me the *facts* of what I could *see* if I chose.

"Your curve papers are invaluable, and you are so good-natured that I will trespass on you to do for me what I could do for myself,—tell me how many inches cube of water go into a thousand feet cube of air at 32; and when the water and air are settled—will they stay so?

"Ever your most grateful,

"J. R."

Letter 5 was only in reassuring answer to a note from me expressing a fear lest I had worried him with over much detail; but the sixth letter may as well be quoted, as evidence of his scientifically enquiring mind:—

"Brantwood,

"Coniston, Lancashire,

"22nd February, 1885.

"Dear Professor Lodge,

"I hope henceforward every Saturday—to have my next question ready shaped by the week's meditation—you answering always at any leisure moment—and not answering when busy. The impression I gave you of being too weary was only in the first astonishment of the new piece of natural law to be received and to leaven all I knew before. I cannot at all tell you how delightful it is to me to learn, when my tutor will give time to make things plain to me in my own way.

"I have said, my next *question*—but you know every question has its negative and positive pole, and may be considered as at least two-legged—if not tripod—so I venture on two relatives.

"A. We have our tube full of air and of water vapour all at 32—the glass or other enclosure—let us say glass that we may see water being preternaturally kept at 32 all round and up and down—and henceforward to be considered always as neutral and passive whatever happens outside or in—in fact an imaginary and absolutely transparent enclosure.

"On the enclosed column, with the water below, I want you now to send sunrays, calorific and luminous—all the lot of them—at an

SAINT GEORGE.

angle of 60, and with a calorific force equal to that of average sunshine at noon—(you must take your own degree giving your own postulates of condition)—let this action of sunrays be supposed constant—(Joshua stopping the sun as long as we want). Then, what at the end of—whatever time you like will be the *state* of the (it may be well to use the word in this sense always) tube's contents, and through what processes and appearances.

SKETCH.

"Mercy on us, perhaps I'd better not go on to B. to-day—but you can guess what B. *will* be—dropping the temperature ten degrees in the shade.

"And will you please keep my letters and number them as I shall yours?

"And will you please tell me the quite right inscription for your address?

"And will you please believe me ever gratefully and respectfully yours,

"J. RUSKIN.

"Prof. Oliver Lodge, etc., etc."

Letter 7 continues the subject, and need not be reproduced except that it may be of interest to Physicists as showing how new and unexpected was the now familiar doctrine that nuclei are needed for the condensation of mist.

"Brantwood,

"Coniston, Lancashire,

"6th March.

"Dear Professor Lodge,

"I am wholly thankful for your new letters, but I have not yet quite got you free of incumbrance enough. My tube is to be wholly mythic, it can't congeal dew—or do anything else—for or against you.

"It is an ideal tube, separating the air we have to experiment on from what surrounds it. Practically on a perfectly calm day at sea there are $5,000 \times 5,000$ such tubes in every square mile—you have only to fancy one cut out—as the corner cut out of a haystack.

"And I can't allow you any atoms either! I begin with perfectly dry,—perfectly *moteless* air. Such a thing may not be possible, but it is easily conceivable,—and till you told me of them I never conceived or heard of any material atoms as influencing formation of rain.

"I must meditate over your letter however before going on. The

RUSKIN'S ATTITUDE TO SCIENCE.

part I am working up to is the time and cause of appearance of visible mist, but I don't want to give you one word to read or reply uselessly—only perhaps in the meantime you will tell me how the deposition or fall of the vapour will take place on depression of temperature—on the *condition of no motes*.

“Ever your grateful,

“J. R.”

In the next there comes a repeated reference to the blue of the sky, which was a topic mentioned in the first letter, and on this subject therefore I must now say a few explanatory words:—

The accepted and certain theory concerning the colour of the sky is that it is due to the reflexion of light from very small particles, particles so small as to be comparable with the waves of light themselves, so small as to reflect the short waves more than the long ones, and thus to reflect chiefly the light which produces the sensation of blue, and to transmit chiefly the light which appeals to our eyes as red. So that a source of light seen *through* the atmosphere, like the setting sun, is red or orange, or even crimson; while light reflected from the upper regions of atmosphere, when clear and free from grosser particles or cloud, will be distinctly blue.

In 1884 it was orthodox to assert that these minute particles were of the nature of fine, or superfine, dust, on the strength chiefly of some experiments of Tyndall's; a sky blue appearance is familiarly imitated by the undersized fatty globules in skimmed milk, especially in the material sold in towns before the date of municipal enterprise—this milk transmitted a reddish or orange colour while it reflected a sort of sky-blue, by which name it was often disparagingly called. But Mr. Ruskin rebelled against the idea of dust-motes in the upper regions of the air, and especially resented the idea that the clear blue of the sky could be due to anything so gross and terrestrial as dust. Such rebellion of the artistic instinct is never in my judgment altogether to be despised, and in the present instance it has been to a great extent justified by the mathematical discovery of Lord Rayleigh that the

SAINT GEORGE.

discontinuity of *air itself*, due to its atomic structure, is sufficient to cause a very perceptible reflexion of the small waves of light, so that the active particles which are effective in causing the blue of the sky are probably chiefly the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen themselves, without the need for any admixture of even the finest terrestrial dust carried upward by winds and the like; though it is not to be denied that such ultra fine particles, and even coarser particles occasionally, do get there to some extent, for when dust is shot up by volcanoes the higher and finer powder may give brilliant colours and conspicuous sunset-effects for quite a long period, until it has had time slowly to settle down again.

“Brantwood,

“Coniston, Lancashire,

“8th March, 1885.

“Dear Professor Lodge,

“... I'm still in great molecular agitation myself at the *entirely* new things you have told me about perpetual motion and universal motes, and have got to accustom myself to this notion of the perpetual fidgets of calm water—and the motes even in Athena's blue eyes—the very cause of their blue! Meantime—here's just a little common bit of fact, showing you what I mean by asking what outlines a cloud. 'This is fair-weather cloud at a height of four thousand feet, coming down, and melting as it descends. It could not be thus fringed unless it were on a mountain—and in contact with it. How does the mountain produce the fringes,—and why is the cloud formed there only, not in any part of the rest of the sky?'

“This is all by way of mere rest, for myself, for the straight on pure science—all new to me—must go very slowly.

“Ever your gratefulest,

“J. R.

“All that I really *ask* in this letter—straightforward work—is—what substance is the beneficent dust made of, and how does it get up there and stay there?—in consistency with your principle of no heavy thing floating.”

Concerning the last question I probably attempted to give him elementary information concerning Lord Rayleigh's extended and refined theory of sky blue, so far as it could be popularly expressed.

RUSKIN'S ATTITUDE TO SCIENCE.

Enclosed in letter 8 was a little water-colour drawing of a curious fringed cloud, lying on a forest on a hillside, with fingers of mist all stretching downwards like the teeth of a comb—an appearance for which I had no full-fledged explanation ready.

“Brantwood,

“Coniston, Lancashire,

“14th March, 1885.

“Dear Professor Lodge,

“*All* your letters are far more than useful to me—and this little one especially so in its quiet generalization,—but it will take me some time yet to obtain clearness of conception enough to justify my putting more questions.

“I have entirely to arrange, or re-arrange, which is more difficult—all my notions of solution—diffusion—volatilization—explosion. I have always thought of warm air as sucking up water like a sponge, not in the least of water rising into a vacuum—and of gases interpenetrant without consciousness of each other. So again the motion of a given degree of heat in a fixed substance like gold, is a totally different thing from the motion of a given degree of heat in a liquid or an essence—and all my notions of latent heat have to be rubbed up into phosphorescence.

“Do not think I am ceasing to be interested when I am long in reply.

“I am so glad you like to have the little fringe cloud.

“Ever gratefully yours,

“J. R.”

The next letter is produced verbatim, in spite of its erroneous statements about diffusion.

“Brantwood,

“Coniston, Lancashire,

“13th—No—14th March.*

“Dear Professor Lodge,

“I *will* venture—to-day outside my tube—which is bothering even me a little—hater of all liberty and emancipation though I am—to put my next questions in a more generally applicable or answerable form.

“But please—let us waste no time in hypotheses—I never made but one in all my life, and that was wrong. I only want to know what *is*.

* I believe it was the 16th.—O. J. L.

SAINT GEORGE.

“And first in motion. Don’t let us mix elements. Ink diffuses in water because it isn’t water—the water in the ink’s place, which the ink pushed out of it—begins infinite motion, but would not have stirred, if you had let it alone? Again—don’t let us confuse Heat motion with explosive motion. Perhaps a rose leaf has no scent frozen—but neither can I lift my arm if I’m frozen. But it is not the heat enables me to move my arm, or write this word—nor which gives the rose its smell—and more, none—except on occasion.

“Again. Don’t let us confuse condensation of vapour on a cool surface, with rain from the cooled vapour on a hot one. I have seen thunderdrops almost hiss on heated rock—as one hears hail hiss in the chimney—and my question—inside or outside tube, is concerning the water vapour cooled in itself—falling, in consequence, in small or big (drops?) or anyhow—somehow—it does fall? otherwise than dew.

“I will *grant* your motives for drop centres (though I don’t a bit believe in them yet!)—(except in Tyndall’s experiments at the Royal Institution), —but *granting* you your motives to begin with—what is the difference of operation in the producing drops of Scotch mist, or thunderdrops as big as a sixpence—or hailstones—such as I measured one of, half an hour after it had fallen, still five inches and a quarter round?

“Ever your gratefulest,
“J. R.”

My objection to his diffusion statements resulted in the following:—

(Post Mark March 20th, 1885.)

“Brantwood,
“Coniston, Lancashire,

“Dear Professor Lodge,

“Don’t ever think of me as an opponent—or controversialist. I come to you simply to learn—I am perfectly ready to believe what you tell me, but in most cases would not like you to think I cannot understand or will not take the trouble to understand your proofs,—above all—don’t think to deal with any question of physics by logical phrases.

“It is absolutely right to say that a stone sinks in water because it is not water—and that oil floats on it for the same negative reason—as that Englishmen win battles because they are not Frenchmen.

“And, so far from *ignoring* your objection to my statements—I

RUSKIN'S ATTITUDE TO SCIENCE.

here pause till I thoroughly understand you. I thought we had long ago consented to the practical fact that if *these* be globules or molecules of water at the bottom of our tube—they might shake—vibrate—or rise into a vacuum or into air—but that once the top row risen—and the temperature fixed—the rest stayed where they were.

SKETCH.

“Ever gratefully yours,
“J. R.”

And ultimately there came this letter, which though superficially referring only to myself, and therefore appearing to be only of private interest, yet throws light upon what was I believe frequently Mr. Ruskin's attitude, viz., his desire to take in hand and mould according to his own pattern some hopeful and ingenuous youth.

“Brantwood,
“Coniston, Lancashire,
“1st April, 1885.

“Dear Professor Lodge,

“I trust you have not thought my silence ungrateful ; . . . But in the meantime—may I now ask permission to know you *yourself* a little better? what your general work—wishes,—prospects, are in science—how far you feel yourself—or compel yourself to be exclusively scientific?—how far you are interested in human—as well as gaseous nature—how far interested in the Use of science in Education,—as an intellectual stimulant—or moral discipline?

“Understanding these matters (—and assuming you to be young and in fullest ardour of effort—) I should take quite different lines of question—according to your answers—and lead you—so far as I had power—into different lines both of teaching and discovery. Whether I asked you, for instance, to look at clouds, or bottle them—would depend wholly on my knowing how far you would enjoy doing this or that,—also—I very practically want to know what range of science your *work covers*; for instance,—may I ask you questions in geology? I have got into a discussion on cleavage with Professor ——— but he and I are distinctly opponent in temper and principle—and have to talk through our helmet bars—with you I could get at the facts more easily by far. And are you in command of a laboratory where I can buy things I want—for instance, just now, some pure alumina to make dirt pies with?

SAINT GEORGE.

“And now—for one real question—to begin the new series—quite free of tube. The clearest condition of air I know is that which under certain conditions, comes before rain.

“The distant hills are looking nigh.”

“The best general exponent, on the contrary, of the word mist, is the general look of the air on a fine frosty morning.

“What is, or is supposed to be the difference in the state or size of water molecules which render them invisible in the one case, *dimly* visible in the other.

“Ever your grateful,

“J. RUSKIN.”

I of course sent him the clay asked for; and in my reply, while distinctly indicating that my line of life-work was already chosen, entered on some rather intimate biographical details,—details which must have evoked some feeling in his large heart, for he favoured me with the following delightful letter, of which the concluding sentence—referring to something hazardous which I had said, thinking he would scoff at it—will be a surprise to many :—

“Brantwood,

“Coniston, Lancashire,

“9th April, 1885.

“My dear friend,

“This has been a very happy—and a singularly *helped* day to me, in manifold ways—in none more than in receiving your beautiful letter,—and in recognizing that I have found in you a true staff for my failing steps—and a heart to which I can trust things that mine must soon be at rest from caring for.

“But not less that I hope in time to show you grounds for not regretting the apparent loss of those seven years,—the chief one I can tell you at once, that I believe fallow-fieldedness of brain at that time to be almost a necessity for its after soundness, in men of your vivid temperament.

“Be thankful that life indeed began for you at twenty-one. Mine scarcely did, till I was older than you are now,—and is beginning again now—I believe!

RUSKIN'S ATTITUDE TO SCIENCE.

"I cannot say more to-day but that in its little material way the *clay* is a *great* delight to me—and that I also love a Steam Engine!

"Ever affectionately yours,

"J. RUSKIN.

"Professor Oliver J. Lodge."

So ended this part of the correspondence, for soon afterwards an illness supervened; and it was not until the autumn that he resumed it in another tone and on quite other subjects. The remaining few letters, which are melancholy but deeply touching, must be deferred to another article,* which will also deal with the influentially-signed Memorial which was sent to him twenty years ago.

[* Sir Oliver Lodge's further article will appear in the next number of this Review.
Editor, *Saint George*.]

A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES.

By A. M. WILLIAMS.



THE grandeur of a noble river and its main feeders, and the rich variety of their surroundings, throw into obscurity the minor rills that contribute to the volume of the stream and the scenery of its basin. Yet many of these rivulets well reward the explorer tempted to trace their course and wander at will on their neglected banks. So it is in literature. Pleasure and profit may be secured by excursions into its nooks and byways in the company of authors forgotten of the many. The effect in this country of the theory and practice of the French Revolution is familiar enough to the general student of literature who knows his Wordsworth and Coleridge, his Southey and Scott, but there are obscurer names of that troubled period which deserve to be rescued from oblivion.

The Shelley cult is too vigorous to allow William Godwin to be lost to view, but that philosopher was too vain to relish, could he have foreseen it, the parasitic immortality he enjoys. He might say with the Roman poet "*nomenque erit indelebile nostrum*," but with keen regret that adventitious circumstances had secured to him a deathless *name*, while the works by which he hoped to secure remembrance had fallen from esteem and almost from knowledge. Yet in his day Godwin was a notability, a personality not to be ignored, a distinguished author, a leader of thought. His influence over young men was markedly strong; Shelley, for example, had an extraordinary admiration for him, and was indebted to him for many opinions in politics and ethics. The son of a dissenting minister at Wisbech, where he was born in 1756, Godwin himself became a dissenting minister, but very soon fell under influences that led him to extreme positions in most subjects, and he laid down his office. Devoting himself to

A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES.

literature and politics, he had to face the usual struggle, and do in the best way he could, for such remuneration as he could secure, a variety of hack work. Even after he had become famous as the author of *An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams*, and was in repute as a great radical thinker and a successful novelist, he was still in financial difficulties, from which in fact he never succeeded in freeing himself. A publishing and bookselling business, started in 1805, had a brief gleam of success, but came to grief, and friendly hands, which Godwin was only too ready to grasp, had to come to the rescue. Debts amounting to £6,000 were paid by Shelley, and help was also forthcoming from the generous Wedgwood, while his old age was cheered by his appointment in 1833 to the sinecure post of yeoman usher of the exchequer.

Looking through Godwin's works, one is disposed to consider him a man very much overrated in his own day and somewhat underrated in this. A great deal of the *Political Justice* is extraordinarily in the current tone, possibly to an extent that leads to Godwin's suffering injustice, so much of his thought has been absorbed and become commonplace. The voice may be the voice of Godwin, but surely it is the words of Mr. Carnegie which declare that justice requires the holder of wealth to regard it as a trust and to use it to increase liberty, knowledge, and virtue. Godwin's intellection was unmistakably of good quality, and a certain coldness of temperament kept it free from the disturbing influence of strong emotional currents. He was constitutionally incapable of strong religious feeling or of love, although the latter incapacity did not prevent him from making matrimonial alliances. In 1797 he married Mary Wollstonecraft, who had formed a hapless connection with Gilbert Imlay, and on being deserted by him in 1795 had tried to drown herself. Of her literary work we shall say something presently. Her relations with Godwin were of a somewhat peculiar kind, although strictly in keeping with the views publicly enunciated by the two partners. Alongside of a

SAINT GEORGE.

real esteem for each other existed a tendency to irritation under the daily tear and wear of the conventional household that Godwin at any rate could not keep within bounds, and hence he and his wife went their separate ways, seeing little of each other, and indeed not always occupying the same house. Mrs. Godwin died in 1797, at the birth of her daughter Mary, who was to become the wife of Shelley, and soon afterwards Godwin sought another mate. He offered himself to Harriet Lee, one of the two sisters Harriet and Sophia Lee, who wrote some stories called *Canterbury Tales*, and then, on her refusal, to Maria Gisborne, Shelley's "wisest lady." Having suffered rejection at the hands of both, he married Mrs. Clairmont, who had known how to appeal to the philosopher's extraordinary vanity. Living in the house next to that occupied by Godwin, Mrs. Clairmont saw from her balcony the philosopher on his, and introduced herself with the exclamation, "Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?" It was of course quite possible, and also made other things possible, and in 1801 Godwin married this lady of such excellent discrimination. This union brought together in one household three human beings destined to figure in romantic episodes: Fanny Imlay, daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, whose hopeless love for Shelley drove her to suicide; Mary, daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft and Godwin, who threw in her lot with Shelley while the poet's wife still lived; and Claire, daughter of Mrs. Clairmont, who became intimate with Lord Byron, and was falsely said to have been intimate with Shelley. His domestic arrangements and history must have sorely tried Godwin, who besides being very vain was a man of nervous temperament, and therefore irritable and hot-tempered. Adverse criticism was especially exasperating to him, and one or two letters written to him on the subject of his unsuccessful tragedy *Antonio* must have been very galling. Ritson, the antiquary, wrote:—"I never received a copy of your unfortunate tragedy; nor, from the fate it experienced, and the character i have red and heard of it, can i profess myself very

A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES.

anxious for its perusal"; Mrs. Inchbald was more offensive:—"I most sincerely wish you joy of having produced a work which will protect you from being classed with the successful dramatists of the present day, but which will hand you down to posterity among the honoured few who, during the past century, have totally failed in writing for the stage." Along with his irritability and bad temper, which caused his wife to threaten to leave him, and led to breaches between him and his friends Holcroft and Lamb, Godwin combined a stability of mind that, despite his extreme opinions, made him disapprove of violence and mob government, and the qualities that secured the attachment of men whose friendship was worth having, men like Coleridge and Lamb.

Like the six points of the People's Charter, the principles of Godwin's *Political Justice*, once reprobated as outrages on decency and common sense, are now regarded more calmly; they have either found acceptance or have been relegated to the limbo of academic issues, to be discussed without undue heat. While of course not an original work—it is indebted to Swift, the Latin Historians, *Système de la Nature*, Rousseau, Helvetius, and the French Revolution—*Political Justice* has a freshness and frankness of its own, and even when most startling in its challenge of the conventionalities is not without a reasonableness of argument. Godwin was called a republican, but such a term ill defines his position. It is true that he calls monarchy a species of government essentially corrupt, and describes the four great monarchies as four successful projects for enslaving mankind by means of bloodshed, violence and death, but such assertions are subsidiary to his main contentions in favour of the extremest liberty consistent with the existence of society. He was practically an anarchist; he quotes with approval "Society is in every state a blessing, government even in its best state but a necessary evil," and looks forward to a time when man's perfectibility by intellect will have so moulded the social organisation that the supreme

SAINT GEORGE.

power in a state will require nothing of the members of the state that an understanding sufficiently enlightened would not prescribe without interference.

The teaching of *Political Justice* is summed up in the revolutionary formula—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. The great aim of political reformers should be to remove as much as possible arbitrary distinctions, and so allow the free exercise of talents and virtue, and a prime means is education in the wide sense as denoting the whole formative environment including political institutions. Godwin's great point is that the present inequalities are accidental, not inevitable, and can be remedied by the possession of just opinions, which are under the influence of political institutions. Like all reformers, Godwin works his pet formulæ too hard, and his liberty runs into license when he asserts that in time no creature in human form will learn anything unless he desires it, and that obedience is vicious when it leads us to depart from the independence of our understanding. On the other hand, there is much force in his assault on the distribution of wealth and its accompaniment of power. The bitterness with which in his commonplace book Burns sets down the mortification of seeing "a fellow whose abilities would scarcely have made an eightpenny tailor, or whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty," is replaced in Godwin by a reasoned argument, though he also condemns the regard paid to mere wealth, the ostentation of the rich, "who may have neither brilliant talents nor sublime virtues," their insolence and usurpation under a system

"Where every slave that heaps up wealth enough
To do much wrong becomes a lord of right";

he adds the just remark that superfluity inspires effeminacy and deprives us of the benefit of experience. Excessive wealth Godwin puts in the same category with distinctions of rank, condemning both as demoralising to their possessors, as the parents of privilege

A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES.

and injustice, and as inconsistent with a state of society where only wisdom and skill should be revered.

It is perhaps in what he has to say about fraternity that Godwin's opinions become most surprising. Burns declares

“Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,”

and longs for the day when

“Man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that,”

but Godwin's practical working out of these themes is sufficiently extraordinary. He regards man as the most formidable enemy to man, scourging him with war waged on grounds either absurd or criminal. This is Byron's “Let there be blood, says man, and there's a sea!” and is defensible enough, but Godwin goes on to say that, assuming any given war to be necessary, it is highly immoral to wage it with the aid of false information and ambuscades, which violate truth and fair dealing! His altruistic notions are even quainter. Browning wrote “Man seeks his own good at the world's cost,” but Godwin will have nothing to do with such sentiments. Justice may require us in a matter of life and death—for example, in a struggle to escape from a burning building—to prefer another to ourselves, or a stranger to a father, if by so doing the more valuable life may be preserved. Equally, of course, if we are convinced that our own life is the more valuable, we are entitled, nay bound, to disregard all claims of gratitude or relationship. The point is to settle in such emergency by the help of pure reason the true position of affairs. A man must argue thus: “My neighbour is in want of £10 that I can spare; unless the money can be more beneficially employed, he is entitled to it as a right, not as a favour”; or thus: “If I can promote the general good by my death more than by my life, justice requires that I should be content to die.” It is not recorded that Godwin ever felt impelled by justice to part with

SAINT GEORGE.

either £10 or his life. He may of course have yielded to his own argumentation elsewhere, where he urges that the wise man will avoid persecution, because protracted life and an unfettered liberty are likely to produce a greater sum of good, but at the worst he will make the best of the situation, and endeavour that his death, like his life, may be of use to mankind.

When reading Godwin's opinions on the relation of the sexes, it is proper to remember that he himself was a man of cold passions, and that he believed the progress of the race would lead to a state in which intellectual pleasures would be always and universally preferred to sensual. Marriage he regarded as a fraudulent institution and the worst of monopolies, and wished it abolished in favour of temporary partnership. Like Plato, he was prepared to destroy the family as the social unit; such an upheaval of the present system offered few difficulties to Godwin, who did not accept current opinions as to relationship and its obligations, hereditary rank, and rights of property. That under such arrangements as he advocated, the intermarriage of brother and sister was a possible event, apparently did not check Godwin's theorising; a union of this kind, repulsive as the contemplation is to an ordinary mind, did not seem shocking to Godwin's disciple and son-in-law, for in the original text of Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*, Laon and his bride Cythna are brother and sister. "In the personal conduct of my Hero and Heroine," wrote Shelley, "there is one circumstance which was intended to startle the reader from the trance of ordinary life. It was my object to break through the crust of those outworn opinions on which established institutions depend."

As a rebel against accepted conventions, Mary Wollstonecraft, whose *Vindication of the Rights of Women* appeared in 1792, the year before the publication of *Political Justice*, was undeniably a help meet for Godwin, and her vigorous protests against regarding women as "gentle, domestic brutes," and her claim that they should be esteemed for their abilities and virtues, should not

A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES.

be neglected by her own sex at least. Woman, she says ironically, "was created to be the toy of man, his rattle, and it must jingle in his ears, whenever, dismissing reason, he chooses to be amused." Like Godwin she hoped for much from education, to which she looked as a means of teaching women to respect themselves, and to demand respect from men, a higher regard, intellectual rather than sensual. On this point, her arguments had been anticipated by Defoe in his *Academy for Women*, where he advocates the instruction of women, "for I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves." Again he says: "A woman well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour, is a creature without comparison; her society is the emblem of sublimer enjoyments; her person is angelic and her conversation heavenly; she is all softness and sweetness, peace, love, wit, and delight. She is every way suitable to the sublimest wish, and the man that has such a one to his portion has nothing to be but to rejoice in her and be thankful." Something of this would have jarred Mary Wollstonecraft, who was not of George Eliot's opinion that a woman's "lot is made for her by the love she accepts," or Washington Irving's, "a woman's whole existence is a history of the affections." Rather does she find in the excesses of the hot heart the source of many evils, domestic and social, and she would fain see the emotions ruled and guided by the intellect. Bitter experience had taught her the danger of mere passion and made her a stern critic of man and cynical on the subject of love. "The neglected wife," she declares, "is in general the best mother," meaning that when a husband continues to be a lover he absorbs while the wife receives attention and affection that would otherwise be given to the children. And while lawful love may prove injurious to the

SAINT GEORGE.

family, lawless love is a curse to society; to the lack of male chastity she traces grievous ills, and it is interesting to note that her remedy for them is early marriage *and a simple life*. In fact the cardinal teaching of the *Vindication* is self-control as opposed to external control, and hence she advocates whatever, like education, makes for the free development of the individual, and denounces whatever seems to hamper it. All despotism is obnoxious, whether of convention or on the throne or in military law; in view of recent events and discussions it is peculiarly noteworthy that she maintains that "standing armies can never consist of resolute, robust men," because of want of education, devotion to pleasure, and lack of independence.

The arraignment of society in Godwin's *Enquiry* and in his wife's *Vindication* is more convincing than in the once famous *Caleb Williams*, where through the medium of a fictitious narrative Godwin tries to expose oppression by the rich and powerful. In writing this novel, Godwin's purpose was to compose "a tale that shall constitute an epoch in the mind of the reader, that no one, after he has read it, shall ever be exactly the same man that he was before." It caused a great impression. In 1831 a critic wrote, "*Caleb Williams* has been frequently and, we are apt to believe, irrevocably, pronounced the best novel in our language" —an absurd judgment, of course, but significant nevertheless; certainly no one that has ever read the book is likely to forget it, even if he is less powerfully influenced than the author anticipated. The story is a variant of Bluebeard and Fatima, and it is full of the interest of pursuit, while the composition is more vigorous than in *Fleetwood* or any other of Godwin's novels; but, as ever, the presence of purpose spoils all, in this case narrowing the action and limiting the delineation of character. Even in *Caleb Williams*, still more in its successors *Leon* and *Fleetwood*, there is evidence that in spite of his gifts Godwin had not the novelist's art, which is much more conspicuous in the work of his contemporary, Robert Bage.

A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES.

Very few, one is safe in saying, know anything about Bage, or his novels, which, nevertheless, have such spirit and breadth of treatment as must have ensured their preservation had it not been for the shape into which they are thrown. Very successful fiction has been written in the form of letters, but the attempt is always attended with danger, and Bage did not contrive to escape the obvious difficulties inseparable from the epistolary novel. Bage was a paper-maker and founded the paper manufactory at Elford, near Tamworth, where he carried on a highly successful business. But like other strong men of the eighteenth century (he died in 1801), Bage did not confine his attention to business; he was keenly interested in politics and in the political theories that preceded and attended the French Revolution, he was equally interested in education as a great means of improving mankind, and he carried on his own education with vigour, obtaining among his acquisitions an excellent knowledge of French. His appearance in the field of literature was so far accidental, the collapse of an iron manufactory in which he was a partner (another partner was Erasmus Darwin) leading him to turn author, and in this capacity he produced six novels, some of which were translated into German. The opinions he had formed on social questions are strongly reflected in his works, notably the theory that the lower classes are the possessors of all that adorns human character, while the upper classes are made ridiculous by their weaknesses and stained by their vices, and his lax views on the chastity of women. On this last point Sir Walter Scott speaks strongly:—
“All the influence which women enjoy in society,—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome and mitigating restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old,—depend so entirely upon their personal purity and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is wilfully to remove the broadest corner stone on which

SAINT GEORGE.

civil society rests, with all its benefits, and with all its comforts." Of this personal purity Bage does make somewhat light. Thus in "*Mount Henneth*" Cara, a fair Persian, who has suffered the worst indignity, says to Foster, whom she afterwards marries:—"In all those English books your goodness has procured for me, I find it is the leading idea; women who have suffered it must die or be immured for ever; ever afterwards they are totally useless to all the purposes of society; it is the foundation of a hundred fabulous things called novels, which are said to paint exactly the reigning manners and opinions; all crimes but this may be expiated; no author has yet been so bold as to permit a lady to live and marry and be a woman after this stain." And Foster replies:—"It is to be found in books; and I hope for the honour of the human intellect little of it will be found anywhere else." On the same subject Scott observes:—"It is true we can easily conceive that a female like Miss Ross, in '*Barham Downs*,' may fall under the arts of a seducer under circumstances so peculiar as deserve great compassion; nor are we so rigid as to say that such a person may not be restored to society when her subsequent conduct shall have effaced recollection of her error. But she must return thither as a humble penitent, and has no title to sue out her pardon as a matter of right, and assume a place among the virtuous of her sex as if she had never fallen from her proper sphere. Her disgrace must not be considered as a trivial stain, which may be communicated by her husband as an exceeding good jest to his friend and correspondent; there must not be penitence and reformation alone, but humiliation and abasement in the recollection of her errors." Bage's attitude is partly a protest against the hard treatment of women as compared with men: "the custom of society punishes women too much for this offence and man too little"—partly the outcome of his rebellion against all the accepted conventions and opinions of his time; in the same way the hero of "*Hermesprong*," or, "*Man as he is not*," is represented as walking in the paths of rectitude guided by the

A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES.

light of nature and independent of all external aid, human or divine. But such blots as disfigure Bage's novels cannot blind any judicious reader to the liveliness of the narrative, the freshness of the dialogue, the skill of the character-drawing, and the general air of gaiety that overhangs the whole.

A still more remarkable man was Thomas Holcroft, whose name at least is known to playgoers as the author of the lively comedy, "The Road to Ruin." His career was a truly wonderful one. He was born in 1745, the son of a shoemaker, whose scanty earnings were supplemented by what his mother could make as a trader in greens and oysters. His father was a passionate man, subject to storms of anger born of the unstable temperament that drove him from one occupation to another and made him a wanderer in the land. Under such circumstances Holcroft's life was a terribly hard one, as the boy toiled along the country roads, on one occasion walking thirty miles in one day, on another begging from door to door, always "pressed by fatigue, cold and weariness," and severely disciplined by his father, who "used to beat me, pull my hair up by the roots, and drag me by the ears along the ground, till they ran with blood." Small room for astonishment that Holcroft became what Mrs. Shelley calls him, a stern, irascible man. Amid all this unpleasantness, education was not neglected; his father taught him to read, taking him through eleven chapters of the Old Testament daily, and even in the worst days the boy repeated prayers and catechism night and morning, and on Sundays read the Prayer-book and the Bible. When by and by young Holcroft became a stable boy at Newmarket, his mental alertness and resoluteness were shown not only in his asserting leadership among his fellows, but also in his efforts to promote his mental improvement; he got access to books, took lessons in singing, and managed to secure three months' schooling in arithmetic. As might be supposed Newmarket was quite uncongenial to a boy of Holcroft's type, and at the age of fifteen he was glad to leave it and join his father in London where, and

SAINT GEORGE.

later at Liverpool, he helped him in shoemaking. His prospects were as yet far from bright, but uncertainty as to his future did not deter him from marriage, and he chose a first partner in 1765. He had now additional motives to exertion, and he cast about vigorously for a foothold in life. He tried a small school in Liverpool, cobbling and newspaper work in London, a school in the country, a family tutorship, and finally turned actor. By this time he had lost his first wife, and had taken a second, whom and himself he had to support on some eighteen shillings a week. In return for this miserable wage "he engaged to perform all the old men and principal low comedy characters ; he was to be the music, that is, literally the sole accompaniment to all songs, etc., on his fiddle in the orchestra ; he undertook to instruct the younger performers in singing and music, and to write out all the different casts or parts in every new comedy ; and lastly, he was to furnish the theatre with several new pieces, never published, but which he brought with him in manuscript !" Even Nicholas Nickleby had a pound a week and was expected to do much less for his money, and Nicholas played leading parts, which Holcroft never did. He moved from company to company, going to Dublin with Macklin, joining the Kembles in the provinces, and getting an engagement in London with Sheridan to take minor parts and appear in processions and choruses. He made desperate efforts to add to his income, writing poems, dramatic pieces and songs, but he met with little success and was in sore straits. Yet he could always prevail on some woman to share his misfortunes, and about this time, being again a widower, he married for the third time ; this partner and a fourth, whom he married in 1798, were to see successes where their predecessors had seen only failure and penury.

Holcroft was at last to secure a place in literature, although substantial gains were still to seek. His first novel, "Alwyn, or the Gentlemen Comedians," in which he introduced with some success the story of his own experiences, was followed by the

A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES.

comedy of "Duplicity," which was produced at Covent Garden in 1781 and made the author's name known, with the result that he went to Paris in 1783 with a commission to write letters for "The Morning Herald," and another from Rivington, the publisher, to look out French books that might be done into English. This visit introduced him to people distinguished in society or in literature, and paved the way for his next achievement. From his father Holcroft had inherited a distaste for routine methods of making a living, and although his eagerness to snatch at chances might lead him astray, as when he went into a foolish scheme for flooding the market with copies of the old masters, he made a hit with the "Mariage de Figaro." When it was produced by Beaumarchais in Paris, Holcroft went across, and having attended the theatre for several nights along with a French friend, was able to carry away the whole play in his memory and to produce an English version in London under the title, "Follies of the Day." In addition to what he received for the copyright of this highly successful comedy, he got £600 for the theatrical rights. At the same time he was finding it possible to place translations from French, German, and Italian; for example, a translation of Frederick the Great's works brought him £1,200.

In 1786 Holcroft made the acquaintance of Godwin, with whom he had much in common. As irascible as Godwin was irritable, holding as extreme opinions on political questions, he took the same calm view of the measures to be adopted to make way for the perfection of man. "He was a purely speculative politician. He constantly deprecated force, rashness, tumult and popular violence. He was a friend to political and moral improvement, but he wished it to be gradual, calm and rational." Johnson had remarked on "the different conditions of human life, which from a degree of savageness and independence, in which all laws are vain, passes or may pass by innumerable gradations to a state of reciprocal benignity, in which laws shall be no longer necessary," and Holcroft joyfully accepted this as an adequate definition of

SAINT GEORGE.

the current notion of human perfectibility. He and his fellow-thinkers asked only that truth should be allowed free expression, believing that all else would follow, that a universal Kingdom would arise ruled by benevolence, reason and justice, where therefore there would be no exclusive rights or private property, and in consequence no laws and punishments, since all would belong to all, where there would be no family ties, private friendship, or gratitude to benefactors, since all would be kind to all, no international rivalries or wars, no patriotic sentiment to set nation against nation, since mankind would form one great family worthy of the golden age.

Such opinions are found scattered through Holcroft's novels and plays. One of his best stories is "Anna St. Ives," where the intrigue is conducted with considerable spirit and the revelation of character is not without interest, and which seems to have given Scott a hint for "The Antiquary," Abimelech Henley and Sir Arthur St. Ives, whose land agent he is, standing in the relation of Dousterswivel and Sir Arthur Wardour. In this story, whose real merits are obscured by its being in the form of letters written in a highly exalted strain and bristling with a zariba of points of exclamation and interrogation, the hero, Frank Henley, asks, "What is honour? What is virtue? What is the thing called property?" and declares "I thought it my duty to study how I could best serve society." Along with the most daring questioning of every established convention and institution, Holcroft and his compeers combined an ardent zeal in the service of man, a desire to be "the friend of man and the true citizen of the world." But they found their desire countered by vicious social organization, and in *Hugh Trevor* Holcroft depicts the evils, moral and physical, due to existing institutions, which he holds responsible for the inequalities of human lot. Thus Wilmot, a leading character in the novel, says of his body:—"It had desires and passions like other bodies, but was denied the use of them by such as had the power and the will to engross the good things of this world

A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES.

themselves. The doors of the good were shut upon it ; not because it was infected with disease, or contaminated with infamy, but on account of the fashion of the garments with which it was clothed, and the name it derived from its forefathers ; and because it had not the habit of bending its knee when its heart owed no respect, nor the power of moving its tongue to gloss the crimes or flatter the follies of men." In "The School for Arrogance," a really good play, Lucy Peckham says, "You have doubtless too much native merit to arrogate to yourself the worth of others. . . . You are not idiot enough to imagine that a skin of parchment on which are emblazoned the arms and the acts of one wise man, with a long list of succeeding fools, is any honour to you." And the epilogue announces :—

"Such is the modern man of high-flown fashion !
Such are the scions sprung from Runny Mead !
The richest soil that bears the rankest weed !
Potatoe-like the sprouts are worthless found :
And all that's good of them *is under ground.*"

The subject of "Love's Frailties" is the contrast between honour, worth and virtue on the one hand and rank and fortune on the other, or "the scorn that patient merit of the unworthy takes," and the language is in harmony with the theme.

Holcroft had become well known and his avowed principles made him a marked man, so that one cannot wonder that, at a time of great excitement when Britain was disturbed by the influence of the French Revolution and rulers were not inclined to draw fine distinctions between theory and practice, Holcroft in 1794 had to face a prosecution for high treason on account of his membership of the Society for Constitutional Information. He gave himself up with the utmost boldness and frankness and was acquitted. The experience made him still better known, and the quondam beggar and stable-boy had become a man whose name was a sufficient introduction at home and on the Continent.


In addition to his intellectual merits he must have had character-

SAINT GEORGE.

istics to attract, for Lamb calls him "one of the most candid, most upright, and single-meaning men I ever knew." In his later years he travelled in France and Germany, visiting Klopstock, Voss, and others, and published an account of his journeyings, started a printing house, and amidst it all fought against the inroads of disease induced by his hard physical and mental struggles. The story of his life, his plays and novels, his diary and letters, are all full of interest ; and even if one is often obliged to dissent from the views expressed by Holcroft and the others discussed in this article, one's mind is thoroughly stimulated by the independence and the vigour of their thought.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

By ARNOLD SMITH, M.A.

LL men are agreed upon the importance of education and the necessity of forming in youth those habits of mind and body which lead to moral and intellectual welfare. In the golden age of childhood, when the mind is plastic and the character unformed, and when influences are more potent for good and evil than in after-life, the environment of the individual and the training which he undergoes are largely responsible for his future; the habits then formed are with difficulty lost, and the seeds are sown which produce the fixed principles of maturity. It is beginning to be recognized, therefore, that the responsibility of education should be in the hands of the best and wisest men; the object of that education being not merely the acquirement of knowledge, still less the preparation for a particular professional or business career, but such a complete development as shall lead to the most manifold activity in the art of noble living. For such a purpose there are needed teachers who are of the highest spiritual and intellectual rank, men convinced of the dignity of their calling, and devoted to it with a consciousness of their high mission. But if men of this character are to be desired they must receive an unstinted recognition of their value; so long as the teaching profession is despised and underpaid it cannot be expected that many of the best men will become teachers. At present the remuneration obtained by the schoolmaster is quite inadequate. He labours under the social disqualifications of the primitive usher. He has no public position. He can be dismissed by the caprice of his headmaster. He has little chance of advancement. If he

SAINT GEORGE.

marries, more than half the educational posts in the country become closed to him. He is lucky if he does not find himself cast away like an old glove at the end of many years of service.

The difficulties of the man who feels himself called to the vocation of a teacher are many. He passes through an arduous academic training, and may then obtain a position in a boarding school at a salary of from £60 to £100, or at a day school at one of from £90 to £150 per annum, according to his qualifications. He comes to his work with a high seriousness of purpose; his is a cure of souls more weighty than that of the minister of religion; he will influence hundreds where the former influences tens; and that influence in its thousand ramifications is more subtle and more permanent. He finds at the outset that his colleagues are mostly indifferent to any such ideals. Some of them are soured and discontented men to whom teaching is a bore; some care for nothing on earth but cricket and football; many drifted into becoming schoolmasters, they scarcely know how; others are just killing time till they can take holy orders; a few like boys in a mild way, the majority are totally indifferent to them, and one or two seem to hate them. Nor are there lacking grave causes for discontent. For the schoolmaster there is small prospect of any considerable increase of salary unless he obtains a headmastership, and for this he must either have extraordinary qualifications, or a sort of touting instinct combined with brazen impudence and family connections. The salaries received by headmasters are indeed quite out of proportion to those of their assistants. While the latter eke out a bare existence on an average pittance of £140 per annum, the former gets his £700 to £1,000 or more. The extra responsibility involved in a headmastership is great, but hardly so great as to warrant such a difference, and this disproportion does not exist in the schools of France and Germany.

According to Mr. Sadler's report on secondary education in Liverpool (1904), there are in nine secondary schools for boys in

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Liverpool about seventy assistant masters on the permanent staff.

“Some of these masters had served their schools nine years and upwards. Nearly a third of the whole had been serving for at least four years. The average salary of the whole number, seniors and juniors alike, was only £151 5s. 6d. per annum.”

Many headmasters quite admit the injustice of the assistant master's position ; some years ago the newly-appointed head of one of our greatest day schools gave back several hundred pounds per annum of his own salary that the salaries of his staff might be increased, and thereby earned the gratitude and respect of every member of his profession. But more frequently the staff of a school have reason to dread the advent of a new headmaster. They may be, and often are, summarily dismissed. The teaching profession is probably the only one in which a man's value decreases in proportion to his experience. Towards the age of forty the schoolmaster's chances of getting another appointment rapidly approach vanishing point ; the best educational agencies will no longer have his name on their books, and, unless he is fortunate enough to be in a really good school, he is sooner or later pushed aside to make room for a younger and cheaper man. God help him if he is married ! One wonders what becomes of assistant masters when they reach fifty ; one never sees any : probably they go away and die in holes and corners. Every year the same story is repeated. A headmaster gets too old for work and is pensioned off by the governors of the school ; probably, since he has been getting a good salary, he gets a good pension ; unlike the superannuated assistant who, not having a good salary, usually gets nothing. A new headmaster having been appointed, he wants new blood to carry out his new ideas ; so he gets rid of as many as possible of the old staff and initiates an era of reform, little caring that his victorious path is strewn with the wreckage of wasted lives. Small wonder that schoolmasters are a discontented race, and that young men with good degrees show an increasing reluctance to becoming teachers. It is said that

SAINT GEORGE.

headmasters are now complaining that good men are difficult to get at the low salaries they offer, a fact hardly surprising in view of the existing conditions.

If we compare the positions of the teacher in England and abroad, we see how different is the estimation in which he is held. In the French lycée, for instance, we find that the *professeur* is considerably better off than the secondary school teacher in England. In the lycées at Paris the *professeur* who teaches the elementary classes (boys aged nine to ten) gets £120, rising to £192, per annum; if he teaches the higher classes (boys aged eleven and upwards) he gets £200 to £300 per annum. At the provincial lycées the salaries are for teachers of elementary classes £100 to £156, and of higher classes £128 to £208 per annum. At first sight this seems little enough, but we must take into consideration the following facts: There is a retiring pension at sixty years of age, after thirty years of service, amounting to two-thirds of the average salary received by the teacher during the last six years of service. Towards this pension the teacher pays five per cent. of his annual salary, a twelfth of his first year's salary, and the same amount each time his salary is augmented. In certain cases a teacher who has been incapacitated by accidental causes can obtain his pension whatever his age. Those incapacitated by infirmities resulting from the exercise of their duties can secure the pension at fifty years of age, after twenty years of service. Provision is also made for the widows and orphans of secondary schoolmasters. It must be remembered also that these figures really represent more, as the standard of comfort in France is lower than it is in England. Moreover, the number of hours class work that the teacher is required to do each week is small compared with the number required from an English assistant master; the maximum number required of *professeurs* of classes in the *Division Supérieure* (i.e., the highest classes of the Lycée) is from twelve to fifteen in the Parisian schools; but this maximum is not always exacted. There are cases in which the teacher has only

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

seven hours of class work. The maximum for teachers of the elementary classes in the Parisian schools is nineteen hours.* If we turn to Switzerland, a country which has a reputation for educational efficiency, we find that in canton Zurich teachers in secondary schools receive a fixed salary of from £160 to £192 a year, with additions for length of service ranging from £8 per annum, after six to ten years, to £32 per annum after twenty years. In addition to these sums the teachers divide one-half the school fees in proportion to their number of hours and number of scholars. There are state pensions for teachers who have served at least thirty years, of not less than half the legal salary at the time of retirement. If teachers, through any circumstances for which they are not responsible, are unable to continue their duties, they can be superannuated either at their own request or by a decision of the Council of Education. In the latter case the pension is at least half their legal fixed salary, and in the former case, as a rule, a lump sum is paid.†

In France, Switzerland and Germany the profession of teaching is invested with an honour and respect which in England are completely lacking. The parents of the English boy are usually unfamiliar with the personal appearance of their son's teacher; they may even not be aware of his real name, having merely heard of him by some ridiculous nickname. A teacher of my acquaintance was innocently addressed as Mr. So and So (a nickname) by the mother of three boys who had been under his charge for two years; she had not, apparently, considered the ascertaining of his real name a matter of sufficient interest; though, to be sure, she knew quite well the names of her curates. When a profession of such importance is so dishonoured, and when men, while recognizing the supreme necessity of teaching, undervalue the teacher, it can hardly be expected that the youth

* "The position of Teachers in the State Secondary Schools for Boys in France."—*Parliamentary Special Reports*, vol. ii.

† "The training and status of Primary and Secondary Teachers in Switzerland."—*Parliamentary Special Reports*, vol. viii.

SAINT GEORGE.

of England should be as well trained in intellect as the youth of France and Germany. If the real ends of education are so often lost sight of ; if the art of noble living is subordinated to the art of passing examinations, and cramming substituted for knowledge ; if a smattering of many subjects takes the place of efficiency in a few, and the Englishman is out-distanced by the Frenchman and the German in the race of life ; what should be blamed but the insane system which does not spare its thousands for a new laboratory or a cricket pavilion, while it begrudges its hundreds for the provision of a proper teaching staff ; and which lavishes money on the accessories of education while it starves the educators ?

For the man with a private income who loves boys the teaching profession is the finest in the world ; if he possesses only the latter qualification he will still find in it stores of inexhaustible happiness ; but, if he has neither, he had far better hang himself than become a schoolmaster. The boy is the sternest of critics : his rigorous summing up makes no allowance for weakness ; and he bounds on the track of incapacity with the instinct of a sleuth-hound and the unholy joy of a legion of fiends. But, for capacity,—the capacity to understand him and to rule him,—he has an unmitigated respect ; and, when this capacity is rooted in sympathy and affection, he becomes the most manageable and lovable of beings. Since the individual passes through stages which, in some sort, adumbrate the stages of the human race, the boy possesses many features in common with man in the savage state : his admiration for mere strength, his impulsiveness and his fickleness. No boy is quite accountable for his actions sometimes ; he is swayed by passing and unreasoning emotions, and the contradictions of his nature are endless. His irresponsibility and waywardness are to be comprehended, not ignored, by those who would govern him wisely. The old savage relations which existed between schoolmasters and boys are passing away ; they are no longer natural enemies : the influence of field sports has done

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

much to cement a feeling of fellowship and goodwill between them. Not but that there are still men of the old school who talk of "familiarity breeding contempt," and who dare not come down from their stilts lest they should sacrifice their dignity, not seeing that a dignity which can only be maintained on stilts is hardly worth preserving. It is certain that a close intimacy with boys out of school is not productive of any loss of authority, and even inside school a laugh is not incompatible with good work. A lesson may be bright without being disorderly, and severity is not always efficiency. Not only have field sports brought masters and boys to a closer harmony, but the debating, the literary, the science, and other societies are no less important features of school life. And in bicycle rides and walks with a few boys one gets to know them really well. What purer delight than to ramble over the purple moors on some half-holiday, and share in the frank enjoyment of unspoilt natures; to fly between the hedgerows on a visit to some scene of natural beauty or historic interest; to see that fresh and unstrained interest in the outer world; to answer the eager questions; to watch the grace and charm of happy boyhood! Here is the source of happiness which constitutes the chief advantage of the schoolmaster's lot, a happiness which neither the insecurity of his position, nor want of money, nor lack of recognition can ever dissipate.

INTERNATIONALISM AND THE TOURIST.

By EDWARD MCGEGAN.

WE use the word internationalism in strong contradistinction to the word cosmopolitanism. Both terms have been much misused in recent years. The former has too often been used, for the purposes of party politics—that negation of conscience and subordination of reason to prejudice—as implying anti-nationalist; or, by the wilful substitution of the part for the whole, as meaning no more than Dreyfusard or pro-Boer. The latter has too often been exclusively employed to denote membership in that thirteenth, and somewhat inclusive, tribe of the Jews which knows more of Mammon than of Israel; or as implying that those who are at home anywhere are necessarily homeless. But using the words in their proper, not in their accidental sense, what we have to say will apply to internationalism rather than to cosmopolitanism; and this for two main reasons.

First, the cosmopolite, though certainly an important and effective agent in the promotion of international sympathy and peace, is, by his very nature, a passive rather than an active agent. His personal constitution is too purely subjective and his function too exclusively appreciative; whereas internationalism demands rather the objective and the creative. The motive interest of the cosmopolite is personal; that of the internationalist is racial, in the most comprehensive sense of the word. The former may not be lacking in intensity of feeling, but he is more a student of the past and a spectator of the present than one who sees in both past and present, materials and incentives for the creation of a better and brighter future. In other words, cosmopolitanism is static, internationalism is dynamic; and it is the dynamic forces of the present that determine the future.

Second, the tourist (with whose relation to internationalism we

INTERNATIONALISM AND THE TOURIST.

are particularly concerned for the moment) is scarcely ever cosmopolitan. Wandering but seldom from his permanent economic base—which has sadly limited his power of vision, and prevented the subtle adaptability of his feet for standing elsewhere, so that, when on tour, he would seem to flee from the very sights he has come to see—he is constantly submitted to national influences and prejudices, and is therefore peculiarly liable to misunderstand the character and the actions of other nations, and equally liable to give a false impression of the character and the actions of his own. He would thus seem to be as incapable of cosmopolitanism and as directly anti-internationalist as a diplomat of the new school; and yet he too may be able, in his annual escape from his native surroundings, to orient himself in a wider and more varied field, and thus become an active promoter of the internationalist movement. It is no longer permissible to judge him, as a class, from the negative side of the dogma of predestination; he comes under the doctrine of evolution now.

Internationalism is but the middle term in a kind of Racial Trinity. It is not an end in itself—though it is frequently regarded as such, and machinery for its achievement constructed without reference to all that is involved by it—but merely a means for promoting and ensuring the higher evolution of the race; neither is it a beginning, for it must rest upon strong and healthy nationalities. It is the link, therefore, between the conception of Nationality and the wider conception of Humanity. It is because these two conceptions appeal to our time with renewed force, with an intimacy born of the stress of circumstance, that the spirit of internationalism is so potent to-day.

But if we read history aright, we shall find that despite apparently endless and, for the most part, needless rivalries and wars; that amid the rising and falling of empires and the suppression of independent states and peoples, there has all along been a movement, though certainly a slow and purblind movement, towards internationalism. The movement has often seemed to suffer

SAINT GEORGE.

deflection, if not actually to have ceased ; but if we examine more closely we shall see that the movement was unbroken, and that its apparent deflection may really be due to a loss of perspective on our part : we have got out of focus for the moment.

The obsession by the spirit of imperialism, under which most countries labour and suffer to-day, is a case in point—perhaps the most applicable to our present purpose. It would seem, at first sight, to disprove the existence of a strong spirit of internationalism ; but, far from disproving it, imperialism has, in reality, been one of the forces which have directly inspired it.

We see more and more clearly that with all our knowledge and civilisation, and with all our command over the forces of nature, we are still, in certain respects, but a slight modification of palæolithic man. It is not so much our human nature that has changed as our methods and weapons. Palæolithic man was aggressively individualist or tribal because of the difficulty of obtaining the necessities of mere physical subsistence ; we are aggressively individualist, nationalist or imperialist because of our insatiable desire for superfluities. That, of course, is but a broad generalisation, but there is sufficient truth in it to induce us, at times, to doff our hats to the Troglodyte and to perform our higher criticism of Hesiod with humility and reverence. We see, again, that unless the creation of nationality is wise both in its inception and its conduct, it leads directly to imperialism, which is something very different from nationality carried to a higher power ; and to the isolation and materialism which are its inevitable products. That is, broadly speaking, the tragedy of our own country since 1707, of the United States of America since 1865, and of Germany since 1871. The net result is seen to be loss for all ; and the increasing comprehension of this has revived, to a new intensity, the counter-movements towards a wiser nationalism and its only security—a wise and efficient internationalism. To put it in another way, just as the tyranny of the *Ancien Régime* aided in producing the great Revolution with its

INTERNATIONALISM AND THE TOURIST.

vindication of the rights of man, so the tyranny of imperialism is steadily producing a peaceful revolution—peaceful, because the salvation of nations does not logically follow from the violent damnation of empires—to vindicate the rights of nations, to establish international sympathy and peace, and, through these, the progress and solidarity of the race.

We have said that the tourist comes under the law of evolution. That is precisely why we regard him as not only a possible, but also as an actual, agent in the promotion of internationalism.

The “Cookiste” at whom the Parisian jeers so caustically, is neither a pretty nor an inspiring figure. He does credit neither to the land of his birth nor to the land of his momentary attraction. He discloses the wrong side of the one, and he sees no side of the other. He is a human derelict, tossed about beyond his control, and in constant worry about his cargo—useless souvenirs of things unseen. We have all felt this at times and, so far, jeered with the Parisian. And yet it may not savour too much of optimistic fantasy to regard this contempt as the first step—that of awakened interest—towards a sympathetic appreciation and a whole-hearted admiration of the possibilities that are latent in that curious product of the nineteenth century. May it not be that the tourist, with all his sins of omission and commission—and they are many—is in some respects a more advanced product of civilisation than the stay-at-home who laughs so contemptuously at him? May it not even be that the tourist—even the average English and American tourist: the foreign tourist, for obvious reasons, represents a higher selection—is the intelligent traveller of the future in the making? We believe so.

Who, save Conservatives of the old school or Liberals of the new school, is sceptical of the democracy? Whosoever has confidence in the democracy should have confidence in the tourist. They are almost contemporaneous in birth, and their evolution presents very similar phases even though their several aims and functions are as separate as the poles. It is true that the tourist

SAINT GEORGE.

still largely represents the middle-classes; but year by year the worker extends his travel, just as year by year he extends his political power. And in travel, as in politics, his influence, with all its disastrous defects, is a beneficent leaven, for it represents a human interest all the more important because it is comprehensive rather than despotically powerful.

But accepting the tourist without distinction of class—reserving apart only that increasingly representative class which carries on, with necessary modification, the tradition of the “grand tour”—what, it may be asked, has he to do with internationalism? Well, if we accept internationalism as the link between the conception of nationalism and the wider conception of humanity, he has much to do with it. To begin with, he is seldom lacking in the conception of nationality. If anything, it is too strong in him; it needs training: modifying here and enlarging there. To enter fully into the method of this training would, of course, carry us into the question of education—too large a question to be treated in our present space; and besides, the tourist is adult, with all the freedom and the limitations of majority. He can be his own guide and tutor in this. He is not always on holiday and, to the relief of the foreigner, he is not always abroad. He is usually at home; and he cannot do better than begin his education in a wise nationalism there. Let him study his permanent environment, both geographic and social. Let him see how certain geographical and social conditions determine certain human types, certain ideals and occupations, and much else that inevitably results from these. Let him compare the past life and thought of his native town or city with their present condition, and see the progress or the degeneration that time and circumstance have brought. Let him weigh the meaning and the lesson of these things, and he will have made the first step towards understanding the world and man. If he does not understand the life that knocks at his own door, he will never see and interpret the life of the larger world beyond.

Again, when on holiday in his own country, let him study his

INTERNATIONALISM AND THE TOURIST.

new and temporary environment in the same way. He may plead in vain that he has gone on holiday for the express purpose of seeking rest from the labours of the year that has just closed and renewed strength for the year that is soon to begin. No one abuses his physical strength so much as the tourist: he thinks nothing of doing London or Paris or a rural county in a week; the amount of ground that he has covered is his proudest boast. All that is asked of him is that he combine a little mental pre-occupation with his physical exercise—and what is that but the truest and most restorative form of rest? Let him do this, and the conception of nationality will soon become something radically different from a vague but aggressive and intolerant exercise of emotion. He will see that nationality is not something innately homogeneous; but that every nation, every community even, is made up of heterogeneous and conflicting elements, and that each justifies its corporate existence only in so far as a mutual understanding and tolerance bind these elements together to a common and beneficent purpose.

But all of us, the tourist included, may go beyond this. We all have some conception of humanity: it was a vital part of our human nature before it was a neglected element in our professed religion. This conception too may be broadened as we sit by our own firesides. The process is the reverse, that is all. It involves simply a more or less sympathetic and comprehensive study of the history of the race; a study pursued not from the records of our own parish or city, or even of our own country, but of the world as a whole. It is only from this world point of view that any wide historical and, still more, social-historical, perspective and proportion can be obtained; only from it, therefore, that the relation of our country to others may be truly seen.

Now, if the tourist has acquired this world point of view, and has also acquired the faculty of interpreting his geographical and human environment, whether permanent or temporary, native or foreign, he has obviously grasped most of what is essential for the

SAINT GEORGE.

acquirement of a true spirit of internationalism. His conception of nationalism will, by its reasoned force and clearness, strengthen and crystallise his wider and vaguer conception of humanity ; and with these two extremes of the Racial Trinity understood and felt as living and working entities, the middle term, internationalism, will soon become quick and alive.

It may be argued, however, that the tourist's visits abroad are so infrequent and so brief that he can do but little as a promoter of internationalism. He may do much. When abroad, he can, at least, convey a favourable impression of himself and of the country he unofficially represents ; and he can endeavour to form a right impression of those among whom he sojourns. And when at home, let him meditate upon the things he has seen and learned, and speak of them, if not with eloquence, then with truth and enthusiasm.

Is it too much to hope that the word tourist will ultimately—perhaps soon—imply one whose conscious aim is this? We think not. We believe—for we have seen these methods tested over a period of several years in Edinburgh (at the Edinburgh Summer Meeting, founded some sixteen years ago there, by Professor Patrick Geddes), and a later and wider but equally careful observation of tourists and of tourist literature of all classes and kinds has confirmed our earlier impression—that the tourist is more and more intimately realising his responsibility and finding increased pleasure in loyal recognition of it.

Each of these several points might be enlarged upon with advantage, but we must have a final word on the tourist agent. His rôle, both present and future, is obvious. He too has his evolution. Indeed, the evolution of the tourist and of his agent is a reciprocal process : as each evolves, he tends to force the other to climb with him. At present, the agent, like the tourist, leaves much to be desired. He is too prone to regard his clients as so much live stock to be exported or imported, heedless (so long as their freight and their keep are paid) whether they are

INTERNATIONALISM AND THE TOURIST.

fitted for their destination; and to apply the methods of cattle-droving to "personal skilled guidance." There are honourable exceptions, of course, but the tendency is too much so.* There is no need for despair, however; indeed, less here than for the tourist. The agent *has* some sense of his responsibility. With all his defects and limitations he is already one of the usefulest factors in human recuperation. His business and his point of view may be commercial; but one of his unavoidable functions is to give us, with least trouble to ourselves, an antidote for the commercialism which ties and wears us down throughout the greater part of the year. There is thus a touch of the ideal upon him. And why should not he, at some later day, occupy as large and beneficial a place in the scale of social usefulness as the doctor? His functions are really similar: simply involving a knowledge of the geography and the life of the world, instead of a knowledge of the "geography" and the life of the individual. Why, then, should we not admit him to something of the intimacy which we voluntarily accord to the physician; and why should not he, in his turn, insist upon that as a necessary condition to the performance of his duties? That would merely be to disclose a little of our mind and our temperament to him; to enter his confessional box, where no ponderous secrets need be told, and where advice, if not absolution, would be obtained for the asking and for a little piece of money.

We dream, then, of seeing, and in no distant future, the tourist and his agent fulfilling the functions of a Spiritual Diplomatic Service, sane, tolerant and wide in its views, and with international peace and human solidarity for its conscious mission.

* Only a few days ago, for example, a pious meditation on the model of the Parthenon, in the Elgin Room of the British Museum, was rudely disturbed by the approach of a party of American tourists under skilled guidance. They marched up the room, listlessly glancing, as they passed, at the sculptures; and were rounded up by their guide at the model where we stood. "This," said the man in uniform, "is the model of the Parthenon, the famous Temple on the Acropolis at Athens. It was built some 2,500 years ago. Pericles, a great statesman, was ruler of Athens at the time; and the architect and sculptor was a person called *Pheidias*. His sculptures, which you see around you, *may be called great, even yet*!" Then, after a few words on the explosion of 1687, the party moved on with the same speed and listless glances as before.—There are some who could "do" the world in six days and be fit and eager for business on the seventh.

REVIEWS.

The Upton Letters. By T. B. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
1905. 7s. 6d.

IN a short preface the author explains that these letters were returned to him shortly after the death of the friend to whom they were addressed by his widow. His friend had been looking through his papers a little time before his sudden and unexpected death, and had expressed the hope that these letters would one day be published. The author decided to obey his friend's wish, and except that a few personal matters and casual details have been omitted, the letters are now printed as they were written. Probably this story of a dead friend is apocryphal, and the letters were written for publication, but in any case the world is the richer for them. Their author is not only a master of literary expression. He is a man of a wise wide outlook on life; he is alive to all that is noble and pure and beautiful in it, and he has a deep sense of its seriousness. Throughout the whole of the letters there are no paltry or trivial passages. Every subject touched on is dealt with in a thoughtful spirit, and a personality of rare charm is revealed.

The writer of the letters is a master at one of the great public schools, and his book will appeal with special force to all who are concerned with the care and training of boys. They will find in the author's words both inspiration and guidance; they will be able to look at many vital questions of education and conduct from the broad and tolerant standpoint of a man of strong character, yet of exquisite sensibility, who has realized the importance of his work and has brought to bear upon it powers of unusual brilliance—and these both intellectual and moral.

We write in terms of warm praise, but not we think without adequate justification. There is something peculiarly refreshing in a work like this, revealing, as it does, a writer able to break

through so many false conventions and points of view, and to strike a sane and inspiring note.

If we may coin a phrase we should describe the author of this book as a spiritual reformer. We mean that not to one of his temperament, with his obvious dislike of struggle for place and power and his contempt for their worship, should we look for active personal leadership. His would be the possibly greater privilege of giving through the written word the impetus and justification for progressive reform.

The value of the book can only be properly realized by carefully reading it. It is difficult to do justice to it in a short review, owing, largely, to the numerous questions it deals with. A few extracts will, however, give some indication of its distinctiveness. He is writing at the end of term, and his sympathy with boyhood is revealed :—

“Yesterday was a day of sad partings. Half-a-dozen boys are leaving ; and I have tried my best to tell them the truth about themselves ; to say something that would linger in their minds, and yet do it in a tender and affectionate way. And some of these boys’ hearts are bursting too. I remember as if it were yesterday the last meeting at Eton of a debating society of which I was a member. We were electing new members and passing votes of thanks. Scott, who was then President, and, as you remember, Captain of the Eleven, sate in his high chair above the table ; opposite him, with his minute book, was Riddell, then Secretary—that huge fellow in the Eight you recollect. The vote of thanks to the President was carried ; he said a few words in a broken voice and sat down ; the Secretary’s vote of thanks was proposed, and he, too, rose to make acknowledgment. In the middle of his speech we were attracted by a movement of the President. He put his head in his hands and sobbed aloud. Riddell stopped, faltered, looked round, and leaving his sentence unfinished, sat down, put his face on the book and cried like a child. I don’t think there was a dry eye in the room. And these boys were not sentimental, but straightforward young men of the world, honest, and, if anything, rather contemptuous, I had thought, of anything emotional. I have never forgotten that scene, and have interpreted many things in the light of it.

“ The whole place has an incredibly wistful air, as

SAINT GEORGE.

though it missed the young life that circulated all about it; as though it spread its beauties out to be used and enjoyed, and wondered why none came to claim them. As a counterpoise to this I like to think of all the happiness flowing into hundreds of homes; the father and mother waiting for the sound of the wheels that bring the boy back; the children who have gone down to the lodge to welcome the big brothers with shouts and kisses; and the boy himself with all the dear familiar scenes and home faces opening out before him. We ought not to grudge the loneliness here before the thought of all those old and blessed joys of life that are being renewed elsewhere."

Here is a criticism of Kipling's attempt to give a picture of typical schoolboys, which will be endorsed by most people who have a considerable knowledge of the subject:—

"I have been reading *Stalky & Co.* with pain, and, I hope, profit. It is an amazing book; the cleverness, the freshness, the incredible originality of it all; the careless ease with which scene after scene is touched off, and a picture brought before one at a glance, simply astounds me, and leaves me gasping. But I don't want now to discourse about the literary merits of the book, great as they are. I want to relieve my mind of the thoughts that disquiet me. I think, to start with, it is not a fair picture of school life at all. If it is really reminiscent—and the life-likeness and verisimilitude of the book is undeniable—the school must have been a very peculiar one. In the first place the interest is concentrated upon a group of very unusual boys. The firm of Stalky is, I humbly thank God, a combination of boys of a rare species. The other figures of boys in the book form a mere background, and the deeds of the central heroes are depicted like the deeds of the warrior of the *Iliad*. They dart about, slashing and hewing, while the rank and file run hither and thither like sheep, their only use being in the numerical tale of heads that they can afford to the slashing blades of the protagonists; and even so the chief figures, realistic though they are, remind me not so much of spirited pictures as of Gilray's caricatures. They are highly coloured, fantastic, horribly human and yet, somehow, grotesque. Everything is elongated, widened, magnified, exaggerated.

". . . . There are of course other characters in the book, each of them grotesque and contemptible in his own way, each of them a notable example of what not to be. But I would pardon this if the book were not so unjust; if Kipling had included in his gathering of masters one kindly, serious gentleman, whose sense of vocation did not make him a prig. And if he were to reply that the head master

fulfils these conditions, I would say that the head master is a prig in this one point, that he is so desperately afraid of priggishness. The manly man, to my mind, is the man who does not trouble his head as to whether he is manly or not, not the man who wears clothes too big for him, and heavy boots, treads like an ox, and speaks gruffly ; that is a pose, not better or worse than other poses. And what I want in the book is a man of simple and direct character, interested in his work, and not ashamed of his interest ; attached to the boys and not ashamed of seeming to care."

Not the least illuminating portions of the book are the literary criticisms scattered through its pages. He has much to say of Meredith, for instance, that needed stating in the fair and reasonable spirit shewn in all the author's literary judgments. Of George Meredith he writes :—

" Though I recognise his genius, his creative power, his noble and subtle conception of character, yet I do not feel the reality of his books ; or rather I feel that the reality is there but disguised from me by a veil—a dim and rich veil, it is true—which is hung between me and the scene. The veil is George Meredith's personality. I confess that it is a dignified personality enough, the spirit of a grand seigneur. But I feel in reading his books as if I were staying with a magnificent person in a great house ; but that, when I wanted to go about and look at things for myself, my host, with splendid urbanity, insisted upon accompanying me, pointed out objects that interested himself, and translated the remarks of the guests and the other people who appeared upon the scene into his own peculiar diction. The characters do not talk as I think they would have talked, but as George Meredith would have talked under the given circumstances. There is no repose about his books ; there is a sense not only of intellectual but actually of moral effort about reading them ; and further, I do not like the style ; it is highly mannerised, and permeated, so to speak, with a kind of rich perfume, a perfume which stupefies rather than enlivens. Even when the characters are making what are evidently to them perfectly natural and straightforward remarks, I do not feel sure what they mean, and I suffer from paroxysms of rage as I read, because I feel that I cannot get at what is there without a mental agility which appears to me unnecessarily fatiguing. A novel ought to be like a walk ; George Meredith makes it into an obstacle race."

We could have wished, had our space permitted, to have

SAINT GEORGE.

touched on other features of this book—its criticisms of the weak places in the public school system, no less than its appreciation of its noble side ; its fine analysis of human character ; its winning descriptions of holiday travels (we recognise that most charming of English villages, Chipping Campden, Mr. Author, though disguised under a false name !) But our final extract shall shew the author at very close quarters.

He is writing at midnight on December 31st, 1904.

“One thing only I shall do before I sleep—give a thought to all I love and hold dear, my kin, my friends, and most of all, my boys : I shall remember each, and, while I commend them to the keeping of God, I shall pray that they may not suffer through my neglect or carelessness of my own. It is not, after all, a question of the quantity of what I do, but of the quality of it. God knows and I know of how poor stuff our deeds and dreams are woven ; but if it is the best we can give, if we desire with all our hearts what is noble and pure and beautiful and true—or even desire to desire it—He will accept the will and purify the deed. And in such a mood as this—and God forgive us for not so often dwelling in such thoughts—I can hope and feel that the most tragic failure, the darkest sorrow, the deepest shame are viewed by God, and will some day be viewed by ourselves, in a light which will make all things new ; and that just as we look back on our childish griefs with a smiling wonder, so we shall some day look back on our mature and dreary sufferings with a tender and wistful air, marvelling that we could be so shortsighted, so faithless, so blind.

“ What I hope more and more to do is to withdraw myself from material aims and desires ; not to aim at success, or dignity of office, or parade of place. I wish to help, to serve, not to command or rule. I long to write a beautiful book, to put into words something of the sense of peace, of beauty, and mystery, which visits me from time to time. Everyone has, I think, something of the Heavenly treasure in their hearts, something that makes them glad, that makes them smile when they are alone ; I want to share that with others, not to keep it to myself. I drift, alas, upon an unknown sea ; but sometimes I see, across the blue rollers, the cliffs and shores of an unknown land, perfectly and impossibly beautiful. Sometimes the current bears me away from it ; sometimes it is veiled in cloud-drift and weeping rain. But there are days when the sun shines bright upon the leaping waves, and the wind fills the sail and bears

me thither. It is of that beautiful land that I would speak, its pure outlines, its crag hollows, its rolling downs. T'endimus ad Latium, we steer to the land of hope."

Art in Photography, with Selected Examples of European and American Work. Edited by Chas. Holme. London: Office of the Studio. 1905.

The Gum Bichromate Process. By J. C. Richards. London: Iliffe & Sons, Ltd. 1905. 2s. 6d.



THE beautiful work issued by Mr. Holme vindicates the title he has given it. The reproductions of photographs are in themselves sufficient evidence of the justice of the claim that photography is an art. But the book is much more than a collection of beautiful pictures. It contains six essays, written with authority, and dealing with the development of artistic photography in England, America, and the countries of Europe. We cannot in these pages discuss the many matters of purely technical interest with which the subject abounds, but it appears to us that this publication should do much to open the minds of the public generally to the possibilities of photography on the artistic side. We hope to see photography more and more employed for the beautification of the walls of our houses and schools. In this connection we must notice, too, Mr. Richards' little book on "The Gum Bichromate Process." This process is the latest triumph of photography, and will greatly aid its artistic development. Mr. Richards well says :—

"I believe that photography is potentially a fine art, and that to doubt this is a proof of blind or wilful prejudice. I would not claim for it a place in the highest ranks of art, since, at its best, the camera, as an interpreter of the beautiful, falls immeasurably below that complex instrument—a responsive human hand working in unison with an imaginative and poetic mind; but I do claim for photography that, in the future, if it is aided by this sympathetic process, it can, and must, rise to greater heights than those yet reached, and than could ever have been possible with a purely chemical and arbitrary medium."

SAINT GEORGE.

The Child and Religion. Edited by Thomas Stephens, B.A. Crown Theological Library. London: Williams & Norgate. 1905.



HIS book consists of eleven essays by various writers, all of them of eminence in the religious world. Dr. Jones writes on *The Conversion of Children*, Canon Henson on *The Religious Training of the Child in the Church of England*, Dr. Horton on *The Religious Training of the Children in the Free Churches*, Dr. Hill on *Baptists and the Children*, and so on. The two most valuable papers are by Professor Jones on *The Child and Heredity*, and Mr. C. F. G. Masterman on *The Child and Its Environment*.

No doubt this book will appeal to many: it is not without a value of its own. But we must confess with candour that our own sympathy with it is limited. The point of view of the writers appears to us to be in many cases unnecessarily narrow. To consider the training of the child from the sectarian and dogmatic standpoint is, we think, of doubtful value or wisdom. We do not like the subject of the training of the young to be obscured by the introduction of discussions on the doctrine of original sin and the other shibboleths of theological controversy. We would like to see the child trained to be unselfish, and chivalrous, and gentle; to be reared on noble ideals of self-sacrifice, and service; to be taught self-control, tolerance, truth. We would not trouble about its inheritance of original sin, and so long as we saw a character, with noble possibilities, each day unfolding and growing stronger, we should be content to leave questions of dogmatic theology for the judgment of maturer years.

Robert Browning. By C. H. Herford. "Modern English Writers" Series. London: Blackwood & Sons, 1905.



HIS new arrival among the many books on Browning is a valuable contribution to the subject. It emphasizes what is important, while it by no means neglects the less obvious and more easily overlooked parts of the great poet's teaching. It does not permit of hurried reading, but suggests, and, indeed, demands reflection on the reader's own part. It claims something more than a superficial perusal: and this is certainly as it should be with a book upon Browning.

We are again reminded very forcibly how essential a part of Browning's genius is his versatility. A volume of the compass of Mr. Herford's could not adequately describe all the many varied characters whom Browning portrays; but still it does present them to us, and this, though briefly, yet in distinct outlines. "Chivalrous lovers" like Valance and Capousacchi; "shady souls" like Guido, Miranda and Mr. Sludge; "mundane ecclesiastics" like Oguiben, or the bishop in Pippa Passes, or the Bishop of St. Praxed's; artists like del Sarto, the faultless painter; and Pictor Ignotus, "in whose soul," at any rate, "no merchant trafficked"; and musicians, whether whimsical or solemn;—what a supremely interesting group they form! And how the critic in recalling them to our memories helps us to realize, to quote his own words, that the poet is "the keenest and most adventurous of exploring intellects"!

In reference to the memorable *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day*, it is aptly remarked that they were the first-fruits of the poet's married life. This is one of the many instances in which the writer is careful to call our attention to the intellectual and spiritual phases of Browning's life. Similarly, the development in his treatment of the subject of song and music is ably dealt with in the two passages where Mr. Herford speaks first of the

SAINT GEORGE.

early Lyrics and Romances and later of *Galuppi* and *Master Hugues*. This, indeed, is one of the most valuable features of the book ;—that it is essentially a biography of a mind, and that of a most richly and highly endowed mind.

Our author, it seems to us, omits to notice few, if any, of the qualities of which the lover of Browning's poems feels that they are possessed. We find, for example, duly emphasized as a very important characteristic of their teaching the large part played in human history by "God's instants," decisive moments in men's careers, which go to shape all their future destinies, hours into which an eternity is crowded. Also, he points out that the "pregnant instant" in the phenomena of nature has more interest for Browning than the slower and more gradual processes which count for so much with the modern scientist.

In a striking passage on *The Last Ride Together* Mr. Herford writes that "the glory of failure" is with Browning "a familiar and inexhaustible theme"; and in a later passage it is said that he "found intimations of immortality in every pang of baffled aspiration." Eloquently and persuasively, indeed, has the poet written on the text "It is not what a man *Does* which exalts him, but what a man *Would do*"! There is no student but will recognise how in this reflection and in many another Mr. Herford penetrates to the very heart of Browning's teaching.

Our author, while expressing the most unstinted admiration for the subject of his work, occasionally makes strictures upon defects. An unfavourable criticism is passed upon one of the concluding passages in *A Blot on the Scutcheon*. Something very near to disdain is shown for some of Browning's ventures into the domain of translation.

This last remark leads us to note that the Index—as is usually the case with first editions—is incomplete. Thus, the word *translation*, as also the words *Guercino* and *Music* have no place in it. We suppose that no student could write upon the subject of Browning without referring to his frequent introduction of the

grotesque in various connexions, but especially in reference to animals. Mr. Herford, we need not say, does not ignore matters so essentially Browningsque. But neither of the two words *grotesque* nor *animals* is to be found in the Index.

In regard to friends, we learn that our poet was singularly fortunate. Readers of the *Saint George* will not require to be told that Ruskin was one of the goodly company. It was in a letter to Ruskin that Browning wrote "All poetry is the problem of getting the infinite into the finite": a pregnant sentence, which affords Mr. Herford scope for one of many pieces of deep-reaching criticism.

It is pleasing to observe that the author is ungrudgingly appreciative of Browning critics who have preceded him, such as Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. Pigou.

Each of the ten chapters is headed with a quotation which forms an excellent introduction to what follows. In this, as in other respects, there is every evidence of careful work in this volume. On Mr. Herford's own part there is no lack of "choice word and measured phrase." The book, indeed, has all the merits that might be expected from a diligent student of the subject, who starts with a mind well-stored and a taste sensitive to the niceties of literary form.

A J.S.

The Poor and the Land. Being a Report on the Salvation Army Colonies in the United States and at Hadleigh, England, with Scheme of National Land Settlement and an Introduction. By H. Rider Haggard. Illustrated. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. Cloth, 2/-; Paper, 1/6.



EW recent books on social experiment and reform are so deserving of a high and permanent place as Mr. Rider Haggard's *The Poor and the Land*. All the qualities that marked his earlier social works are to be found in this smaller and less purely personal one; and

SAINT GEORGE.

there is in it an applicability to very pressing and very present needs which gives it peculiar weight and value. Those who are pondering over the problem of the poor and the land—and who is not to-day?—must needs procure the volume, for it is one whose records and suggestions demand the fullest and weightiest consideration.

The volume is a reprint of the Report which the author submitted on the completion of his duties as Commissioner, appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to examine and report on three land settlements established in the United States of America by the Salvation Army. It was a happy thought to rescue the Report from that oblivion which is the fate of nearly all blue-books, particularly as it is now preceded by a very valuable introduction. In this introduction the author briefly resumes the object of his mission (mainly concerned with the possibility of establishing a proportion of our urban populations in different parts of the Empire), the results of his enquiries and the policy which he recommends for adoption; and he also replies to several important criticisms of that policy.

He states that he was satisfied with the Fort Amity and Fort Romie experiments; that the settlers were comfortable and happy, and financially well-off; and, further, that the financial loss incurred by the Salvation Army is no argument against the general efficiency of the scheme, but traceable to special causes which are in no way involved in the scheme itself. The defects and the qualities of Mr. Rider Haggard's own scheme, and the question of the effectiveness of his replies to his critics, cannot with fairness be entered into in the space of a brief review. The book must be considered as a whole, or not at all.

As the title sufficiently indicates, only one section of the social problem is discussed; but that section is one of the most important of all; one, too, which is rapidly assuming a larger and larger place in our national purview. We repeat that the book is indispensable to a comprehensive knowledge of its subject.

Spirals. By Sir Samuel Wilks, Bart., M.D., etc. Illustrated.
Hampstead: Sydney C. Mayle. 6d. net.



HIS brochure is a reprint of a lecture delivered before the Hampstead Scientific Society in April last. Its essential purpose is to draw attention to the universality of the spiral form in nature;—a subject which has always exercised men's minds and which has received increased attention during recent years. Like most writers on the subject, the author regards the spiral tendency as due mainly to the necessity for following the line of least resistance and for economising space. Spiral forms in the vegetable and the animal kingdoms, in the human organs, in astronomical phenomena, in architecture and in mechanical appliances, are all briefly dealt with. The lecture errs on the popular side; it is needlessly popular, we think; but it may serve to quicken interest in a many-sided and fascinating subject. It should, for example, find many more readers for Mr. T. A. Cook's *Spirals in Nature and Art*.

NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

EXAMPLES AND AN EXAMPLE. Examples being aggravated comparisons are apt to be doubly odious. We all remember the model boy of our childhood, whom we hated and despised because he called forth the undiscerning enthusiasm of our elders. An uneasy undercurrent of suspicion that in some ways he really was better, only added zest to plots for his downfall—one of the symptoms of “yellow fever” in low-class journalism all the world over. To avoid rousing this feeling requires infinite tact in the use of examples, and a keen scent for that fallacy which above all others besets the moraliser, that of false analogy. But of the right sort, discerned and presented with knowledge and sympathy, we cannot have too many. We cannot be sure that there is a single community with nothing to teach us. “The example of Germany”!—a phrase whose meaning has been spoilt by ignorant misuse on the part of both friends and enemies. It was fresh enough once—when Mr. T. C. Horsfall used it as the title of his illuminating pamphlet, or when Mr. Sadler wrote his searching, but temperate and philosophical, studies of Prussian education. But smaller and less disinterested men have wearied us by holding up their weak abstractions of German thought, and faint reflexions of German activity, as examples to follow or avoid. Luckily increasing knowledge is restoring the balance. There still remain the eternal types who believe either that whatever is English is right; or that whatever is English to-day is wrong. But the conviction seems to be growing that *foreign* is not essentially, but only accidentally, the same as *superior*, *inferior* or *hostile*: that foreign communities demand intelligent study from all who would help to keep their own communities in the van of national and individual welfare. Demand intelligent, detailed study, with knowledge of the context of past and present social conditions;

shallow enthusiasm is as useless for progress as is the resentment to which it gives rise.

There has just been published *A Comparison: the Brassworkers of Berlin and of Birmingham*. A deputation of three are responsible for this report; one a representative master, another the Secretary of the National Society of Amalgamated Brassworkers. The value of this report lies perhaps chiefly in its candour, its naïveté even, which suggests the delighted surprise of innocents abroad. While this lowers its critical value to the student and statesman, it makes it well-fitted to arouse the intelligent interest of those to whom it is primarily addressed, the brassworkers. It is full of the impression of greater comfort and decency in work and amusements and above all in home life, of better education and physique, of superior intelligence and self-restraint. The impression is not perhaps deeply reasoned, but remains all the more vivid. "We were looking for faults but found none" is a typical (not of course invariable) judgment.

The report is full of things which give ample matter for thought: we select a few on matters very much in our mind as we write. It was in education that the delegates seemed to have been most deeply impressed. The municipal care of the children—"we saw no case of underfed, poorly clad, or untidy children, either in the streets or in school." The fatal leakage after school has been largely met by the new law of compulsory evening schools:—

"It must not be supposed . . . that compulsory legislation has been necessary because young persons were averse to attending classes; on the contrary . . . it has become possible in consequence of the willingness to learn."

Most deeply of all were the delegates struck by the fulness and value of the technical training in their own trade. Berlin retains the essentials of apprenticeship, the loss of which (except in the engineers—on the whole the finest of the working classes) we have deep reason to deplore.

SAINT GEORGE.

“It is on the *intellectual* side that Birmingham requires to adapt itself to changed conditions—not to cheapening its wares, but to getting more *conception* into them. . . . The unemployed question is being solved by an uplifting of the unskilled labour market through fitting it for better and more skilled employment. The skilled labour at the top has gone still higher to make room for that at the bottom, and in its ranks are to be found a class of men with an artistic branch of industry in their hands.”

The desire for education is still further increased by the eagerness to escape one year of the military service:—

“The necessity for the better-to-do classes to pass this examination is probably the key to the intellectual growth and training of the German nation.”

We have only room for one more quotation: they found the unfortunate poor regarded not as “deserving objects of charity” (a sadly fallen phrase) but as “justly entitled” to the assistance of society. We have chosen these passages, not so much for themselves (for on none of these points is the report exhaustive, and on few really authoritative), but as representative of an intelligent commercial point of view.

LIGHT UNDER
A BUSHEL.

The cheap publication and wide distribution of Mr. Rider Haggard's Report on the Labour Colonies of the Salvation Army has raised some comment on the question of blue-books—an unfavourable contrast between the enterprise of Mr. Haggard (and his publishers) and that of the Government. The question is a wide and more serious one, affecting reports more valuable than this one. To take a single example. The first volume of Mr. Sadler's Special Reports on Educational Subjects was allowed to go out of print, although it contained much valuable and some invaluable matter, and although

these reports were appreciated both here and abroad to a degree which very few Government documents could hope to achieve. Probably the Government never discovered how much undeserved praise it received for their publication. If they have been reprinted, or issued in another form, certainly the fact has not become public property. And not long since, an Imperialist statistician was found to protest against the expense! When shall we see the really important blue-books—especially those readable by the ordinary person—on sale and accessible? It is no use saying that people who want them can get them cheap on application, though that is often true. Lists—not official-looking, repellent and clumsy, but clear and really informing—should be on view as widely as possible. There would be a steady sale among the increasing number of men who are only waiting for the chance to become more intelligent citizens. Some time ago Mr. H. G. Wells made the excellent suggestion that post-offices might be used for the purpose. Governments have been notoriously more prone to appoint Royal Commissions than to study their reports. Perhaps it is in the long run more culpable not to make all such results of collective brain-work and experience more accessible. There is probably money in it—as in countless suggestions rejected by the “practical” of our generation to be adopted in the next. It is far too common for people to claim authority in state questions because of their “practical” qualifications—that is as a rule because they have so thorough a mastery of the methods (up-to-date or out-of-date, as the case may be, the self-confidence is much the same) of perhaps one side of one industry, that they have no need to think. It is as hard to make such people see the value (as a national asset) of a democracy training itself to a statesmanlike grasp of affairs (especially those in which it has no “business”), as it was to make their predecessors see that a steam engine can go without a horse to pull it, or the earth go round the sun without destroying the bases of religion.

SAINT GEORGE.

MOVING
RESOLUTIONS
AND
GOVERNMENTS. It is not altogether a virtue of resolutions to be easily moved, or a fault of governments to be the reverse. But the fact remains. At a conference convened by the Association to promote the Higher Education of Working Men at Oxford on August 12, the Bishop of Hereford told the brief and tragic story of his Evening Continuation Schools Bill. A government is not alone in seeing biggest the things nearest its eyes: it remained unmoved even by this most moderate attempt to deal with the education of our youth. So this vital problem remains outside practical politics. Or rather it lies hidden at the root of the commonwealth while the practical politicians try to polish up the foliage. The conference was one of the best the writer has ever attended: most of the speeches reached a high level, notably those of Mr. M. E. Sadler, Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., Mr. Councillor Emes (of Bristol), Mr. Bertram Wilson (of Ruskin College), the Earl of Crewe, and Mr. Mansbridge (Hon. Sec. of the Association).

Resolutions were passed asking the Government to institute inquiry into the possibility of compulsory legislation: the moderation (surpassing that of the Bishop) certainly not due to lack of agreement, but probably to hope of producing action. To enforce it, the government is to be reminded of the example of Prussia and Denmark: an example probably as unwelcome as salutary. But whether it moves resolutions or governments, or both, the Association is certainly moving public opinion, which is better than either.

A LESSON IN
STATESMAN-
SHIP. Ireland and England alike owe a deep debt of gratitude to Sir Horace Plunkett. The task to which he has given his life is that of rebuilding the nation whose son he is. He has carried it on with indomitable energy—above all with a tact and patience rare indeed in those who have

attempted to deal with the great problems of Irish welfare. The debt is increased by the issue at one shilling (by Mr. Murray) of his book *Ireland in the New Century*. The first edition, published in February, 1904, was reprinted twice last year. The cheap issue is already in its second edition (15th thousand)—a hopeful popularity. The Gaelic revival has given us some touching glimpses of Irish character, mainly on its artistic side. The first part of this book is an analysis of Irish character from the economic side. It is the view of an Irishman with great pride of race, who is statesman enough not to let that pride blind him to the depth of the injury inflicted on Irish character by a past unhappy all the length of history. It is typical of Irish difficulties that this clear-sighted patriotism should have been decried by members of all parties. Its fundamental position is that of reform from within—the regeneration of character and reorganisation of industry progressing together under the stimulus of self-help and co-operation. The second part of the book tells very simply the story of the work of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, and of the Department of Agriculture—that most interesting experiment in government. Besides the information on a problem sorely needing light, this book is of immense value as an essay in practical constructive statesmanship. It shows active detailed work, first in co-operative propaganda, then in co-operative government; for that is what Sir Horace has actually achieved within the elastic limits of his department. In close contact with problems specially Irish he has developed a philosophy of history which rings in clear harmony with the best political thought. He has not taken refuge in any of the stock solutions of those who have lost heart or temper or wits before this most puzzling of questions—such as rhetoric, “ascendency,” abuse, “firmness,” redistribution, providence. He has devoted heart and temper and wits to statesmanlike study and action. If we could have an examination for members of Parliament, this should certainly be one of the textbooks.

SAINT GEORGE.

THE
SOCIOLOGICAL
SOCIETY.

We have received a copy of the First Annual Report of this Society. It is with peculiar pleasure that we bring it under the notice of our readers. The Society is young yet—just a little over two years old; but it has already done excellent work; and all it needs for the fuller realisation of its comprehensive aims is a wider public support. It is time that Britain awoke to the fact that Sociology is not necessarily a dry and barren philosophical subject; that it does not exist for the development of theory to the exclusion of practice; but is essentially both a philosophy and a polity. That the Society recognises it as such is made clear by the first paragraph explanatory of its scope and aims:

“The aims of the Sociological Society are scientific, educational, and practical. It seeks to promote investigation, and to advance education in the social sciences in their various aspects and applications. Its field covers the whole phenomena of society. The origin and development, the decay and extinction of societies, their structure and classification, their internal functions and interaction have to be observed and compared; and all this with increasing precision and completeness. The many standpoints from which social phenomena may be considered have thus all to be utilised. In this way the Society affords the common ground on which workers from all fields and schools may profitably meet, . . . all contributing their results towards a fuller Social Philosophy, including the natural and civil history of man, his achievements and his ideals.”

The Report contains an excellent and stimulating address by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce on the aims and programme of the Society; a “map of distribution of members”—a forcible proof not of the numerical weakness of the Society but of the social and intellectual apathy of the country; and a resumé of the aims and objects of the Society and of the work already accomplished by it. We heartily commend our readers to turn again to Professor Thomson’s review, in our April number, of *Sociological Papers* (containing the papers and discussions of the 1904 terms), and to put themselves in communication with the Secretary, whose address is 5, Old Queen Street, Westminster, S.W.

THE ENTENTE
CORDIALE.

The recent visit of a portion of the French Fleet to this country was a reason for sincere joy to all who have the establishment of good international relations at heart. That event has placed the Fashoda crisis and the danger of rupture during the South African war farther back in history;—made them seem like old stories difficult to recall and, indeed, scarcely worth retelling. If on these occasions the conduct of the one nation and the criticism of the other were alike wanting in honesty, there was a depth of feeling which made danger real and even near; but that is all altered now, and it would seem that the same depth of feeling is directed towards an altogether better end. The mere fact, however, that international feeling can change both so rapidly and so radically, even for the better, is itself a solemn warning. No consistent and permanent international relations can exist upon feeling alone. Feeling and sympathy must be strengthened by a real mutual understanding; the heart must be aided by the intellect; and enthusiastic salutations followed by something really worth the saying and by an invitation to common action. The two nations have much to say to each other and, also, much to perform together. Their reciprocal compliments should be but as the recognition that their respective places in modern civilisation are largely complementary. The establishment of the *entente* is, indeed, partly due to a realisation of this all-important fact. We may find much to criticise in both the national and the social ideals and actions of the two countries; but there is no disputing the fact that not only the full and permanent development of each along its sanest and most characteristic lines, but also the peace and the progress of the whole western world, is largely dependent upon a good, solid and lasting Anglo-French understanding and alliance.

Where the yellow press has ranged itself for once upon the right and human side, there is no scope left for a staid and sober review but to point the briefest of morals.

SAINT GEORGE.

A NATIONAL
LEAGUE OF
WORKERS
WITH BOYS.

It is with extreme pleasure that we are able to record in this issue that preliminary steps have been taken for the foundation of a national league of workers with boys. The movement is a sign of the times. The importance of devoting more care to the problems of boyhood and adolescence has of late years been increasingly recognized. What is now wanted is an organization which shall link together all who are working with boys, or whose work or its influence reaches them—the teacher, the lads-club worker, the member of education authority, the employer, the civic worker, the religious worker, and, above all, the parent—and by conference, publications, and the usual methods of an efficiently organized society, bring before them the best knowledge of the many problems they are grappling with, and the most helpful and scientific methods of work. It should help to a better mutual understanding, to the end that each form of work shall develop its own leadership, methods and results to the fullest extent.

Such are the objects of the new league, and the methods of its work may be briefly summarised as follow :—

(1) The foundation of a national centre of communication between all workers with boys.

(2) An annual congress of members for the reading and discussion of papers.

(3) The publication of a quarterly journal of the proceedings of the league and of expert articles upon subjects coming within the scope of its operations.

(4) The foundation of a library containing, so far as it is possible to collect them, complete reports of work of all kinds with boys at home and abroad.

This library would be arranged for loan and would be available for the most distant members of the League.

(5) The League will seek to give expert information and advice on any question relating to work with boys which may be referred to it.

NOTES.

In this matter of the specialized study of work with the young, we, in this country, are behind America, where the Clark University is an example of world-wide fame, as, too, of world-wide influence, and where a General Alliance of Workers with boys has been doing most valuable work for many years. The latter society has kindly promised its co-operation in furthering the objects of the new league.

A representative and influential provisional committee has been formed, and arrangements are in hand for a conference to be held, probably in London, in November. Any readers of *Saint George* who would like to be associated with the movement, or to receive further details, are invited to communicate with the General Editor of this review, who is acting as honorary secretary.

A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHILDHOOD AND ADOLESCENCE.

[NOTE.—This is the third portion of a list which for the present will appear quarterly, with a view later to detailed classification for separate publication. It is not proposed to attempt a complete bibliography of the subjects in question, but to submit a selected list of books for the help and guidance of those engaged in education and other work amongst the young, or of students of these subjects. We invite criticisms and suggestions in order that the list may, as far as possible, be fairly representative of those works which have proved useful in practice.]

ADAMSON, J. E. THE THEORY OF EDUCATION IN PLATO'S REPUBLIC.

London, Sonnenschein. 1903. 3'6.

The plan of this excellent commentary has been first "to give a summary of Plato's ideas, and then to add such expository and critical notes as seem likely to be of help." Mr. Adamson has been "especially anxious" to show how Platonic ideas may illuminate modern educational problems.

ARMSTRONG, H. E. THE TEACHING OF SCIENTIFIC METHOD AND OTHER PAPERS ON EDUCATION.

London, Macmillan. 1903. 6/-.

This is a collection of essays, covering some twenty years, all devoted to the teaching of scientific method, which has been (so far as education is concerned) Professor Armstrong's lifework. Very briefly the plan is this: that just as the experimental ("heuristic") method has, by the scope it gives for initiative, revolutionised science and industry, so that initiative may be preserved and developed by the same method in the scientific training of our youth. It is urged with polemic force, and with a wide variety of appeal. Those whose interest is in the progress or decadence of industries should read the book for its accounts both of our failures and their remedy.

BARNETT, P. A. COMMON SENSE IN EDUCATION AND TEACHING.

London, Longmans. 1902 (4th edition). 6/-.

Mr. Barnett did himself less than justice in his title. What is advertised as commonsense is usually very common and not always sense. This book is uncommonly good sense, and may be commended for what it claims to be, "an introduction to practice." It does not claim to be a manual: but to be the preliminary to *Teaching and*

A BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Organisation (Longmans, 6/6), which is a manual in chapters by various writers, edited by Mr. Barnett. Still less has it any claim to philosophical completeness of system. But it has the unity of a single viewpoint, and of an unusual fund of "sense." Its chief subjects are :—Discipline, Curricula, Speech and Languages, Mathematics and Physical Science, Geography and History, the Making of the Teacher. The reference is primarily to secondary schools.

COULTON, G. G. PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND PUBLIC NEEDS.

London, Simpkin & Marshall. 1901. 5/-.

"This book aims at bringing home to English parents some ideas which have long been familiar to hundreds of thinking schoolmasters." Schoolmasters, that is, who are discontented with the continuance of antiquated and wasteful teaching methods. Some of them have given up hope; while others, fitter for a time of transition, are setting themselves to study, criticise, reform. A few like Mr. Coulton try to educate public opinion. In this book, with force and freshness, he examines such questions as our Failure in Modern Language Teaching, the Attitude of Public Schools towards Army Examinations, the Teaching of English.

HERBART. LETTERS AND LECTURES ON EDUCATION.

Translated by Mr. and Mrs. Felkin.

London, Sonnenschein. 1898. 4/6.

The Letters were written when Herbart was twenty-two years old, while tutor to the three sons of Herr von Steiger. They consist of schemes of study for, and reports on, the progress of his pupils. His careful analysis of the characters of the boys, and his choice of subjects to be studied by each, afford a practical application of his theory that the end of education is the formation of moral character.

The Lectures were written thirty-eight years later. They deal with the Art of teaching based on the principles laid down in his *Science of Education*, which he had written twenty years before. To ensure a thorough understanding of the Art, one should study first the Science; but much can be learnt from the Lectures in connection with the Translators' helpful introduction.

SAINT GEORGE.

HUGHES, J. L. FROEBEL'S EDUCATIONAL LAWS FOR ALL TEACHERS.

London, Arnold (International Education Series). 1901. 3/6.

The significance of this title lies in the attempt to show that Froebelian principles are not confined to the kindergarten, but that "the principles upon which the kindergarten processes are based, are fundamental principles that should guide the teacher in the work of teaching and training the child throughout its school course."

WELLS, H. G. MANKIND IN THE MAKING.

London, Chapman & Hall. 1904. 3/6.

The part of Mr. Wells' sociological studies which concerns this bibliography is that relating directly to education—more than half of this book does so. Mr. Wells' educational experience as teacher, examiner, text-book writer, and his literary experience as novelist, combine to produce a remarkably vivid criticism of the education of to-day. The standpoint is frankly scientific, biological: very like that of Dr. Stanley Hall. The tone is deeply serious and transparently honest. The book serves as a tonic rather than a systematic treatment.

WELTON, J. THE LOGICAL BASES OF EDUCATION.

London, Macmillan. 1899 (1st edition). 3/6.

Professor Welton has here attacked the problem of logic as a subject of study. Dr. Bosanquet has said that the chief difficulty of logic for the student is to "sustain his persuasion that its point of view is worth applying." Probably most teachers would do better to spend their energy in other directions than that of common logic; formal logic as ordinarily taught is a waste of time. But a scientific methodology is a real need—one founded on a living psychology and logic. With this clearly in view Professor Welton develops his account of the essentials of logic as the method of education, and does so with skill and clearness, with but little insistence on the traditional forms. Perhaps we have some time to wait for a scientific and practical methodology growing out of a genetic psychology and logic.



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